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MISCELLANIES BY W. M. THACKERAY.

VOL. II.

LEIPZIG  
BERNARD TAUCHNITZ  
1881.



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MISCELLANIES BY W. M. THACKERAY

VOL. II



# MISCELLANIES:

PROSE AND VERSE.

BY

W. M. THACKERAY,

AUTHOR OF "VANITY FAIR," "THE NEWCOMES," &c.

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VOL. II.

THE KICKLEBURYS ABROAD. — A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

REBECCA AND ROWENA. — THE SECOND FUNERAL OF NAPOLEON.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE DRUM.

LEIPZIG

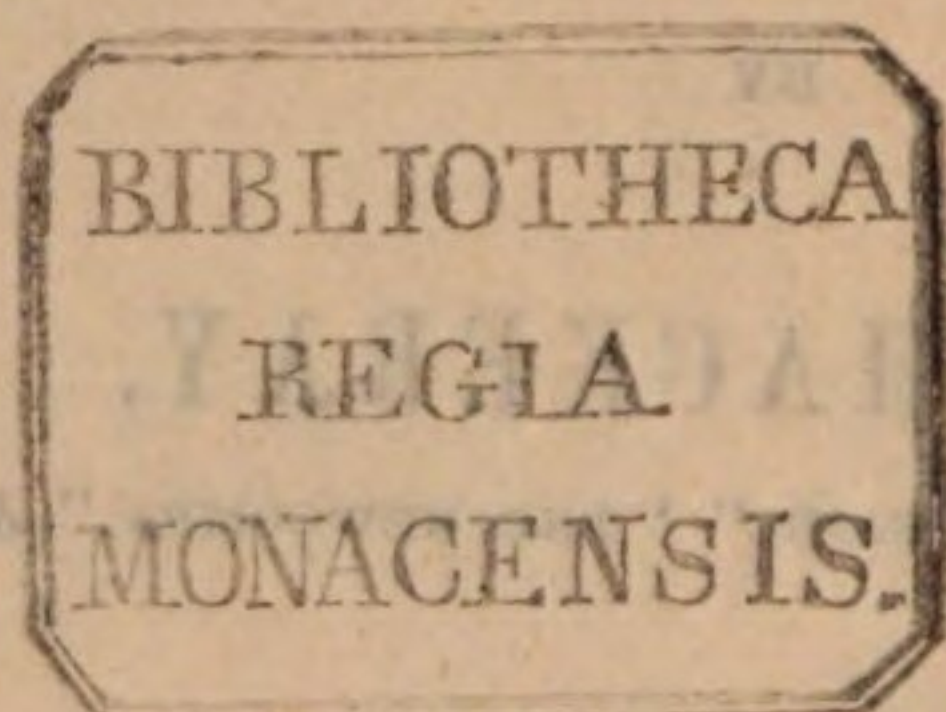
BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ

1851.



MISCELLANIES:

PROSE AND VERSE



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VOL. II

THE RICHMOND ARCADE — A LEGEND OF THE BRITISH  
ROMANCE AND ROMANCE — THE RECORDS OF THE  
CHRONICLE OF THE BRITISH

LEIPZIG

BERNARD TAUBENHUT

1881



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THE KICKLEBURY

THE

KICKLEBURYS ABROAD.







## THE KICKLEBURYS ABROAD.

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THE cabman, when he brought us to the wharf, and made his usual charge of six times his legal fare, before the settlement of which he pretended to refuse the privilege of an *exeat regno* to our luggage, glared like a disappointed fiend, when Lankin, calling up the faithful Hutchison, his clerk, who was in attendance, said to him, "Hutchison, you will pay this man. My name is Sergeant Lankin, my chambers are in Pump Court. My clerk will settle with you, Sir." The cabman trembled; we stepped on board; our lightsome luggage was speedily whisked away by the crew; our berths had been secured by the previous agency of Hutchison; and a couple of tickets, on which were written, "Mr. Sergeant Lankin," "Mr. Titmarsh," (Lankin's, by the way, incomparably the best, and comfortablest sleeping place), were pinned on to two of the curtains of the beds in a side cabin when we descended.

Who was on board? There were Jews with Sunday papers, and fruit; there were couriers, and servants struggling about; there were those bearded foreign visitors of England, who always seem to decline to shave or wash themselves on the day of a voyage, and, on the



eve of quitting our country, appear inclined to carry away as much as possible of its soil on their hands and linen: there were parties already cozily established on deck under the awning; and steady going travellers, for'ard, smoking, already, the pleasant morning cigar, and watching the phenomena of departure.

The bell rings: they leave off bawling, "Any body else for the shore?" The last grape, and Bell's-Life-merchant has scuffled over the plank: the Johns of the departing nobility and gentry line the brink of the quay, and touch their hats: Hutchison touches his hat to me — to *me*, heaven bless him! I turn round inexpressibly affected and delighted, and whom do I see but Captain Hicks!

"Hallo! *you* here," says Hicks, in a tone which seems to mean, "Confound you, you are everywhere."

Hicks is one of those young men who seem to be everywhere a great deal too often.

How are they always getting leave from their regiments? If they are not wanted in this country, (as wanted they cannot be, for you see them sprawling over the railing in Rotten Row all day, and shaking their heels at every ball in town) — if they are not wanted in this country I say, why the deuce are they not sent off to India, or to Demerara, or to Sierra Leone, by Jove; — the farther the better; and I should wish a good unwholesome climate to try 'em, and make 'em hardy. Here is this Hicks, then — Captain Lancelot Hicks, if you please, whose life is nothing but breakfast, smoking, riding-school, billiards, mess, polking, billiards and smoking again, and *da capo*, pulling down his mustaches, and going to take a tour after the immense labours of the season.



"How do you do, Captain Hicks?" I say. "Where are you going?"

"O, I am going to the Whine," says Hicks, "every body goes to the Whine." The *Whine*, indeed! I dare say he can no more spell properly, than he can speak.

"Who is on board — anybody?" I ask, with the air of a man of fashion. "To whom does that immense pile of luggage belong — under charge of the lady's maid, the courier, and the British footman?" A large white K. is painted on all the boxes.

"How the deuce should *I* know?" says Hicks, looking, as I fancy, both red and angry, and strutting off with his great cavalry lurch and swagger; whilst my friend the sergeant looks at him lost in admiration, and surveys his shining little boots, his chains and breloques, his whiskers and ambrosial mustaches, his gloves, and other dandifications with a pleased wonder — as the ladies of the Sultan's harem surveyed that great lady from Park Lane who paid them a visit; or the simple subjects of Montezuma looked at one of Cortez's heavy dragoons.

"That must be a marquis at least," whispers Lankin, who consults me on points of society, and is pleased to have a great opinion of my experience.

I burst out in a scornful laugh; "*That!*" I say, — "He is a captain of dragoons, and his father is an attorney in Bedford Row. The whiskers of a roturier, my good Lankin, grow as long as the beard of a Plantagenet. It don't require much noble blood to learn the polka. If you were younger, Lankin, we might go for a shilling a-night, and dance every evening at M. Laurent's Casino, and skip about in a little time



as well as that fellow. Only we despise the kind of thing, you know — only we're too grave, and too steady."

"And too fat," whispers Lankin, with a laugh.

"Speak for yourself, you maypole," says I. "If you can't dance yourself, people can dance round you — put a wreath of flowers upon your old poll, stick you up in a village green, and so make use of you."

"I should gladly be turned into anything so pleasant," Lankin answers; "and so, at least, get a chance of seeing a pretty girl now and then. They don't show in Pump Court, or at the University Club where I dine. You are a lucky fellow, Titmarsh, and go about in the world — as for me, *I* never —"

"And the judge's wives, you rogue?" I say. "Well, no man is satisfied; and the only reason I have to be angry with the captain yonder is, that, the other night, at Mrs. Perkins's, being in conversation with a charming young creature, who knows all my favourite passages in Tennyson, and takes a most delightful little line of opposition in the Church controversy, just as we were in the very closest, dearest, pleasantest part of the talk, comes up young Hotspur yonder, and whisks her away in a polka. What have you and I to do with polkas, Lankin? He took her down to supper — what have you and I to do with suppers?"

"Our duty is to leave them alone," said the philosophical serjeant; "and now about breakfast — shall we have some?" And as we spoke, a savoury little procession of stewards and stewards' boys, with drab tin dish-covers, passed from the caboose, and descended the stairs to the cabin. The vessel had passed Green-



wich by this time, and had worked its way out of the mast-forest which guards the approaches of our city.

The owners of those innumerable boxes, bags, oil-skins, guitar-cases, whereon the letter K was engraven, appeared to be three ladies, with a slim gentleman of two or three and thirty, who was probably the husband of one of them. He had numberless shawls under his arm and guardianship. He had a strap full of Murray's Handbooks and Continental Guides in his keeping; and a little collection of parasols and umbrellas, bound together, and to be carried in state before the chief of the party, like the lictors' fasces before the consul.

The chief of the party was evidently the stout lady. One parasol being left free, she waved it about, and commanded the luggage and the menials to and fro. "Horace, we will sit there," she exclaimed, pointing to a comfortable place on the deck. Horace went and placed the shawls and the Guidebooks. "Hirsch, avy vou conty les bagages? tront sett morso ong too?" The German courier said "Oui, Miladi," and bowed a rather sulky assent. "Bowman, you will see that Finch is comfortable, and send her to me." The gigantic Bowman, a gentleman in an undress uniform, with very large and splendid armorial buttons, and with traces of the powder of the season still lingering in his hair, bows, and speeds upon my lady's errand.

I recognise Hirsch, a well-known face upon the European high-road, where he has travelled with many acquaintances. With whom is he making the tour now? — Mr. Hirsch is acting as courier to Mr. and Mrs. Horace Milliken. They have not been married



many months, and they are travelling, Hirsch says, with a contraction of his bushy eyebrows, with Miladi, Mrs. Milliken's mamma. And who is her ladyship? Hirsch's brow contracts into deeper furrows. "It is Miladi Gigglesbury," he says, "Mr. Didmarsh. Ber-habs you know her." He scowls round at her, as she calls out loudly, "Hirsch, Hirsch," and obeys that summons.

It is the great Lady Kicklebury of Pocklington Square, about whom I remember Mrs. Perkins made so much ado at her last ball; and whom old Perkins conducted to supper. When Sir Thomas Kicklebury died, (he was one of the first tenants of the square), who does not remember the scutcheon with the coronet with two balls, that flamed over No. 36? Her son was at Eton then, and has subsequently taken an honorary degree at Oxford, and been an ornament of Platt's and the Oswestry Club. He fled into St. James's from the great house in Pocklington Square, and from St. James's to Italy and the Mediterranean, where he has been for some time in a wholesome exile. Her eldest daughter's marriage with Lord Roughhead was talked about last year; but Lord Roughhead, it is known, married Miss Brent; and Horace Milliken, very much to his surprise, found himself the affianced husband of Miss Lavinia Kicklebury, after an agitating evening at Lady Polkimore's, when Miss Lavinia feeling herself faint went out on to the leads, (the terrace, Lady Polkimore *will* call it), on the arm of Mr. Milliken. They were married in January — it's not a bad match for Miss K. — Lady Kicklebury goes and stops for six months of the year at Pigeoncot with her daughter and son-in-law; and



now that they are come abroad, she comes too. She must be with Lavinia, under the present circumstances.

When I am arm-in-arm, I tell this story glibly off to Lankin, who is astonished at my knowledge of the world, and says, "Why, Titmarsh, you know everything."

"I *do* know a few things, Lankin, my boy," is my answer. "A man don't live in society, and *pretty good* society, let me tell you, for nothing."

The fact is, that all the above details are known to almost any man in our neighbourhood. Lady Kicklebury does not meet with *us* much, and has greater folks than we can pretend to be at her parties. But we know about *them*. She'll condescend to come to Perkins's, *with whose firm she banks*; and she *may* overdraw *her account*, but of that, of course, I know nothing.

When Lankin and I go down stairs to breakfast, we find, if not the best, at least the most conspicuous places in occupation of Lady Kicklebury's party, and the hulking London footman making a darkness in the cabin, as he stoops through it bearing cups and plates to his employers.

[Why do they always put mud into coffee on board steamers? Why does the tea generally taste of boiled boots? Why is the milk scarce and thin? And why do they have those bleeding legs of boiled mutton for dinner? I ask why? In the steamers of other nations you are well fed. Is it impossible that Britannia, who confessedly rules the waves, should attend to the victuals a little, and that meat should be well-cooked under a Union Jack? I just put in this question, this



most interesting question in a momentous parenthesis, and resume the tale.]

When Lankin and I descend to the cabin, then, the tables are full of gobbling people; and, though there *do* seem to be a couple of places near Lady Kicklebury, immediately she sees our eyes directed to the inviting gap, she slides out, and with her ample robe, covers even more than that large space to which by art and nature she is entitled, and calling out "Horace, Horace," and nodding, and winking, and pointing, she causes her son-in-law to extend the wing on his side. We are cut of *that* chance of a breakfast. We shall have the tea at its third water, and those two damp black mutton chops which nobody else will take, will fall to our cold share.

At this minute, a voice clear and sweet, from a tall lady in a black veil, says, "Mr. Titmarsh," and I start and murmur an ejaculation of respectful surprise, as I recognise no less a person than the Right Honourable the Countess of Knightsbridge, taking her tea, breaking up little bits of toast with her slim fingers, and sitting between a Belgian horse-dealer and a German violoncello player, who has a *congé* after the opera — like any other mortal.

I whisper her ladyship's name to Lankin. The serjeant looks towards her with curiosity and awe. Even he, in his Pump Court solitudes, has heard of that star of fashion — that admired amongst men and even women — that Diana severe yet simple, the accomplished Aurelia of Knightsbridge. Her husband has but a small share of *her* qualities. How should he? The turf and the fox-chase are his delights — the



smoking room at the Traveller's — nay, shall we say it? — the illuminated arcades of Vauxhall, and the gambols of the dishevelled Terpsichore. Knightsbridge has his faults — ah! even the peerage of England is not exempt from them. With Diana for his wife, he flies the halls where she sits severe and serene, and is to be found (shrouded in smoke, 't is true), in those caves where the contrite Chimney-sweep sings his terrible death-chaunt, or the Bacchanalian judge administers a satyric law. Lord Knightsbridge has his faults then, but he has the gout at Rougetnoirbourg, near the Rhine, and thither his wife is hastening to minister to him.

“I have done,” says Lady Knightsbridge, with a gentle bow, as she rises; “you may have this place Mr. Titmarsh; and I am sorry my breakfast is over, I should have prolonged it had I thought that *you* were coming to sit by me. Thank you — my glove;” (such an absurd little glove, by the way;) “we shall meet on the deck when you have done.”

And she moves away with an august curtsey. I can't tell how it is, or what it is, in that lady; but she says “How do you do?” as nobody else knows how to say it. In all her actions, motions, thoughts, I would wager there is the same calm grace, and harmony. She is not very handsome, being very thin, and rather sad-looking. She is not very witty, being only up to the conversation, whatever it may be; and yet, if she were in black serge, I think one could not help seeing that she was a Princess, and Serene Highness; and if she were a hundred years old, she could not be but beautiful. I saw her performing her devotions in Antwerp Cathedral, and forgot to look at



anything else there; — so calm and pure, such a sainted figure her's seemed.

When this great lady did the present writer the honour to shake his hand (I had the honour to teach writing, and the rudiments of Latin to the young and intelligent Lord Viscount Pimlico), there seemed to be a commotion in the Kicklebury party — heads were nodded together, and turned towards Lady Knightsbridge; in whose honour, when Lady Kicklebury had sufficiently reconnoitred her with her eye-glass, the baronet's lady rose and swept a reverential curtsey, backing until she fell up against the cushions at the stern of the boat. Lady Knightsbridge did not see this salute, for she did not acknowledge it, but walked away slimly (she seems to glide in and out of a room), and disappeared up the stair to the deck.

Lankin and I took our places, the horse-dealer making room for us; and I could not help looking, with a little air of triumph, over to the Kicklebury faction, as much as to say, "You fine folks, with your large footman, and supercilious airs, see what *we* can do."

As I looked — smiling, and nodding, and laughing at me, in a knowing, pretty way, and then leaning to mamma as if in explanation, what face should I see, but that of the young lady at Mrs. Perkins's, with whom I had had that pleasant conversation which had been interrupted by the demand of Captain Hicks, for a dance? So, then, that was Miss Kicklebury, about whom Miss Perkins, my young friend, has so often spoken to me (the young ladies were in conversation when I had the happiness of joining them; and Miss



P. went away presently, to look to her guests) — that is Miss Fanny Kicklebury.

A sudden pang shot athwart my bosom. Lankin might have perceived it, but the honest serjeant was so awe-stricken by his late interview with the Countess of Knightsbridge, that his mind was unfit to grapple with other subjects — a pang of feeling (which I concealed under the grin, and graceful bow wherewith Miss Fanny's salutations were acknowledged) tore my heart-strings — as I thought of — I need not say — of HICKS.

He had danced with her, he had supped with her — he was here, on board the boat. Where was that dragoon? I looked round for him. In quite a far corner, — but so that he could command the Kicklebury party, I thought — he was eating his breakfast, the great healthy oaf, and consuming one broiled egg after another.

In the course of the afternoon, all parties, as it may be supposed, emerged upon deck again, and Miss Fanny and her mamma, began walking the quarter-deck with a quick pace, like a couple of Post Captains. When Miss Fanny saw me, she stopped and smiled, and recognised the gentleman who had amused her so at Mrs. Perkins's. What a dear sweet creature Eliza Perkins was! They had been at school together. She was going to write to Eliza everything that happened in the voyage.

"*Everything?*" I said, in my particularly sarcastic manner.

"Well, everything that was worth telling. There was a great number of things that were very stupid, and of people that were very stupid. Everything that



you say, Mr. Titmarsh, I am sure I may put down. You have seen Mr. Titmarsh's funny books, mamma?"

Mamma said, she had heard, she had no doubt they were very amusing. "Was not that — ahem — Lady Knightsbridge, to whom I saw you speaking, Sir?"

"Yes; she is going to nurse Lord Knightsbridge, who has the gout a Rougetnoirbourg."

"Indeed! how very fortunate! what an extraordinary coincidence! We are going too," said Lady Kicklebury.

I remarked, "that everybody was going to Rougetnoirbourg this year; and I heard of two gentlemen — Count Carambole, and Colonel Cannon — who had been obliged to sleep there on a billiard table, for want of a bed."

"My son Kicklebury — are you acquainted with Sir Thomas Kicklebury?" her ladyship said, with great stateliness — "is at Noirbourg, and will take lodgings for us. The springs are particularly recommended for my daughter, Mrs. Milliken; and, at great personal sacrifice, I am going thither myself; but what will not a mother do, Mr. Titmarsh? Did I understand you to say that you have the — the *entrée* at Knightsbridge House? The parties are not what they used to be, I am told. Not that I have any knowledge. I am but a poor country baronet's widow, Mr. Titmarsh; though the Kickleburys date from Henry III., and *my* family is not of the most modern in the country. You have heard of General Guff, my father, perhaps? Aide-de-camp to the Duke of York, and wounded by his Royal Highness's side, at the bombardment of Valenciennes. *We move in our own sphere.*"

"Mrs. Perkins is a very kind creature," I said, and



it was a very pleasant ball; did you not think so, Miss Kicklebury?"

"I thought it odious," said Miss Fanny. "I mean, it *was* pleasant until that — that stupid man — what was his name? came and took me away to dance with him."

"What, don't you care for a red coat and mustaches?" I asked.

"I adore genius, Mr. Titmarsh," said the young lady, with a most killing look of her beautiful blue eyes, "and I have every one of your works by heart — all, except the last, which I can't endure. I think it's wicked, positively wicked — my darling Scott! — How can you. And are you going to make a Christmas-book this year?"

"Shall I tell you about it?"

"O, do tell us about it," said the lively, charming creature, clapping her hands: and we began to talk; being near Lavinia, (Mrs. Milliken) and her husband, who was ceaselessly occupied in fetching and carrying books, biscuits, pillows and cloaks, scent bottles, the Italian greyhound, and the thousand and one necessities of the pale and interesting bride. O, how she did fidget! how she did grumble! how she altered and twisted her position! and how she did make poor Milliken trot!

After Miss Fanny and I had talked, and I had told her my plan, which she pronounced to be delightful, she continued. "I never was so provoked in my life, Mr. Titmarsh, as when that odious man came and interrupted that dear delightful conversation."

"On your word? The odious man is on board the boat, I see him smoking just by the funnel, yonder, look; and looking at us."



"He is very stupid," said Fanny; "and all that I adore, is intellect, dear Mr. Titmarsh."

"But why is he on board?" said I, with a *fin sourire*.

"Why is he on board? Why is everybody on board? How do we meet? (and oh, how glad I am to meet you again!) You don't suppose that *I* know how the horrid man came here?"

"Eh! he may be fascinated by a pair of blue eyes, Miss Fanny! Others have been so," I said.

"Don't be cruel to a poor girl, you wicked, satirical creature," she said; "I think Captain Hicks odious — there! and I was quite angry when I saw him on the boat. Mamma does not know him, and she was so angry with me for dancing with him that night — though there was nobody of any particular mark at poor dear Mrs. Perkins's — that is, except *you*, Mr. Titmarsh."

"And I am not a dancing man," I said, with a sigh.

"I hate dancing men; they can do nothing but dance."

"O yes they can. Some of them can smoke, and some can ride, and some can even spell very well."

"You wicked, satirical person. I'm quite afraid of you!"

"And some of them call the Rhine the 'Whine,'" I said, giving an admirable imitation of poor Hicks's drawling manner.

Fanny looked hard at me with a peculiar expression on her face. At last she laughed. "O, you wicked, wicked man," she said, "what a capital mimic you are, and so full of cleverness! Do bring up Captain Hicks, isn't that his name? and trot him out for us. Bring him up, and introduce him to mamma; do now, go?"



Mamma, in the meantime, had waited her time, and was just going to step down the cabin stairs as Lady Knightsbridge ascended from them. To draw back, to make a most profound curtsy, to exclaim, "Lady Knightsbridge! I have had the honour of seeing your ladyship at — hum — hum — hum (this word I could not catch) House." All these feats were performed by Lady Kicklebury, in one instant, and acknowledged, with the usual calmness by the younger lady.

"And, may I hope," continues Lady Kicklebury, "that that most beautiful of all children — a mother may say so — that Lord Pimlico has recovered his hooping-cough? we were so anxious about him. Our medical attendant is Mr. Topham, and he used to come from Knightsbridge House to Pocklington Square, often and often. I am interested about the hooping-cough. My own dear boy had it most severely; that dear girl, my eldest daughter, whom you see stretched on the bench — she is in a very delicate state, and only lately married — not such a match as I could have wished: but Mr. Milliken is of a good family, distantly related to your ladyship's. A Milliken, in George the Third's reign, married a Boltimore, and the Boltimores, I think, are your first cousins — they married this year, and Lavinia is so fond of me, that she can't part with me, and I have come abroad just to please her. We are going to Noirbourg. I think I heard from my son, that Lord Knightsbridge was at Noirbourg."

"I believe I have had the pleasure of seeing Sir Thomas Kicklebury at Knightsbridge House," Lady Knightsbridge said, with something of sadness.

"Indeed! and Kicklebury had never told her! He laughed at her when she talked about great people.



He told her all sorts of ridiculous stories when upon this theme;" but, at any rate, the acquaintance was made — Lady Kicklebury would not leave Lady Knightsbridge; and, even in the throes of sea-sickness, and the secret recesses of the cabin, *would* talk to her about the world, Lord Pimlico, and her father, General Guff, late aide-de-camp to the Duke of York.

That those throes of sickness ensued, I need not say. A short time after passing Ramsgate, Serjeant Lankin, who had been exceedingly gay and satirical (in his calm way; he quotes Horace — my favourite bits, as an author, to myself, and has a quiet snigger; and, so to speak, *amontillado* flavour, exceedingly pleasant). Lankin, with a rueful and livid countenance, descended into his berth, in the which that six foot of serjeant packed himself, I don't know how.

When Lady Knightsbridge went down, down went Kicklebury. Milliken and his wife stayed, and were ill together on deck. A palm of glory ought to be awarded to that man, for his angelic patience, energy, and suffering. It was he who went for Mrs. Milliken's maid, who wouldn't come to her mistress. It was he, the shyest of men, who stormed the ladies' cabin — that maritime harem, in order to get her mother's bottle of salts. It was he who went for the brandy and water; and begged, and prayed, and besought his adored Lavinia, to taste a leetle drop. Lavinia's reply was, "Don't — go away — don't tease, Horace," and so forth. And, when not wanted, the gentle creature subsided on the bench, by his wife's feet, and was sick in silence.

[*Mem.* — In married life, it seems to me, that it



is almost always Milliken and wife, or just the contrary. The angels minister to the tyrants; or the gentle, hen-pecked husband cowers before the superior Partlet. If ever I marry, I know the sort of woman *I* will choose; and I won't try her temper by over-indulgence, and destroy her fine qualities by a ruinous subserviency to her wishes.]

Little Miss Fanny stayed on deck, as well as her sister, and looked at the stars of heaven, as they began to shine there, and at the Foreland lights as we passed them. I would have talked with her; I would have suggested images of poesy, and thoughts of beauty; I would have whispered the word of sentiment — the delicate allusion — the breathing of the soul that longs to find a congenial heart — the sorrows and aspirations of the wounded spirit, stricken and sad, yet not *quite* despairing; still knowing that the hope-plant lurked in its crushed ruins — still able to gaze on the stars and the ocean, and love their blazing sheen, their boundless azure. I would, I say, have taken the opportunity of that stilly night to lay bare to her the treasures of a heart that, I am happy to say, is young still: but circumstances forbade the frank outpouring of my poet soul; in a word, I was obliged to go and lie down on the flat of my back, and endeavour to control *other* emotions which struggled in my breast.

Once, in the night watches, I arose, and came on deck; the vessel was not, methought, pitching much; and yet — and yet Neptune was inexorable. The placid stars looked down, but they gave me no peace. Lavinia Milliken seemed asleep, and her Horace, in a death-like torpor, was huddled at her feet. Miss Fanny had quitted the larboard side of the ship, and had gone



to starboard; and I thought that there was a gentleman beside her, but I could not see very clearly, and returned to the horrid crib, where Lankin was asleep, and the German fiddler underneath him was snoring like his own violoncello.

In the morning we were all as brisk as bees. We were in the smooth waters of the lazy Schelt. The stewards began preparing breakfast with that matutinal eagerness which they always show. The sleepers in the cabin were roused from their horse-hair couches, by the stewards' boys nudging, and pushing, and flapping table-cloths over them. I shaved and made a neat toilette, and came upon deck just as we lay off that little Dutch fort, which is, I dare say, described in Murray's Guide-book, and about which I had some rare banter with poor Hicks and Lady Kicklebury, whose sense of humour is certainly, not very keen. He had, somehow, joined her ladyship's party, and they were looking at the fort, and its tricoloured flag — that floats familiar in Vandeveld's pictures — and at the lazy shipping, and the tall roofs, and dumpy church towers, and flat pastures, lying before us in a Cuyp-like haze.

I am sorry to say, I told them the most awful fibs about that fort. How it had been defended by the Dutch patriot Van Swammerdam, against the united forces of the Duke of Alva, and Marshal Turenne, whose leg was shot off as he was leading the last unsuccessful assault, and who turned round to his aide-de-camp, and said, "Allez dire au Premier Consul, que je meurs avec regret de ne pas avoir assez fait pour la France?" which gave Lady Kicklebury an opportunity to *placer* her story of the Duke of York, and the bom-



bardment of Valenciennes; and caused young Hicks to look at me in a puzzled and appealing manner, and hint that I was "chaffing!"

"Chaffing, indeed!" says I, with a particularly arch eye-twinkle at Miss Fanny, "I wouldn't make fun of *you* Captain Hicks! If you doubt my historical accuracy, look at the 'Biographie Universelle,' I say — look at the 'Biographie Universelle.'"

He said, "O — ah — the 'Biogwaphie Universelle' may be all vewy well, and that; but I never can make out whether you are joking or not, somehow; and I always fancy you are going to *cawickachaw* me. Ha ha." And he laughed, the good-natured dragoon laughed, and fancied he had made a joke.

I entreated him not to be so severe upon me; and again he said. "Haw haw," and told me "I mustn't expect to have it all *my own way*, and, if I gave a hit, I must expect a *Punch* in return. Haw haw." O you honest young Hicks!

Everybody, indeed, was in high spirits. The fog cleared off, the sun shone, the ladies chatted and laughed, even Mrs. Milliken was in good humour ("My wife is all intellect," Milliken says, looking at her with admiration), and talked with us freely and gaily. She was kind enough to say, that it was a great pleasure to meet with a literary, and well-informed person — that one often lived with people that did not comprehend one. She asked if my companion, that tall gentleman — Mr. Serjeant Lankin, was he? — was literary. And when I said that Lankin knew more Greek, and more Latin, and more law, and more history, and more everything, than all the passengers put together, she vouchsafed to look at him with interest, and enter into



a conversation with my modest friend, the serjeant. Then it was that her adoring husband said, "his Lavinia was all intellect;" and Lady Kicklebury saying that "*she* was not a literary woman; that, in *her* day, few acquirements were requisite for the British female, but that she knew *the spirit of the age*, and her *duty*, as a mother, and that Lavinia and Fanny had had the best masters, and the best education which money, and constant maternal solicitude, could impart. If our matrons are virtuous, as they are, and it is Britain's boast, permit me to say, that they certainly know it.

The conversation growing powerfully intellectual under Mrs. Milliken, poor Hicks naturally became uneasy, and put an end to literature by admiring the ladies' head-dresses — "Cabheads, hoods, what do you call 'em?" he asked of Miss Kicklebury. Indeed, she and her sister wore a couple of those blue silk over-bonnets, which have lately become the fashion, and which I never should have mentioned, but for the young lady's reply.

"Those hoods!" she said, "*we call those hoods Uglies!* Captain Hicks."

O, how pretty she looked, as she said it! The blue eyes looked up under the blue hood, so archly and gayly; ever so many dimples began playing about her face; her little voice rang so fresh and sweet, that a heart, which has never loved a tree or flower, but the vegetable in question, was sure to perish — a heart worn down and sickened by repeated disappointment, mockery, faithlessness — a heart whereof despair is an accustomed tenant, and in whose desolate and lonely depths dwells an abiding gloom, began to throb once more — began to beckon Hope from the window —



began to admit sunshine — began to — O Folly, Folly! O, Fanny! O, Miss K., how lovely you looked as you said, “we call those hoods Ugliers.” Ugly, indeed!

This is a chronicle of feelings and characters, not of events and places so much. All this time our vessel was making rapid way up the river, and we saw before us the slim towers of the noble cathedral of Antwerp soaring in the rosy sunshine. Lankin and I had agreed to go to the Grand Laboureur, on the Place de Meir. They give you a particular kind of jam tarts there, called Nun’s tarts; I think, that I remember, these twenty years, as the very best tarts — as good as the tarts which we ate when we were boys. The Laboureur is a dear old quiet comfortable hotel; and there is no man in England who likes a good dinner better than Lankin.

“What hotel do you go to?” I asked of Lady Kicklebury.

“We go to the Saint Antoine, of course. Everybody goes to the Saint Antoine,” her ladyship said. “We propose to rest here; to do the Rubens’s; and to proceed to Cologne to-morrow. Horace, call Finch and Bowman; and your courier, if he will have the condescension to wait upon *me*, will perhaps look to the baggage.”

“I think, Lankin,” said I, “as everybody seems going to the Saint Antoine, we may as well go, and not spoil the party.”

“I think I ’ll go too,” says Hicks; as if *he* belonged to the party.

And O it was a great sight when we landed, and



at every place at which we paused afterwards, to see Hirsch over the Kicklebury baggage, and hear his polyglot maledictions at the porters! If a man sometimes feels sad and lonely at his bachelor condition, if *some* feelings of envy pervade his heart, at seeing beauty on another's arm, and kind eyes directed towards a happier mug than his own — at least there are some consolations in travelling, when a fellow has but one little portmanteau or bag which he can easily shoulder, and thinks of the innumerable bags and trunks which the married man and the father drags after him. The married Briton on a tour is but a luggage overseer; his luggage is his morning thought, and his nightly terror. When he floats along the Rhine he has one eye on a ruin, and the other on his luggage. When he is in the railroad he is always thinking, or ordered by his wife to think, "Is the luggage safe?" It clings round him. It never leaves him, (except when it *does* leave him, as a trunk or two will, and make him doubly miserable). His carpet bags lie on his chest at night, and his wife's forgotten bandbox haunts his turbid dreams.

I think it was after she found that Lady Kicklebury proposed to go to the Grand Saint Antoine, that Lady Knightsbridge put herself with her maid into a carriage, and went to the other inn. We saw her at the cathedral, where she kept aloof from our party. Milliken went up the tower, and so did Miss Fanny. I am too old a traveller to mount up those immeasurable stairs, for the purpose of making myself dizzy by gazing upon a vast map of low countries stretched beneath me, and waited with Mrs. Milliken and her mother below.

When the tower-climbers descended we asked Miss Fanny and her brother what they had seen.



"We saw Captain Hicks up there," remarked Milliken. "And I am very glad you didn't come, Lavinia, my love. The excitement would have been too much for you, quite too much."

All this while Lady Kicklebury was looking at Fanny, and Fanny was holding her eyes down; and I knew that between her and this poor Hicks there could be nothing serious, for she had laughed at him and mimicked him to me half-a-dozen times in the course of the day.

We "do the Rubens's," as Lady Kicklebury says; we trudge from cathedral to picture-gallery, from church to church. We see the calm old city, with its towers and gables, the bourse, and the vast town-hall; and I have the honour to give Lady Kicklebury my arm during these peregrinations, and to hear a hundred particulars regarding her ladyship's life and family. How Milliken has been recently building at Pigeoncot; how he will have two thousand a year more when his uncle dies; how she had peremptorily to put a stop to the assiduities of that unprincipled young man, Lord Roughhead, whom Lavinia always detested, and who married Miss Brent out of sheer pique. It was a great escape for her darling Lavinia. Roughhead is a most wild and dissipated young man, one of Kicklebury's Christchurch friends, of whom her son has too many; alas! and she enters into many particulars respecting the conduct of Kicklebury — the unhappy boy's smoking, his love of billiards, his fondness for the turf; she fears he has already injured his income, she fears he is even now playing at Noirbourg; she is going thither to wean him, if possible, from his companions and his gayeties — what may not a mother effect? She only wrote to



him the day before they left London to announce that she was marching on him with her family. He is in many respects like his poor father — the same openness and frankness, the same easy disposition, alas! the same love of pleasure. But she had reformed the father, and will do her utmost to call back her dear misguided boy. She had an advantageous match for him in view — a lady not beautiful in person, it is true, but possessed of every good principle, and a very, very handsome fortune. It was under pretence of flying from this lady that Kicklebury left town. But she knew better.

I say young men will be young men, and sow their wild oats; and think to myself that the invasion of his mamma will be perhaps more surprising than pleasant to young Sir Thomas Kicklebury, and that she possibly talks about herself and her family, and her virtues, and her daughters a little too much; but she *will* make a confidant of me, and all the time we are doing the Rubens's she is talking of the pictures at Kicklebury, of her portrait by Lawrence, pronounced to be his finest work, of Lavinia's talent for drawing, and the expense of Fanny's music-masters; of her house in town, (where she hopes to see me); of her parties which were stopped by the illness of her butler. She talks Kicklebury until I am sick. And O, Miss Fanny, all of this I endure, like an old fool, for an occasional sight of your bright eyes and rosy face!

[Another parenthesis. "We hope to see you in town, Mr. Titmarsh." Foolish mockery! If all the people whom one has met abroad, and who have said "We hope to meet you often in town, had but made



any the slightest efforts to realize their hopes by sending a simple line of invitation through the penny post, what an enormous dinner acquaintance one would have had! But I mistrust people who say "Whe hope to see you in town."]

Lankin comes in at the end of the day, just before dinner-time. He has paced the whole town by himself — church, tower, and fortifications, and Rubens, and all. He is full of Egmont and Alva. He is up to all the history of the siege, when Chassée defended and the French attacked the place. After dinner we stroll along the quays; and, over the quiet cigar in the hotel court, Monsieur Lankin discourses about the Rubens pictures, in a way which shows that the learned serjeant has an eye for pictorial beauty, as well as other beauties in this world, and can rightly admire the vast energy, the prodigal genius, the royal splendour of the King of Antwerp. In the most modest way in the world he has remarked a student making clever sketches at the Museum, and has ordered a couple of copies from him, of the famous Vandyke, and the wondrous adoration of the Magi, "a greater picture," says he, "than even the cathedral picture; in which opinion those may agree who like. He says he thinks Miss Kicklebury is a pretty little thing, that all my swans are geese, and that as for that old woman, with her airs and graces, she is the most intolerable old nuisance in the world. There is much good judgment, but there is too much sardonic humour about Lankin. He cannot appreciate women properly. He is spoiled by being an old bachelor, and living in that dingy old Pump Court; where, by the way, he has a cellar fit for a pon-



tiff. We go to rest; they have given us humble lodgings high up in the building, which we accept like philosophers who travel with but a portmanteau a-piece. The Kickleburys have the grand suite, as becomes their dignity. Which, which of those twinkling lights illumines the chamber of Miss Fanny?

Hicks is sitting in the court too, smoking his cigar. He and Lankin met in the fortifications. Lankin says he is a sensible fellow, and seems to know his profession. "Every man can talk well about something," the serjeant says. "And one man can about everything," says I; at which Lankin blushes; and we take our flaring tallow candles, and go to bed. He has us up an hour before the starting time, and we have that period to admire Herr Oberkellner, who swaggers as becomes the Oberkellner of a house frequented by ambassadors; who contradicts us to our faces, and whose own countenance is ornamented with yesterday's beard, of which, or of any part of his clothing, the graceful youth does not appear to have divested himself since last we left him. We recognise, somewhat dingy and faded — the elaborate shirt front which appeared at yesterday's banquet. Farewell, Herr Oberkellner, may we never see your handsome countenance, washed or unwashed, shaven or unshorn, again!

Here come the ladies — "Good morning, Miss Fanny." "I hope you slept well, Lady Kicklebury?" "A tremendous bill?" "No wonder; how can you expect otherwise, when you have such a bad dinner?" Harken to Hirsch's comminations over the luggage. Look at the honest Belgian soldiers and that fat Freischütz on guard, his rifle in one hand, and the other hand in his pocket. Captain Hicks bursts into a laugh



at the sight of the fat Freischütz, and says, "By Jove Titmarsh, you must cawickachaw him." And we take our seats at length and at leisure, and the railway trumpets blow, and, (save for a brief halt,) we never stop till night, trumpeting by green flats and pastures, by broad canals and old towns, through Liege and Verviers, through Aix and Cologne, till we are landed at Bonn at nightfall.

We all have supper, or tea — we have become pretty intimate — we look at the strangers' book, as a matter of course, in the great room of the Star Hotel. Why, everybody is on the Rhine! Here are the names of half one's acquaintance.

"I see Lord and Lady Exborough are gone on," says Lady Kicklebury, whose eye fastens naturally on her kindred aristocracy. "Lord and Lady Wyebriidge and suite, Lady Zedland and her family."

"Hallo! here's Cutler of the Onety-oneth, and MacMull of the Greens, *en route* to Noirbourg," says Hicks, confidentially. "Know MacMull? devilish good fellow — such a fellow to smoke."

Lankin, too, reads and grins. "Why, are they going the Rhenish circuit?" he says, and reads: —

Sir Thomas Minos, Lady Minos, nebst Begleitung aus England.

Sir John Eachus, mit Familie und Dienerschaft, aus England.

Sir Roger Rhadamanthus.

Thomas Smith, sergeant.

Serjeant Brown, und Mrs. Brown, aus England.

Serjeant Tomkins, Anglais. Madame Tomkins, Mesdemoiselles Tomkins.



Monsieur Kewsy. Conseiller de S. M. la Reine d'Angleterre. Mrs. Kewsy, three Miss Kewsy's.

And to this list, Lankin, laughing, had put down his own name, and that of the reader's obedient servant, under the august autograph of Lady Kicklebury, who signed for herself, her son-in-law, and her suite.

Yes, we all flock the one after the other, we faithful English folks. We can buy Harvey Sauce, and Cayenne Pepper, and Morison's Pills, in every city in the world. We carry our nation everywhere with us; and are in our island, wherever we go. *Toto divisos orbe* — always separated from the people in the midst of whom we are.

When we came to the steamer next morning, the castled crag of Drachenfels rose up in the sunrise before; and looked as pink as the cheeks of Master Jacky, when they have been just washed in the morning. How that rosy light, too, did become Miss Fanny's pretty dimples, to be sure! How good a cigar is at the early dawn! I maintain that it has a flavour which it does not possess at later hours, and that it partakes of the freshness of all Nature. And wine, too; wine is never so good as at breakfast — only one can't drink it, for tipsiness's sake.

See! there is a young fellow drinking soda-water and brandy already. He puts down his glass with a gasp of satisfaction. It is evident that he had need of that fortifier and refresher. He puts down the beaker, and says, "How are you Titmarsh? I was so cut last night. My eyes: wasn't I! not in the least: that's all."

It is the youthful descendant and heir of an ancient



line: the noble Earl of Grimsby's son, Viscount Talboys. He is travelling with the Rev. Baring Leader, his tutor; who, having a great natural turn and liking towards the aristocracy, and, having inspected Lady Kicklebury's cards, on her trunks, has introduced himself to her ladyship already, and has inquired after Sir Thomas Kicklebury, whom he remembers perfectly, and whom he had often the happiness of meeting when Sir Thomas was an Undergraduate at Oxford. There are few characters more amiable, and delightful to watch, and contemplate, than some of those middle-aged Oxford bucks, who hang about the University, and live with the young tufts. Leader can talk racing and boating with the fastest young Christchurch gentleman. Leader occasionally rides to cover with Lord Talboys; is a good shot, and seldom walks out without a setter or a spaniel at his heels. Leader knows the peerage, and the racing calendar, as well as the Oxford cram books. Leader comes up to town, and dines with Lord Grimsby. Leader goes to Court every two years. He is the greatest swell in his common-room. He drinks claret, and can't stand port-wine any longer; and the old fellows of his College admire him, and pet him, and get all their knowledge of the world and the aristocracy from him. I admire those kind old dons, when they appear, affable and jaunty, men of the world, members of the Camford and Oxbridge Club, upon the London pavement. I like to see them over the Morning Post in the Common Room; with a "Ha, I see, Lady Rackstraw has another daughter." "Poppleton, there has been at another party at X— House, and *you* weren't asked, my boy." "Lord Coverdale has got a large party staying at



Coverdale. Did you know him at Christchurch? He was a very handsome man before he broke his nose, fighting the bargeman at Iffly; a light weight, but a beautiful sparrer," &c. Let me add, that Leader, although he does love a tuft, has a kind heart: as his mother and sisters, in Yorkshire, know; as all the village knows too — which is proud of his position in the great world — and welcomes him very kindly when he comes down and takes the duty at Christmas, and preaches to them one or two of "the very sermons which Lord Grimsby was good enough to like, when I delivered them at Talboys."

"You are not acquainted with Lord Talboys?" Leader asks, with a *dégagé* air, "I shall have much pleasure in introducing you to him. Talboys, let me introduce you to Lady Kicklebury. Sir Thomas Kicklebury was not at Christchurch in your time; but you have heard of him, I dare say. Your son has left a reputation at Oxford."

"I should think I have, too. He walked a hundred miles in a hundred hours. They said he bet that he'd drink a hundred pints of beer in a hundred hours: but I don't think he could do it, not strong beer; don't think any man could. The beer here isn't worth a —"

"My dear Talboys," says Leader, with a winning smile, "I suppose Lady Kicklebury is not a judge of beer — and what an unromantic subject of conversation, here, under the castled crag immortalized by Byron."

"What the deuce does it mean about peasant girls with dark blue eyes, and hands that offer corn and wine," asks Talboys; "*I've* never seen any peasant girls, except the — ugly set of women I ever looked at."

"The poet's licence. I see Milliken you are making



a charming sketch. You used to draw when you were at Brazennose, Milliken; and play — yes, you played the violoncello.”

Mr. Milliken still possessed these accomplishments. He was taken up that very evening, by a soldier, at Coblenz, for making a sketch of Ehrenbreitstein. Mrs. Milliken sketches, immensely too, and writes poetry; such dreary pictures, such dreary poems! but professional people are proverbially jealous; and I doubt whether our fellow passenger, the German, would even allow that Milliken could play the violoncello.

Lady Kicklebury gives Miss Fanny a nudge when Lord Talboys appears, and orders her to exert all her fascinations. How the old lady coaxes, and she wheedles! She pours out the Talboys pedigree upon him; and asks after his aunt, and his mother's family. Is he going to Noirbourg? How delightful. There is nothing like British spirit; and to see an English matron well set upon a young man of large fortune, and high rank, is a great and curious sight.

And yet, somehow, the British doggedness does not always answer. “Do you know that old woman in the drab jacket, Titmarsh?” my hereditary legislator asks of me. “What the devil is she bothering *me* for, about my aunts, and setting her daughter at me? I aint such a fool as that. I aint clever, Titmarsh; I never said I was. I never pretend to be clever, and that — but why does that old fool bother *me*, hay? Heigho! I 'm devlish thirsty. I was devlish cut last night. I think I must have another go off. Hallo you! Kellner! Garson; Ody soda, Oter petty vare do dyvee de Conac. That 's your sort; isn't it, Leader?”



"You will speak French well enough if you practice," says Leader with a tender voice, "practice is everything. Shall we dine at the table d'hôte? Waiter! put down the name of Viscount Talboys, and Mr. Leader, if you please."

The boat is full of all sorts and conditions of men. For'ard, there are peasants and soldiers; stumpy, placid-looking little warriors for the most part, smoking feeble cigars, and looking quite harmless under their enormous helmets. A poor, stunted, dull-looking boy of sixteen, staggering before a black-striped sentry-box, with an enormous musket on his shoulder, does not seem to me a martial, or awe-inspiring object. Has it not been said that we carry our prejudices everywhere; and only admire what we are accustomed to admire in our own country?

Yonder walks a handsome young soldier who has just been marrying a wife. How happy they seem! and how pleased that every body should remark their happiness. It is a fact that in the full sunshine, and before a couple of hundred people on board the Joseph Miller steamer, the soldier absolutely kissed Mrs. Soldier, at which the sweet Fanny Kicklebury was made to blush.

We were standing together looking at the various groups, the pretty peasant woman, (really pretty for once,) with the red head-dress, and fluttering ribbons, and the child in her arms; the jolly fat old gentleman, who was drinking Rhine wine before noon, and turning his back upon all the castles, towers, and ruins, which reflected their crumbling peaks in the water, upon the handsome young students who came with us from Bonn,



with their national colours in their caps: with their picturesque looks, their yellow ringlets, their budding mustaches, and with cuts upon almost every one of their noses, obtained in duels at the university — most picturesque are these young fellows, indeed — but, ah, why need they have such black hands?

Near us is a type too, a man who adorns his own tale, and points his own moral. “Yonder, in his carriage, sits the Count de Reineck, who won’t travel without that dismal old chariot, though it is shabby, costly, and clumsy, and though the wicked Red Republicans come and smoke under his very nose — yes, Miss Fanny, it is the lusty young Germany, pulling the nose of the worn out old world.”

“Law, what *do* you mean, Mr. Titmarsh?” cries the dear Fanny.

“And here comes Mademoiselle de Reineck, with her companion — you see she is wearing out one of the faded silk gowns, which she has spoiled at the Residenz during the season, for the Reinecks are economical, though they are proud: and forced like many other insolvent grandees to do, and to wear shabby things.”

“It is very kind of the young countess to call her companion ‘Louise,’ and to let Louise call her ‘Laura,’ but if faces may be trusted, and we can read in one countenance conceit, and tyranny; deceit, and slyness, in another; — dear Louise has to suffer some hard raps from dear Laura: and to judge from her dress, I don’t think poor Louise has her salary paid very regularly.”

“What a comfort it is to live in a country where there is neither insolence, nor bankruptcy among the



great folks, nor cringing, nor flattery among the small: Isn't it Miss Fanny?"

Miss Fanny says, that she can't understand whether I am joking, or serious, and her mamma calls her away to look at the ruins of Wittgenstein. Everybody looks at Wittgenstein — You are told in Murray to look at Wittgenstein.

Lankin who has been standing by, with a grin, every now and then, upon his sardonic countenance, comes up, and says, "Titmarsh, how can you be so impertinent?"

"Impertinent! as how?"

"The girl must understand what you mean; and you shouldn't laugh at her own mother to her. Did you ever see anything like the way in which that horrible woman is following the young lord about?"

"See! You see it every day, my dear fellow; only the trick is better done, and Lady Kicklebury is rather a clumsy practitioner — See! why nobody is better aware of the springs which are set to catch him, than that young fellow himself, who is as knowing as any veteran in May fair. And you don't suppose that Lady Kicklebury fancies that she is doing anything mean, or any thing wrong? Heaven bless you! She never did anything wrong in her life. She has no idea but that everything she says, and thinks, and does is right. And no doubt she never did rob a church: and was a faithful wife to Sir Thomas, and pays her tradesmen. Confound her virtue! It is that which makes her so wonderful — that brass armour in which she walks impenetrable — not knowing what pity is or charity; crying sometimes when she is vexed, or



thwarted, but laughing never — cringing, and domineering by the same natural instinct — never doubting about herself above all. Let us rise, and revolt against those people Lankin. Let us war with them, and smite them utterly. It is to use against these, especially, that Scorn and Satire were invented.”

“And the animal you attack,” says Lankin, “is provided with a hide to defend him — it is a common ordinance of nature.”

And so we pass by tower and town, and float up the Rhine. We don't describe the river. Who does not know it? How you see people asleep in the cabins at the most picturesque parts, and angry to be awakened when they fire off those stupid guns for the echoes! It is as familiar to numbers of people as Greenwich; and we know the merits of the inns along the road as if they were the Trafalgar or the Star and Garter. How stale everything grows! If we were to live in a garden of Eden now, and the gate were open, we should go out, and tramp forward, and push on, and get up early in the morning, and push on again — anything to keep moving, anything to get a change, anything but quiet for the restless children of Cain.

So many thousands of English folks have been at Rougetnoirbourg in this and past seasons, that it is scarcely needful to alter the name of that pretty little gay wicked place. There were so many British barristers there this year that they called the Hotel des Quatre Saisons the Hotel of Quarter Sessions. There were judges and their wives, serjeants and their ladies, Queen's counsel learned in the law, the northern circuit



and the western circuit — there were officers of half-pay and full-pay, military officers, naval officers, and sheriffs' officers. There were people of high fashion and rank, and people of no rank at all — there were men and women of reputation, and of the two kinds of reputation — there were English boys playing cricket; English pointers putting up the German partridges, and English guns knocking them down — there were women whose husbands, and men whose wives were at home — there was high church and low church — England turned out for a holiday, in a word. How much farther shall we extend our holiday ground, and where shall we camp next? A winter at Cairo is nothing now. Perhaps ere long we shall be going to Saratoga Springs, and the Americans coming to Margate for the summer.

Apartments befitting her dignity and the number of her family, had been secured for Lady Kicklebury by her dutiful son, in the same house in which one of Lankin's friends had secured for us much humbler lodgings. Kicklebury received his mother's advent with a great deal of good humour; and a wonderful figure the good-natured little baronet was when he presented himself to his astonished friends scarcely recognisable by his own parent and sisters, and the staring retainers of their house.

"Mercy, Kicklebury! have you become a Red Republican?" his mother asked.

"I can't find a place to kiss you," said Miss Fanny, laughing to her brother, and he gave her pretty cheek such a scrub with his red beard, as made some folks think it would be very pleasant to be Miss Fanny's brother.



In the course of his travels, one of Sir Thomas Kicklebury's chief amusements and cares had been to cultivate this bushy auburn ornament. He said that no man could pronounce German properly without a beard to his jaws; but he did not appear to have got much beyond this preliminary step to learning; and, in spite of his beard, his honest English accent came out, as his jolly English face looked forth from behind that fierce and bristly decoration perfectly good-humoured and unmistakable. We try our best to look like foreigners, but we can't. Every Italian mendicant or Pont Neuf beggar knows his Englishman, in spite of blouse, and beard, and slouched hat. "There is a peculiar high-bred grace about us," I whisper to Lady Kicklebury, "an aristocratic *Je ne sais quoi*, which is not to be found in any but Englishmen; and it is that which makes us so immensely liked and admired all over the Continent." Well, this may be truth or joke — this may be a sneer or a simple assertion; our vulgarities and our insolences may perhaps make us as remarkable, as that high-breeding which we assume to possess. It may be that the continental society ridicules and detests us as we walk domineering over Europe — but, after all, which of us would denationalize himself? who wouldn't be an Englishman? Come, Sir, cosmopolite as you are, passing all your winters at Rome or at Paris; exile by choice, or poverty, from your own country; preferring easier manners, cheaper pleasures, a simpler life; are you not still proud of your British citizenship, and would you like to be a Frenchman?

Kicklebury has a great acquaintance at Noirbourg, and as he walks into the great concert room at night,



introducing his mother and sisters there, he seems to look about with a little anxiety lest all of his acquaintance should recognise him. There are some in that most strange and motley company with whom he had rather not exchange salutations under present circumstances. Pleasure-seekers from every nation in the world are here, sharpers of both sexes, wearers of the stars and cordons of every court in Europe, Russian princesses, Spanish Grandees, Belgian, French, and English nobles, every degree of Briton from the ambassador who has his *congé*, to the London apprentice who has come out for his fortnight's lark, Kicklebury knows them all, and has a good-natured nod for each.

"Who is that lady with the three daughters who saluted you, Kicklebury?" asks his mother.

"That is our Ambassadors at X., Ma'am; I saw her yesterday buying a penny toy for one of her little children in Frankfort Fair."

Lady Kicklebury looked towards Lady X.; she makes her excellency an undeveloped curtsey, as it were; she waves her plumed head, (Lady K. is got up in great style, in a rich *déjeûner* toilette, perfectly regardless of expense;) she salutes the ambassadors with a sweeping gesture from her chair, and backs before her as before royalty, and turns to her daughter's large eyes full of meaning, and spreads out her silks in state.

"And who is that distinguished-looking man who just passed, and who gave you a reserved nod?" asks her ladyship, "is that Lord X.?"

Kicklebury bursts out laughing. "That, Ma'am, is Mr. Higmore of Conduit Street, tailor, draper, and habit-maker — and I owe him a hundred pound."



"The insolence of that sort of people is really intolerable," says Lady Kicklebury. "There *must* be some distinction of classes. They ought not to be allowed to go everywhere. And who is yonder, that lady with the two boys and the — the very high complexion?" Lady Kicklebury asks.

"That is a Russian princess; and one of those little boys, the one who is sucking a piece of barley-sugar, plays, and wins five hundred louis in a night."

"Kicklebury, you do not play? Promise your mother you do not! Swear to me at this moment you do not! Where are the horrid gambling rooms? There at that door where the crowd is? Of course I shall never enter them!"

"Of course not, Ma'am," says the affectionate son on duty. "And if you come to the balls here, please don't let Fanny dance with anybody, until you ask me first, you understand? Fanny, you will take care."

"Yes, Tom," says Fanny.

"What, Hicks, how are you, old fellow? How is Platts? Who would have thought of you being here? When did you come?"

"I had the pleasure of travelling with Lady Kicklebury and her daughters in the London boat to Antwerp," says Captain Hicks, making the ladies a bow. Kicklebury introduces Hicks to his mother as his most particular friend — and he whispers Fanny, that "he's as good a fellow as ever lived, Hicks is." Fanny says "he seems very kind and good-natured; and — and Captain Hicks waltzes very well," says Miss Fanny, with a blush, "and I hope I may have him for one of my partners."

What a Babel of tongues it is in this splendid hall



with gleaming marble pillars, a ceaseless rushing whisper as if the band were playing its music by a waterfall! The British lawyers are all got together, and my friend Lankin, on his arrival, has been carried off by his brother serjeants, and becomes once more a lawyer. "Well, brother Lankin," says old Sir Thomas Minos, with his venerable kind face, "you have got your rule, I see." And they fall into talk about their law matters, as they always do, wherever they are — at a club, in a ball-room, at a dinner-table, at the top of Chimborazo. Some of the young barristers appear as bucks with uncommon splendour, and dance and hang about the ladies. But they have not the easy languid deuce-may-care air of the young bucks of the Hicks and Kicklebury school — they can't put on their clothes with that happy negligence; their neck-cloths sit quite differently on them, somehow; they become very hot when they dance, and yet do not spin round near so quickly as those London youths, who have acquired experience *in corpore vili*, and learned to dance easily by the practice of a thousand casinos.

Above the Babel tongues and the clang of the music, as you listen in the great saloon, you hear from a neighbouring room, a certain sharp ringing clatter, and a hard clear voice cries out "*Zero rouge*," or "*Trente-cinq noir, impair et passe*;" and then there is a pause of a couple of minutes, and then the voice says "*Faites le Jeu Messieurs. Le Jeu est fait, Rien ne va plus*" — and the sharp ringing clatter recommences. You know what that room is? That is Hades. That is where the spirited proprietor of the establishment takes his toll, and thither the people go who pay the money which supports the spirited proprietor and this fine



palace and gardens. Let us enter Hades, and see what is going on there.

Hades is not an unpleasant place. Most of the people look rather cheerful. You don't see any frantic gamblers gnashing their teeth or dashing down their last stakes. The winners have the most anxious faces; or the poor shabby fellows who have got systems, and are pricking down the alternations of red and black on cards, and don't seem to be playing at all. On *fête* days the country people come in, men and women to gamble, and *they* seem to be excited as they put down their hard-earned florins with trembling rough hands, and watch the turn of the wheel. But what you call the good company is very quiet and easy. A man loses his mass of gold, and gets up and walks off, without any particular mark of despair. The only gentleman whom I saw at Noirbourg who seemed really affected was a certain Count de Mustacheff, a Russian of enormous wealth, who clenched his fists, beat his breast, cursed his stars, and absolutely cried with grief, not for losing money, but for neglecting to win, and play upon a *coup de vingt*, a series in which the red was turned up twenty times running; which series had he but played, it is clear that he might have broken M. Lenoir's bank, and shut up the gambling-house, and doubled his own fortune — when he would have been no happier, and all the balls and music, all the newspaper-rooms and parks, all the feasting and pleasure of this delightful Rougetnoirbourg would have been at an end.

For though he is a wicked gambling Prince Lenoir, he is beloved in all these regions; his establishment gives life to the town, to the lodging-house and hotel-keepers, to the milliners and hackney-coachmen, to the



letters of horse-flesh, to the huntsmen and gardes-de-chasse; to all these honest fiddlers and trumpeters who play so delectably. Were Lenoir's bank to break, the whole little city would shut up, and all the Noir-bourgers wish him prosperity and benefit by his good fortune.

Three years since the Noirbourgers underwent a mighty panic. There came at a time when the chief Lenoir was at Paris, and the reins of government were in the hands of his younger brother, a company of adventurers from Belgium, with a capital of three hundred thousand francs, and an infallible system for playing rouge et noir, and they boldly challenged the bank of Lenoir, and sate down before his croupiers, and defied him. They called themselves in their pride the Contrebanque de Noirbourg: they had their croupiers and punters, even as Lenoir had his: they had their rouleaux of Napoleons, stamped with their Contrebanquish seal: — and they began to play.

As when two mighty giants step out of a host and engage; the armies stand still in expectation, and the puny privates and commonalty remain quiet to witness the combat of the tremendous champions of the war: so, it is said, that when the Contrebanque arrived, and ranged itself before the officers of Lenoir — rouleau to rouleau, bank note to bank note, war for war, controlment for controlment, all the minor punters, and gamblers, ceased their peddling play, and looked on in silence round the verdant plain, where the great combat was to be decided.

Not used to the vast operations of war, like his elder brother, Lenoir Junior, the lieutenant, telegraphed to his absent chief the news of the mighty ene-



my who had come down upon him, asked for instructions, and in the meanwhile met the foeman like a man. The Contrebanque of Noirbourg gallantly opened its campaign.

The Lenoir bank was defeated day after day, in numerous savage encounters. The tactics of the Contrebanquist generals were irresistible: their infernal system bore down every thing before it, and they marched onwards terrible, and victorious, as the Macedonian Phalanx. Tuesday, a loss of eighteen thousand florins; Wednesday, a loss of twelve thousand florins; Thursday, a loss of forty thousand florins — night after night, the young Lenoir had to chronicle these disasters in melancholy dispatches to his chief — What was to be done? Night after night, the Noirbourgers retired home doubtful, and disconsolate; the horrid Contrebanquists gathered up their spoils, and retired to a victorious supper. How was it to end?

Far away at Paris, the elder Lenoir answered these appeals of his brother by sending reinforcements of money. Chests of gold arrived for the bank. The Prince of Noirbourg bade his beleaguered lieutenant not to lose heart, he himself never for a moment blenched in this trying hour of danger.

The Contrebanquists still went on victorious. Rouleau after rouleau fell into their possession. At last the news came. The Emperor has joined the Grand Army. Lenoir himself had arrived from Paris, and was once more among his children, his people. The daily combats continued: and still, still though Napoleon was with the Eagles, the abominable Contrebanquists fought, and conquered. And far greater than Napoleon, as great as Ney himself under disaster, the



bold Lenoir never lost courage, never lost good humour, was affable, was gentle, was careful of his subjects' pleasures and comforts, and met an adverse fortune with a dauntless smile.

With a devilish forbearance and coolness, the atrocious Contrebanque, like Polyphemus, who only took one of his prisoners out of the cave at a time, and so ate them off at leisure, the horrid Contrebanquists, I say, contented themselves with winning so much before dinner, and so much before supper — say five thousand florins for each meal. They played and won at noon: they played and won at eventide. They of Noirbourg went home sadly every night: the invader was carrying all before him. What must have been the feelings of the great Lenoir? What were those of Washington, before Trenton, when it seemed all up with the cause of American Independence; what those of the virgin Elizabeth, when the Armada was signalled; what those of Miltiades, when the multitudinous Persian bore down on Marathon? The people looked on at the combat, and saw their chieftain stricken, bleeding, falling, fighting still.

At last there came one day, when the Contrebanquists had won their allotted sum, and were about to leave the tables which they had swept so often. But pride, and lust of gold had seized upon the heart of one of their vain-glorious chieftains; and he said, "Do not let us go yet — let us win a thousand florins more!" So they stayed and set the bank yet a thousand florins. The Noirbourgers looked on, and trembled for their prince.

Some three hours afterwards — a shout, a mighty shout was heard around the windows of that palace;



the town, the gardens, the hills, the fountains look up, and echoed the jubilant acclaim — Hip, Hip, Hip, Hurrah, Hurrah, Hurrah! People rushed into each others' arms, men, women, and children cried, and kissed each other. Croupiers who never feel, who never tremble, who never care whether black wins, or red loses, took snuff from each others' boxes, and laughed for joy, and Lenoir the dauntless, the INVINCIBLE, Lenoir wiped the drops of perspiration from his calm forehead, as he drew the enemy's last rouleau into his till. He had conquered. The Persians were beaten horse and foot — the Armada had gone down — Since Wellington had shut up his telescope at Waterloo, when the Prussians came charging on to the field, and the guard broke and fled — there had been no such heroic endurance, such utter defeat, such signal and crowning victory. Vive Lenoir, I am a Lenoirite. I have read his newspapers, strolled in his gardens, listened to his music, and rejoice in his victory; I am glad he beat those Contrebanquists. *Dissipati sunt.* The game is up with them.

The instances of this man's magnanimity are numerous, and worthy of Alexander the Great, or Harry the Fifth, or Robin Hood. Most gentle is he, and thoughtful to the poor, and merciful to the vanquished. When Jeremy Diddler, who had lost twenty pounds at his table, lay in inglorious pawn at his inn; when O'Toole could not leave Noirbourg until he had received his remittances from Ireland, the noble Lenoir paid Diddler's inn bill, advanced O'Toole money upon his well known signature, franked both of them back to their native country again; and has never, wonder-



ful to state, been paid from that day to this. If you will go play at his table, you may; but nobody forces you. If you lose, pay with a cheerful heart. *Dulce est disipere in loco.* This is not a treaty of morals. Friar Tuck was not an exemplary ecclesiastic, nor Robin Hood a model man; but he was a jolly outlaw; and, I dare say, the Sheriff of Nottingham, whose money he took, rather relished his feast at Robin's green table.

And if you lose, worthy friend, as possibly you will, at Lenoir's pretty games, console yourself by thinking that it is much better for you in the end that you should lose, than that you should win. Let me, for my part, make a clean breast of it, and own that your humble servant did, on one occasion, win a score of Napoleons, and beginning with a sum of no less than five shillings. But until I had lost them again I was so feverish, excited, and uneasy, that I had neither delectation in reading the most exciting French novels, nor pleasure in seeing pretty landscapes, nor appetite for dinner. The moment, however, that graceless money was gone, equanimity was restored, Paul Féval and Eugène Sue began to be terrifically interesting again; and the dinners at Noirbourg, though by no means good culinary specimens, were perfectly sufficient for my easy and tranquil mind. Lankin, who played only a lawyer's rubber at whist, marked the salutary change in his friend's condition; and, for my part, I hope and pray that every honest reader of this volume, who plays at M. Lenoir's table, will lose every shilling of his winnings before he goes away. Where are the gamblers whom we have read of? Where are the card-players whom we can remember in our early days?



At one time almost every gentleman played, and there were whist tables in every lady's drawing-room. But trumps are going out along with numbers of old world institutions; and, before very long, a black-leg will be as rare an animal as a knight in armour.

There was a little dwarfish, abortive, counter-bank set up at Noirbourg this year, but the gentlemen soon disagreed among themselves; and, let us hope, were cut off in detail by the great Lenoir. And there was a Frenchman at our inn who had won two Napoleons per day for the last six weeks, and who had an infallible system, whereof he kindly offered to communicate the secret for the consideration of a hundred Louis; but there came one fatal night when the poor Frenchman's system could not make head against fortune, and her wheel went over him, and he disappeared utterly.

With the early morning everybody rises and makes his or her appearance at the Springs, where they partake of water with a wonderful energy and perseverance. They say that people get to be fond of this water at last; as to what tastes cannot men accustom themselves? I drank a couple of glasses of an abominable sort of feeble salts in a state of very gentle effervescence, but though there was a very pretty girl who served it, the drink was abominable, and it was a marvel to see the various toppers, who tossed off glass after glass which the fair-haired little Hebe delivered sparkling from the well.

Seeing my wry faces, old Captain Carver expostulated, with a jolly twinkle of his eye, as he absorbed the contents of a sparkling crystal beaker. "Pooh!



take another glass, Sir: you'll like it better and better every day. It refreshes you, Sir: it fortifies you: and as for liking it — gad! I remember the time when I didn't like claret. Times are altered now, ha! ha! Mrs. Fantail, Madam, I wish you a very good morning. How is Fantail? He don't come to drink the water: so much the worse for him."

To see Mrs. Fantail of an evening is to behold a magnificent sight. She ought to be shown in a room by herself; and, indeed, would occupy a moderate sized one with her person and adornments. Marie Antoinette's hoop is not bigger than Mrs. Fantail's flounces. Twenty men taking hands (and, indeed, she likes to have at least that number about her) would scarcely encompass her. Her chestnut ringlets spread out in a halo round her face: she must want two or three coiffeurs to arrange that prodigious head-dress; and then, when it is done, how can she endure that extraordinary gown. Her travelling band-boxes must be as large as omnibuses.

But see Mrs. Fantail in the morning: having taken in all sail; the chestnut curls having disappeared, and two limp bands of brown hair over her lean, sallow face, and you see before you an ascetic, a nun, a woman worn by mortifications, of a sad yellow aspect, drinking salts at the well; a vision quite different from that rapturous one of the previous night's ball-room. No wonder Fantail does not come out of a morning; he had rather not see such a Rebecca at the well.

Lady Kicklebury came for some mornings pretty regularly, and was very civil to Mr. Leader, and made Miss Fanny drink when his lordship took a cup, and asked Lord Talboys and his tutor to dinner. But the



tutor came and, blushing, brought an excuse from Talboys; and poor Milliken had not a very pleasant evening after Mr. Baring Leader rose to go away.

But though the water was not good, the sun was bright, the music cheery, the landscape fresh and pleasant, and it was always amusing to see the vast varieties of our human species that congregated at the Springs, and trudged up and down the green allées. One of the gambling conspirators of the roulette table it was good to see here in his private character, drinking down pints of salts like any other sinner, having a homely wife on his arm, and between them a poodle on which they lavished their tenderest affection. You see these people care for other things besides trumps; and are not always thinking about black and red: — as even ogres are represented, in their histories, as of cruel natures, and licentious appetites, and, to be sure, fond of eating men and women; but yet it appears that their wives often respected them, and they had a sincere liking for their own hideous children. And, besides the card players, there are band players: every now and then a fiddle from the neighbouring orchestra, or a disorganized bassoon, will step down and drink a glass of the water, and jump back into his rank again.

Then come the burly troops of English, the honest lawyers, merchants, and gentlemen, with their wives and buxom daughters, and stout sons that, almost grown to the height of manhood, are boys still, with rough wide-awake hats and shooting jackets, full of lark and laughter. A French boy of sixteen has had *des passions* ere that time very likely, and is already particular in his dress, an ogler of the women, and



preparing to kill. Adolphe says to Alphonse — “La voilà, cette charmante Miss Fanni, la belle Kickleburi; je te donne, ma parole, elle est fraîche comme une rose; la crois tu riche, Alphonse?” “Je me range, mon ami, vois tu; la vie de garçon me pèse. Ma parole d’honneur je me range.”

And he gives Miss Fanny a killing bow, and a glance which seems to say, “Sweet Anglaise, I know that I have won your heart.”

Then besides the young French buck, whom we will willingly suppose harmless, you see specimens of the French raff, who goes *aux eaux*, gambler, speculator, sentimentalist, duellist, travelling with madame, his wife, at whom other raffs nod and wink familiarly. This rogue is much more picturesque and civilized than the similar person in our own country: whose manners betray the stable; who never reads anything but *Bell's Life*; and who is much more at ease in conversing with a groom than with his employer. Here come Mr. Boucher and Mr. Fowler: better to gamble for a score of nights with honest Monsieur Lenoir, than to sit down in private once with those gentlemen. But we have said that their profession is going down, and the number of Greeks daily diminishes. They are travelling with Mr. Bloundell, who was a gentleman once, and still retains about him some faint odour of that time of bloom; and Bloundell has put himself on young Lord Talboys, and is trying to get some money out of that young nobleman. But the English youth of the present day is a wide-awake youth, and male or female artifices are expended pretty much in vain on our young travelling companion.

Who come yonder? Those two fellows whom we



met at the table d'hôte, at the Hôtel de Russie, the other day; gentlemen of splendid costume, and yet questionable appearances, the eldest of whom called for the list of wines, and cried out loud enough for all the company to hear, "Lafitte, six florins. Arry, shall we ave some Lafitte? You don't mind? No more do I then. I say, waiter, let's ave pint of ordinaire." Truth is stranger than fiction. You good fellow, wherever you are, why did ask Arry to ave that pint of ordinaire in the presence of your obedient servant? How could we do otherwise than chronicle the speech?

And see; here is a lady who is doubly desirous to be put into print, who encourages it and invites it. It appears that on Lankin's first arrival at Noirbourg with his travelling companion, a certain sensation was created in the little society by the rumour, that an emissary of the famous Mr. Punch had arrived in the place; and, as we were smoking the cigar of peace on the lawn after dinner, looking on at the benevolent pretty scene, Mrs. Hopkins, Miss Hopkins, and the excellent head of the family, walked many times up and down before us; eyed us severely face to face, and then walking away, shot back fierce glances at us in the Parthian manner; and at length, at the third or fourth turn, and when we could not but overhear so fine a voice, Mrs. Hopkins looks at us steadily, and says, "I'm sure he may put ME in if he likes: I don't mind."

O, Ma'am! O, Mrs. Hopkins! how should a gentleman, who had never seen your face or heard of you before, want to put *you* in? What interest can the British public have in you? But as you wish it, and court publicity, here you are. Good luck go with you,



Madam. I have forgotten your real name, and should not know you again if I saw you. But why could not you leave a man to take his coffee, and smoke his pipe, in quiet?

We could never have time to make a catalogue of all the portraits that figure in this motley gallery. Among the travellers in Europe, who are daily multiplying in numbers and increasing in splendour, the United States' dandies must not be omitted. They seem as rich as the Milor of old days, they crowd in European capitals, they have elbowed out people of the old country from many hotels which we used to frequent; they adopt the French fashion of dressing rather than ours, and they grow handsomer beards than English beards; as some plants are found to flourish and shoot up prodigiously when introduced into a new soil. The ladies seem to be as well dressed as Parisians, and as handsome, though somewhat more delicate, perhaps, than the native English roses. They drive the finest carriages, they keep the grandest houses, they frequent the grandest company — and, in a word, the Broadway Swell has now taken his station and asserted his dignity amongst the grandees of Europe. He is fond of asking Count Reineck to dinner, and Gräfinn Laura will condescend to look kindly upon a gentleman who has millions of dollars. Here comes a pair of New Yorkers. Behold their elegant curling beards, their velvet coats, their delicate primrose gloves and cambric handkerchiefs, and the aristocratic beauty of their boots. Why, if you had sixteen quarterings, you could not have smaller feet than those; and if you were descended from a line of kings you could not smoke better or bigger cigars.



Lady Kicklebury deigns to think very well of these young men, since she has seen them in the company of grandees, and heard how rich they are. "Who is that very stylish-looking woman, to whom Mr. Washington Walker spoke just now?" she asks of Kicklebury.

Kicklebury gives a twinkle of his eye. "O, that, mother! that is Madame La Princesse de Mogador — it's a French title."

"She danced last night, and danced exceedingly well: I remarked her. There's a very high-bred grace about the princess."

"Yes, exceedingly. We'd better come on," says Kicklebury, blushing rather as he returns the princess's nod.

It is wonderful how large Kicklebury's acquaintance is. He has a word and a joke in the best German he can muster for everybody—for the high well-born lady, as for the German peasant maiden; as for the pretty little washer-woman, who comes full sail down the streets, a basket on her head, and one of Mrs. Fantail's wonderful gowns swelling on each arm. As we were going to the Schloss-Garten I caught a sight of the rogue's grinning face yesterday, close at little Gretel's ear under her basket, but spying out his mother advancing, he dashed down a bye street, and when we came up with her, Gretel was alone.

One but seldom sees the English and the holiday visitors in the ancient parts of Noirbourg: they keep to the streets of new buildings and garden villas which have sprung up under the magic influence of M. Lenoir,



under the white towers and gables of the old German town. The Prince of Trente et Quarante has quite overcome the old serene sovereign of Noirbourg, whom one cannot help fancying a prince like a prince in a Christmas pantomime — a burlesque prince with two-pence-halfpenny for a revenue, jolly and irascible, a prime minister-kicking prince, fed upon fabulous plum-puddings and enormous pasteboard joints, by cooks and valets with large heads which never alter their grin. Not that this portrait is from the life. Perhaps he has no life. Perhaps there is no prince in the great white tower that we see for miles before we enter the little town. Perhaps he has been mediatized, and sold his kingdom to Monsieur Lenoir. Before the palace of Lenoir there is a grove of orange trees in tubs, which Lenoir bought from another German Prince, who went straightway and lost the money, which he had been paid for his wonderful orange trees, over Lenoir's green tables, at his roulette and Trente et Quarante. A great prince is Lenoir in his way; a generous and magnanimous prince. You may come to his feast and pay nothing unless you please. You may walk in his gardens, sit in his palace, and read his thousand newspapers. You may go and play at whist in his small drawing-rooms, or dance and hear concerts in his grand saloon — and there is not a penny to pay. His fiddlers and trumpeters begin trumpeting and fiddling for you at the early dawn — they twang and blow for you in the afternoon, they pipe for you at night that you may dance — and there is nothing to pay — Lenoir pays for all. Give him but the chances of the table, and he will do all this and more. It is better to live under Prince Lenoir than a fabulous old German



Durchlaucht, whose cavalry ride wicker horses with petticoats, and whose prime minister has a great paste-board head. Vive le Prince Lenoir!

There is a grotesque old carved gate to the palace of the Durchlaucht, from which you could expect none but a pantomime procession to pass. The place looks asleep; the courts are grass-grown and deserted. Is the Sleeping Beauty lying yonder, in the great white tower? What is the little army about? It seems a sham army: a sort of grotesque military. The only charge of infantry, was this: one day when passing through the old town, looking for sketches. Perhaps they become croupiers at night. What can such a fabulous prince want with anything but a sham army? My favourite walk was in the ancient quarter of the town — the dear old fabulous quarter, away from the noisy actualities of life, and Prince Lenoir's new palace — out of eye and earshot of the dandies and the ladies in their grand best clothes at the promenades — and the rattling whirl of the roulette wheel — and I liked to wander in the glum old gardens, under the palace wall, and imagine the Sleeping Beauty within there.

Some one persuaded us, one day, to break the charm, and see the interior of the palace. I am sorry we did. There was no Sleeping Beauty in any chamber that we saw; nor any fairies, good or malevolent. There was a shabby set of clean old rooms, which looked as if they had belonged to a prince hard put to it for money, and whose tin-crown jewels, would not fetch more than King Stephen's pantaloons. A fugitive prince; a brave prince struggling with the



storms of fate, a prince in exile may be poor; but a prince, looking out of his own palace windows, with a dressing-gown out at elbows, and dunned by his subject washer-woman — I say this is a painful object. When they get shabby they ought not to be seen. “Don’t you think so, Lady Kicklebury?” Lady Kicklebury evidently had calculated the price of the carpets and hangings, and set them justly down at a low figure. “These German princes,” she said, “are not to be put on a level with English noblemen.” “Indeed,” we answer, “there is nothing so perfect as England; nothing so good as our aristocracy; nothing so perfect as our institutions.” “Nothing! *nothing!*” says Lady K.

An English princess was once brought to reign here; and almost the whole of the little court was kept upon her dowry. The people still regard her name fondly; and they show, at the Schloss, the rooms which she inhabited. Her old books are still there — her old furniture brought from home; the presents and keepsakes sent by her family, are as they were in the princess’s lifetime: the very clock has the name of a Windsor maker on its face; and portraits of all her numerous race, decorate the homely walls of the now empty chambers. There is the benighted old king, his beard hanging down to the star on his breast; and the first gentleman of Europe — so lavish of his portrait everywhere, and so chary of showing his royal person — all the stalwart brothers of the now all but extinct generation are there; their quarrels and their pleasures, their glories and disgraces, enemies, flatterers, detractors, admirers — all now buried. Is it not curious to think, that the King of Trumps now vir-



tually reigns in this place, and has deposed the other dynasty?

Very early one morning, wishing to have a sketch of the White Tower in which our English princess had been imprisoned, I repaired to the gardens, and set about a work, which, when completed, will no doubt have the honour of a place on the line, at the exhibition; and, returning homewards to breakfast, musing upon the strange fortunes and inhabitants of the queer, fantastic, melancholy place, behold, I came suddenly upon a couple of persons, a male and a female; the latter of whom wore a blue hood or "ugly," and blushed very much on seeing me. The man began to laugh behind his mustaches, the which cachinnation was checked by an appealing look from the young lady; and he held out his hand and said "How d' ye do, Titmarsh. Been out making some cawickachaws, Hay?"

I need not say that the youth before me was the heavy dragoon, and the maiden was Miss Fanny Kicklebury. Or need I repeat that in the course of my blighted being, I never loved a young gazelle to glad me with its dark blue eye, but when it came to, &c., the usual disappointment was sure to ensue? There is no necessity why I should allude to my feelings at this most manifest and outrageous case. I gave a withering glance of scorn at the pair, and, with a state-ly salutation, passed on.

Miss Fanny came tripping after me. She held out her little hand with such a pretty look of deprecation, that I could not but take it; and she said, "Mr. Titmarsh, if you please, I want to speak to you, if you please;" and, choking with emotion, I bade her speak on.



"My brother knows all about it; and highly approves of Captain Hicks," she said, with her head hanging down; "and O, he's very good and kind: and I know him *much* better now, than I did when we were on board the steamer."

I thought how I had mimicked him, and what an ass I had been.

"And you know," she continued, "that you have quite deserted me for the last ten days for your great acquaintances."

"I have been to play chess with Lord Knightsbridge, who has the gout."

"And to drink tea constantly with that American lady; and you have written verses in her album, and in Lavinia's album; and as I saw that you had quite thrown me off, why I — my brother approves of it highly; and — and Captain Hicks likes you very much, and says you amuse him very much — indeed he does," says the arch little wretch. And then she added a postscript, as it were, to her letter, which contained, as usual, the point which she wished to urge: —

"You — won't break it to Mamma — will you be so kind? My brother will do that" — and I promised her; and she ran away, kissing her hand to me. And I did not say a word to Lady Kicklebury, and not above a thousand people at Noirbourg knew that Miss Kicklebury and Captain Hicks were engaged.

And now let those who are too confident of their virtue listen to the truthful and melancholy story which I have to relate, and humble themselves, and bear in mind that the most perfect among us are occasionally liable to fall. Kicklebury was not perfect. I do not



defend his practice. He spent a great deal more time and money than was good for him at M. Lenoir's gaming-table, and the only thing which the young fellow never lost was his good humour. If Fortune shook her swift wings and fled away from him, he laughed at the retreating pinions, and you saw him dancing and laughing as gayly after losing a rouleau, as if he was made of money, and really had the five thousand a-year which his mother said was the amount of the Kicklebury property. But when her ladyship's jointure, and the young ladies' allowances, and the interest of mortgages were paid out of the five thousand a-year, I grieve to say that the gallant Kicklebury's income was to be counted by hundreds and not by thousands; so that, for any young lady who wants a carriage, (and who can live without one?) our friend the baronet is not a desirable specimen of bachelors. Now, whether it was that the presence of his mamma interrupted his pleasures, or certain of her ways did not please him, or that he had lost all his money at roulette, and could afford no more, certain it is, that after about a fortnight's stay at Noirbourg, he went off to shoot with Count Einhorn in Westphalia; he and Hicks parting the dearest of friends, and the Baronet going off on a poney which the captain lent to him. Between him and Milliken, his brother-in-law, there was not much sympathy; for he pronounced Mr. Milliken to be what is called a muff; and had never been familiar with his elder sister Lavinia, of whose poems he had a mean opinion, and who used to tease and worry him by teaching him French, and telling tales of him to his mamma, when he was a schoolboy home for the holidays. Whereas, between the Baro-



net and Miss Fanny there seemed to be the closest affection; they walked together every morning to the waters; they joked and laughed with each other as happily as possible. Fanny was almost ready to tell fibs to screen her brother's malpractices from her mamma, she cried when she heard of his mishaps, and that he had lost too much money at the green table, and when Sir Thomas went away, the good little soul brought him five louis which was all the money she had; for you see she paid her mother handsomely for her board; and when her little gloves and milliner's bills were settled — how much was there left out of two hundred a-year? And she cried when she heard that Hicks had lent Sir Thomas money, and went up and said, "Thank you, Captain Hicks;" and shook hands with the Captain so eagerly, that I thought he was a lucky fellow, who had a father a wealthy attorney in Bedford Row. Heigh ho! I saw how matters were going. The birds *must* sing in the spring-time, and the flowers bud.

Mrs. Milliken, in her character of invalid, took the advantage of her situation to have her husband constantly about her, reading to her, or fetching the doctor to her, or watching her whilst she was dozing, and so forth; and Lady Kicklebury found the life, which this pair led, rather more monotonous than that sort of existence which she liked, and would leave them alone with Fanny (Captain Hicks not uncommonly coming in to take tea with the three), whilst her ladyship went to the Redoute to hear the music, or read the papers, or play a game of whist there.

The newspaper room at Noirbourg is next to the roulette room, into which the doors are always open;



and Lady K. would come, with newspaper in hand, into this play-room, sometimes, and look on at the gamesters. I have mentioned a little Russian boy, a little imp, with the most mischievous intelligence and good humour in his face, who was suffered by his parents to play as much as he chose; and who pulled bonbons out of one pocket and Napoleons out of the other, and seemed to have quite a diabolical luck at the table.

Lady Kicklebury's terror and interest, at seeing this boy, were extreme. She watched him and watched him, and he seemed always to win; and at last her ladyship put down just a florin — only just one florin — on one of the numbers at roulette, which the little Russian imp was backing. Number twenty-seven came up, and the croupiers flung over three gold pieces and five florins to Lady Kicklebury, which she raked up with a trembling hand.

She did not play any more that night, but sate in the play-room, pretending to read the *Times* newspaper; but you could see her eye peering over the sheet, and always fixed on the little imp of a Russian. He had very good luck that night, and his winning made her very savage. As he retired rolling his gold pieces into his pocket, and sucking his barley-sugar, she glared after him with angry eyes; and went home, and scolded everybody, and had no sleep. I could hear her scolding. Our apartments, in the Tissisch house, overlooked Lady Kicklebury's suite of rooms: the great windows were open in the Autumn. Yes; I could hear her scolding, and see some other people sitting whispering in the embrasure, or looking out on the harvest moon.



The next evening, Lady Kicklebury shirked away from the concert; and I saw her in the play-room again, going round and round the table; and lying in ambush behind the *Journal des Débats*, I marked how, after looking stealthily round, my Lady whipped a piece of money under the croupier's elbow, and (there having been no coin there previously) I saw a florin on the Zero.

She lost that, and walked away. Then she came back and put down two florins on a number, and lost again, and became very red and angry; then she retreated, and came back a third time, and a seat being vacated by a player, Lady Kicklebury sate down at the verdant board. Ah me! She had a pretty good evening, and carried off a little money again that night. The next day was Sunday: she gave two florins at the collection at Church, to Fanny's surprise at Mamma's liberality. On this night of course there was no play. Her ladyship wrote letters, and read a sermon.

But the next night she was back at the table; and won very plentifully, until the little Russian sprite made his appearance, when it seemed that her luck changed. She began to bet upon him, and the young Calmuck lost too. Her ladyship's temper went along with her money: first she backed the Calmuck, and then she played against him. When she played against him, his luck turned; and he began straightway to win. She put on more and more money as she lost: her winnings went: gold came out of secret pockets. She had but a florin left at last, and tried it on a number, and failed. She got up to go away. I watched her, and I watched Mr. Justice Æeachus, too, who put down a Napoleon when he thought nobody was looking.



The next day my Lady Kicklebury walked over to the money changers, where she changed a couple of circular notes. She was at the table that night again: and the next night, and the next night, and the next,

By about the fifth day she was like a wild woman. She scolded so, that Hirsch, the courier, said he should retire from monsieur's service, as he was not hired by Lady Kicklebury: that Bowman gave warning, and told another footman in the building, that he wouldn't stand the old cat no longer, blow him if he would: that the maid (who was a Kicklebury girl) and Fanny cried: and that Mrs. Milliken's maid, Finch, complained to her mistress, who ordered her husband to remonstrate with her mother. Milliken remonstrated with his usual mildness, and, of course, was routed by her ladyship. Mrs. Milliken said, "Give me the daggers," and came to her husband's rescue. A battle royal ensued. The scared Milliken hanging about his blessed Lavinia, and entreating and imploring her to be calm. Mrs. Milliken *was* calm. She asserted her dignity as mistress of her own family: as controller of her own household, as wife of her adored husband; and she told her mamma, that with her or hers she must not interfere; that she knew her duty as a child: but that she also knew it as a wife, as a —. The rest of the sentence was drowned as Milliken, rushing to her, called her his soul's angel, his adored blessing.

Lady Kicklebury remarked, that Shakspeare was very right in stating, how much sharper than a thankless tooth it is to have a serpent child.

Mrs. Milliken said, the conversation could not be carried on in this manner: that it was best her mamma should now know, once for all, that the way in which



she assumed the command at Pigeoncot was intolerable; that all the servants had given warning, and it was with the greatest difficulty they could be soothed: and that, as their living together only led to quarrels and painful recriminations (the calling her, after her forbearance, *a serpent child*, was an expression which she would hope to forgive and forget), they had better part.

Lady Kicklebury wears a front, and, I make no doubt, a complete jasey; or she certainly would have let down her back hair at this minute, so overpowering were her feelings, and so bitter her indignation at her daughter's black ingratitude. She intimated some of her sentiments, by ejaculatory conjurations of evil. She hoped her daughter might *not* feel what ingratitude was; that *she* might never have children to turn on her and bring her to the grave with grief.

"Bring me to the grave with fiddle-stick!" Milliken said with some asperity. "And, as we are going to part, Mamma, and as Horace has paid *everything* on the journey as yet, and we have only brought a *very* few circular notes with us, perhaps you will have the kindness to give him your share of the travelling expenses; for you, for Fanny, and your two servants whom you *would* bring with you, and the man has only been a perfect hindrance and great useless log, and our courier has had to do *everything*. Your share is now eighty-two pounds."

Lady Kicklebury at this gave three screams, so loud that even the resolute Lavinia stopped in her speech. Her ladyship looked wild'y: "Lavinia! Horace! Fanny, my child," she said, "come here, and listen to your mother's shame."



"What?" cried Horace, aghast.

"I am ruined! I am a beggar! Yes; a beggar. I have lost all — all at yonder dreadful table."

"How do you mean all? How much is all?" asked Horace.

"All the money I brought with me, Horace. I intended to have paid the whole expenses of the journey: your's, this ungrateful child's — everything. But, a week ago, having seen a lovely baby's lace dress at the lace-shop; and — and — won enough at wh-wh-whoo-ist to pay for it, all but two-two florins — in an evil moment I went to the roulette table — and lost — every shilling: and now, on my knees before you, I confess my shame."

I am not a tragic painter, and certainly won't attempt to depict *this* harrowing scene. But what could she mean by saying she wished to pay everything? ~~She~~ had but two twenty-pound notes; and how she was to have paid all the expenses of the tour with that small sum, I cannot conjecture.

The confession however, had the effect of mollifying poor Milliken and his wife; after the latter had learned that her mamma had no money at all at her London bankers', and had overdrawn her account there, Lavinia consented that Horace should advance her fifty pounds upon her ladyship's solemn promise of repayment.

And now it was agreed that this highly respectable lady should return to England, quick as she might: somewhat sooner than all the rest of the public did; and leave Mr. and Mrs. Horace Milliken behind her, as the waters were still considered highly salutary to that most interesting invalid. And to England Lady Kicklebury went: taking advantage of Lord Talboys'



return thither to place herself under his Lordship's protection; as if the enormous Bowman was not protector sufficient for her ladyship; and as if Captain Hicks would have allowed any mortal man, any German student, any French tourist, any Prussian whiskerado, to do a harm to Miss Fanny! For though Hicks is not a brilliant or poetical genius, I am bound to say that the fellow has good sense, good manners, and a good heart, and with these qualities, a competent sum of money, and a pair of exceedingly handsome mustaches, perhaps the poor little Mrs. Launcelot Hicks may be happy.

No accident befel Lady Kicklebury on her voyage homewards; but she got one more lesson at Aix la Chapelle, which may serve to make her ladyship more cautious for the future; for, seeing Madame la Princesse de Mogador enter into a carriage on the railway, into which Lord Talboys followed, nothing would content Lady Kicklebury, but to rush into the carriage after this noble pair, and the vehicle turned out to be, what is called on the German lines, and what I wish were established in England, the *Rauch Coupé*. Having seated himself in this vehicle, and looked rather sulkily at my lady, Lord Talboys began to smoke, which, as the son of an English Earl, heir to many thousands per annum, Lady Kicklebury permitted him to do. And she introduced herself to Madame la Princesse de Mogador, mentioning to her Highness, that she had the pleasure of meeting Madame la Princesse at Rougetnoirbourg; that she, Lady K., was the mother of the Chevalier de Kicklebury, who had the advantage of the acquaintance of Madame la Princesse; and that she hoped



Madame la Princesse had enjoyed her stay at the waters. To these advances, the Princess of Mogador returned a gracious and affable salutation exchanging glances of peculiar meaning with two highly respectable bearded gentlemen who travelled in her suite; and, when asked by milady whereabouts her Highness's residence was at Paris, said that her hotel was in the Rue Notre Dame de Lorette, where Lady Kicklebury hoped to have the honour of waiting upon Madame la Princesse de Mogador.

But when one of the bearded gentlemen called the Princess by the familiar name of *Fifine*, and the other said, "*Veux tu fumer, Mogador,*" and the Princess actually took a cigar, and began to smoke, Lady Kicklebury was aghast, and trembled; and presently Lord Talboys burst into a loud fit of laughter.

"What is the cause of your lordship's amusement?" asked the dowager, looking very much frightened, and blushing like a maiden of sixteen.

"Excuse me, Lady Kicklebury, but I can't help it," he said. "You've been talking to your opposite neighbour, she don't understand a word of English, and calling her princess, and highness, and she's no more a princess, than you or I. She is a little milliner in the street she mentioned, and she dances at *Mabille*, and *Château Rouge*."

Hearing these two familiar names, the princess looked hard at Lord Talboys, but he never lost countenance; and, at the next station Lady Kicklebury rushed out of the smoking carriage, and returned to her own place; where, I dare say, Captain Hicks and Miss Fanny were delighted once more to have the advantage of her company and conversation. And so



they went back to England, and the Kickleburys were no longer seen on the Rhine. If her ladyship is not cured of hunting after great people, it will not be for want of warning; but which of us in life has not had many warnings; and is it for lack of them that we stick to our little failings still?

When the Kickleburys were gone, that merry little Rougetnoirbourg did not seem the same place to me, somehow. The sun shone still, but the wind came down cold from the purple hills; the band played, but their tunes were stale; the promenaders paced the allies, but I knew all their faces — as I looked out of my windows in the Tissisch house upon the great blank casements lately occupied by the Kickleburys, and remembered what a pretty face I had seen looking thence but a few days back I cared not to look any longer, and though Mrs. Milliken did invite me to tea, and talked fine arts and poetry over the meal, both the beverage and the conversation, seemed very weak and insipid to me, and I fell asleep once in my chair opposite that highly cultivated being. “Let us go back, Lankin,” said I to the serjeant, and he was nothing loth; for most of the other serjeants, barristers, and Queen’s counsel were turning homewards, by this time, the period of term time summoning them all to the Temple.

So we went straight one day to Biberich on the Rhine; and found the little town full of Britons, all trooping home like ourselves. Everybody comes, and everybody goes away again at about the same time. The Rhine inn-keepers say, that their customers cease



with a single day almost: — that in three days they shall have ninety, eighty, a hundred guests, on the fourth, ten, or eight. We do as our neighbours do. Though we don't speak to each other much when we are out a-pleasuring, we take our holyday in common, and go back to our work in gangs. Little Biberich was so full, that Lankin and I could not get rooms at the large inns, frequented by other persons of fashion, and could only procure a room between us, "at the German House, where you find English comfort," says the advertisement, "with German prices."

But O, the English comfort of those beds! How did Lankin manage in his, with his great long legs? How did I toss and tumble in mine, which, small as it was, I was not destined to enjoy alone, but to pass the night in company with anthropophagous wretched reptiles, who took their horrid meal off an English Christian! I thought the morning would never come; and when the tardy dawn at length arrived, and as I was in my first sleep, dreaming of Miss Fanny, behold I was wakened up by the serjeant, already dressed and shaven, and who said, "Rise, Titmarsh, the steamer will be here in three-quarters of an hour." And the modest gentleman retired, and left me to dress.

The next morning we had passed by the rocks and towers, the old familiar landscapes, the gleaming towns by the river side, and the green vineyards combed along the hills, and when I woke up, it was at a great hotel at Cologne, and it was not sunrise yet.

Deutz lay opposite, and over Deutz the dusky sky



was reddened. The hills were veiled in the mist and the grey. The grey river flowed underneath us; the steamers were roosting along the quays, a light keeping watch in the cabins here and there, and its reflections quivering in the water. As I look, the sky line towards the east grows redder and redder. A long troop of grey horsemen winds down the river road, and passes over the bridge of boats. You might take them for ghosts, those grey horsemen, so shadowy do they look; but you hear the trample of their hoofs as they pass over the planks. Every minute the dawn twinkles up into the twilight; and over Deutz the heaven blushes brighter. The quays begin to fill with men: the carts begin to creak and rattle: and wake the sleeping echoes. Ding, ding, ding, the steamers' bells begin to ring: the people on board to stir and wake: the lights may be extinguished, and take their turn of sleep: the active boats shake themselves, and push out into the river: the great bridge opens, and gives them passage: the church bells of the city begin to clink: the cavalry trumpets blow from the opposite bank: the sailor is at the wheel, the porter at his burthen, the soldier at his musket, and the priest at his prayers. . . . .

And lo! in a flash of crimson splendour, with blazing scarlet clouds running before his chariot, and heralding his majestic approach, God's sun rises upon the world, and all nature wakens and brightens.

O glorious spectacle of light and life! O beatific symbol of Power, Love, Joy, Beauty! Let us look at thee with humble wonder, and thankfully acknowledge and adore. What gracious forethought is it — what generous and loving provision, that deigns to prepare



for our eyes and to sooth our hearts with such a splendid morning festival! For these magnificent bounties of Heaven to us, let us be thankful, even that we can feel thankful; (for thanks surely is the noblest effort, as it is the greatest delight, of the gentle soul,) and so, a grace for this feast, let all say who partake of it.

See! the mist clears off Drachenfels, and it looks out from the distance, and bids us a friendly farewell. Farewell to holiday and sunshine; farewell to kindly sport and pleasant leisure! Let us say good bye to the Rhine, friend. Fogs, and cares, and labour are awaiting us by the Thames; and a kind face or two looking out for us to cheer and bid us welcome.

THE END.







# A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

## CHAPTER I.

A

# LEGEND OF THE RHINE.



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# A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

## CHAPTER I.

IT WAS in the good old days of chivalry, when every mountain that bathes its shadow in the Rhine had its castle — not inhabited as now by a few rats and owls, nor covered with moss and wall-flowers, and funguses, and creeping ivy — no, no! where the ivy now clusters there grew strong portcullis and bars of steel; where the wall-flower now quivers in the rampart there were silken banners embroidered with wonderful heraldry; men-at-arms marched where now you shall only see a bank of moss or a hideous black chamignon; and in place of the rats and owlets, I warrant me there were ladies and knights to revel in the great halls, and to feast and to dance, and to make love there. They are passed away. Those old knights and ladies, their golden hair first changed to silver, and then pure silver it dropped off and disappeared for ever; their elegant legs, so slim and active in the dance, became swollen and gouty, and then, from being swollen and gouty, dwindled down to bare bone shanks; the roses left their cheeks, and then their cheeks disappeared, and left their skulls, and then their skulls powdered into dust, and all sign of them was gone. And as it was with them so shall it be with us. Ho, seneschal! fill me a cup of liquor! put sugar in it,



good fellow, yea, and a little hot water — a very little, for my soul is sad, as I think of those days and knights of old.

They, too, have revelled and feasted, and where are they? — gone? nay, not altogether gone; for doth not the eye catch glimpses of them as they walk yonder in the gray limbo of romance, shining faintly in their coats of steel, wandering by the side of long-haired ladies, with long-tailed gowns that little pages carry. Yes; one sees them: the poet sees them still in the far off Cloudland, and hears the ring of their clarions as they hasten to battle or tourney — and the dim echoes of their lutes chanting of love and fair ladies! Gracious privilege of poesy! It is as the Dervish's collyrium to the eyes, and causes them to see treasures that to the sight of donkeys are invisible. Blessed treasures of fancy! I would not change ye; no, not for many donkey-loads of gold. . . . Fill again, jolly seneschal, thou brave wag: chalk me up the produce on the hostel door — surely the spirits of old are mixed up in the wondrous liquor, and gentle visions of by-gone princes and princesses look blandly down on us from the cloudy perfume of the pipe. Do you know in what year the fairies left the Rhine? — long before Murray's Guide-Book was wrote — long before squat steamboats, with snorting funnels, came paddling down the stream. Do you not know that once upon a time the appearance of eleven thousand British virgins was considered at Cologne as a wonder? Now there come twenty thousand such annually, accompanied by their ladies'-maids. But of them we will say no more — let us back to those who went before them.



Many, many hundred thousand years ago, and at the exact period when chivalry was in full bloom, there occurred a little history upon the banks of the Rhine, which has been already written in a book, and hence must be positively true. 'Tis a story of knights and ladies — of love and battle and virtue rewarded, a story of princes and noble lords, moreover the best of company. Gentles, and ye will, ye shall hear it. Fair dames and damsels, may your loves be as happy as those of the heroine of this romaunt.

On the cold and rainy evening of Thursday the 26th of October, in the year previously indicated, such travellers as might have chanced to be abroad in that bitter night, might have remarked a fellow-wayfarer journeying on the road from Oberwinter to Godesberg. He was a man not tall in stature, but of the most athletic proportions, and Time, which had browned and furrowed his cheek, and sprinkled his locks with gray, declared pretty clearly that He must have been acquainted with the warrior for some fifty good years. He was armed in mail, and rode a powerful and active battle-horse, which (though the way the pair had come that day was long and weary indeed,) yet supported the warrior, his armour and luggage, with seeming ease. As it was in a friend's country, the knight did not think fit to wear his heavy *destrier*, or helmet, which hung at his saddle-bow over his port-manteau. Both were marked with the coronet of a Count; and from the crown which surmounted the helmet, rose the crest of his knighthly race, an arm proper lifting a naked sword.

At his right hand and convenient to the warrior's grasp, hung his mangonel or mace — a terrific weapon



which had shattered the brains of many a turbaned soldan; while over his broad and ample chest there fell the triangular shield of the period, whereon were emblazoned his arms — argent, a gules wavy, on a saltire reversed of the second; the latter device was awarded for a daring exploit before Ascalon, by the Emperor Maximilian, and a reference to the German Peerage of that day, or a knowledge of high families which every gentleman then possessed, would have sufficed to show at once that the rider we have described was of the noble house of Hombourg. It was, in fact, the gallant knight Sir Ludwig of Hombourg — his rank as a count, and chamberlain of the Emperor of Austria, was marked by the cap of maintenance with the peacock's feather which he wore (when not armed for battle), and his princely blood was denoted by the oiled silk umbrella which he carried (a very meet protection against the pitiless storm), and which, as it is known, in the middle ages, none but princes were justified in using. A bag, fastened with a brazen padlock, and made of the costly produce of the Persian looms, (then extremely rare in Europe,) told that he had travelled in Eastern climes. This, too, was evident from the inscription writ on card or parchment and sewed on the bag. It first ran "Count Ludwig de Hombourg, Jerusalem;" but the name of the Holy City had been dashed out with the pen, and that of "Godesberg" substituted — so far indeed had the cavalier travelled! — and it is needless to state that the bag in question contained such remaining articles of the toilet, as the high-born noble deemed unnecessary to place in his valise.

"By Saint Bugo of Katzenellenbogen!" said the



good knight, shivering, "'t is colder here than at Damascus! Marry, I am so hungry I could eat one of Saladin's camels. Shall I be at Godesberg in time for dinner?" And taking out his horologe, (which hung in a small side pocket of his embroidered surcoat,) the crusader consoled himself by finding that it was but seven of the night, and that he would reach Godesberg ere the warder had sounded the second gong.

His opinion was borne out by the result. His good steed, which could trot at a pinch fourteen leagues in the hour, brought him to this famous castle, just as the warder was giving the first welcome signal which told that the princely family of Count Karl Margrave, of Godesberg, were about to prepare for their usual repast at eight o'clock. Crowds of pages and horse-keepers were in the Court, when the portcullis being raised, and amidst the respectful salutes of the sentinels, the most ancient friend of the house of Godesberg entered into its Castle yard. The under-butler stepped forward to take his bridle-rein. "Welcome, Sir Count, from the Holy Land," exclaimed the faithful old man. "Welcome, Sir Count, from the Holy Land," cried the rest of the servants in the hall; and a stable was speedily found for the Count's horse, Streithengst, and it was not before the gallant soldier had seen that true animal well cared for, that he entered the castle itself, and was conducted to his chamber. Wax candles burning bright on the mantel, flowers in china vases, every variety of soap, and a flask of the precious essence, manufactured at the neighbouring city of Cologne, were displayed on his toilet-table; a cheering fire "crackled in the hearth," and showed that the good knight's coming had been looked and cared for.



The serving maidens, bringing him hot-water for his ablutions, smiling asked, "would he have his couch warmed at eve?" One might have been sure from their blushes that the tough old soldier made an arch reply. The family tonsor came to know whether the noble Count had need of his skill. "By Saint Bugo," said the knight, as seated in an easy settle by the fire, the tonsor rid his chin of its stubbly growth, and lightly passed the tongs and pomatum through 'the sable silver' of his hair. "By Saint Bugo, this is better than my dungeon at Grand Cairo. How is my godson Otto, Master Barber; and the Lady Countess, his mother; and the noble Count Karl, my dear brother-in-arms?"

"They are well," said the tonsor, with a sigh.

"By Saint Bugo, I am glad on't; but why that sigh?"

"Things are not as they have been with my good lord," answered the hair-dresser, "ever since Count Gottfried's arrival."

"He here!" roared Sir Ludwig. "Good never came where Gottfried was:" and the while he donned a pair of silken hose, that showed admirably the proportions of his lower limbs, and exchanged his coat of mail for the spotless vest and black surcoat collared with velvet of Genoa, which was the fitting costume for "knight in ladye's bower," — the knight entered into a conversation with the barber, who explained to him with the usual garrulousness of his tribe, what was the present position of the noble family of Godesberg.

This will be narrated in the next chapter.

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## CHAPTER II.

## The Godesbergers.

'T is needless to state that the gallant warrior Ludwig, of Hombourg, found in the bosom of his friend's family a cordial welcome. The brother-in-arms of the Margrave Karl, he was the esteemed friend of the Margravine, the exalted and beautiful Theodora, of Boppum, and (albeit no theologian, and although the first princes of Christendom coveted such an honour,) he was selected to stand as sponsor for the Margrave's son Otto, the only child of his house.

It was now seventeen years since the Count and Countess had been united: and although Heaven had not blest their couch with more than one child, it may be said of that one, that it was a prize, and that surely never lighted on the earth a more delightful vision. When Count Ludwig, hastening to the holy wars, had quitted his beloved godchild, he had left him a boy; he now found him, as the latter rushed into his arms, grown to be one of the finest young men in Germany: tall and excessively graceful in proportion, with the blush of health mantling upon his cheek, that was likewise adorned with the first down of manhood, and with magnificent golden ringlets, such as a Rowland might envy, curling over his brow and his shoulders. His eyes alternately beamed with the fire of daring, or melted with the moist glance of benevolence. Well might a mother be proud of such a boy! Well might the brave Ludwig exclaim, as he clasped the youth to his breast, "By St. Bugo, of Katzenellenbogen, Otto! thou art fit to be one of



Cœur de Lion's grenadiers;" — and it was the fact, the "Childe" of Godesberg measured six feet three.

He was habited for the evening meal in the costly, though simple attire of the nobleman of the period — and his costume a good deal resembled that of the old knight whose toilet we have just described; with the difference of colour however. The *pourpoint* worn by Young Otto, of Godesberg, was of blue, handsomely decorated with buttons of carved and embossed gold: his *haut-de-chausses* or leggings were of the stuff of Nanquin, then brought by the Lombard argosies at an immense price from China. The neighbouring country of Holland had supplied his wrist and bosom with the most costly laces; and thus attired, with an opera-hat placed on one side of his head, ornamented with a single flower (that brilliant one the tulip), the boy rushed into his godfather's dressing-room, and warned him that the banquet was ready.

It was indeed: a frown had gathered on the dark brows of the Lady Theodora, and her bosom heaved with an emotion akin to indignation — for she feared lest the soups in the refectory and the splendid fish now smoking there were getting cold — she feared not for herself, but for her lord's sake. "Godesberg," whispered she to Count Ludwig, as trembling on his arm they descended from the drawing-room, "Godesberg is sadly changed of late."

"By Saint Bugo!" said the burly knight, starting; "these are the very words the barber spake!"

The lady heaved a sigh, and placed herself before the soup-tureen. For some time the good knight Ludwig of Hombourg was too much occupied in lolling out the forced-meat balls and rich calves'-head



of which the delicious pottage was formed (in ladling them out, did we say? ay, marry, and in eating them too,) to look at his brother-in-arms at the bottom of the table, where he sate with his son on his left-hand, and the Baron Gottfried on his right.

The Margrave was *indeed* changed. "By Saint Bugo," whispered Ludwig to the Countess, "your husband is as surly as a bear that hath been wounded o' the head." Tears falling into her soup-plate were her only reply. The soup, the turbot, the haunch of mutton, Count Ludwig remarked that the Margrave sent all away untasted.

"The Boteler will serve ye with wine, Hombourg," said the Margrave gloomily from the end of the table; not even an invitation to drink! how different was this from the old times!

But when in compliance with this order the boteler proceeded to hand round the mantling vintage of the Cape to the assembled party, and to fill young Otto's goblet, (which the latter held up with the eagerness of youth), the Margrave's rage knew no bounds. He rushed at his son; he dashed the wine-cup over his spotless vest; and giving him three or four heavy blows which would have knocked down a bonassus, but only caused the young childe to blush; "*you take wine!*" roared out the Margrave; "*you dare to help yourself!* Who the d-v-l gave *you* leave to help yourself?" and the terrible blows were reiterated over the delicate ears of the boy.

"Ludwig! Ludwig!" shrieked the Margravine.

"Hold your prate, Madam," roared the Prince. "By Saint Buffo, mayn't a father beat his own child?"



"HIS OWN CHILD!" repeated the Margrave with a burst, almost a shriek of indescribable agony. "Ah, what did I say?"

Sir Ludwig looked about him in amaze; Sir Gottfried (at the Margrave's right-hand) smiled ghastly; the young Otto was too much agitated by the recent conflict to wear any expression but that of extreme discomfiture; but the poor Margravine turned her head aside and blushed, red almost as the lobster which flanked the turbot before her.

In those rude old times, 'tis known such table quarrels were by no means unusual amongst gallant knights; and Ludwig, who had oft seen the Margrave cast a leg of mutton at an offending servitor, or empty a sauce-boat in the direction of the Margravine, thought this was but one of the usual outbreaks of his worthy though irascible friend, and wisely determined to change the converse.

"How is my friend," said he, "the good knight, Sir Hildebrandt?"

"By Saint Buffo, this is too much!" screamed the Margrave, and actually rushed from the room.

"By Saint Bugo," said his friend, "gallant knights, gentle sirs, what ails my good Lord Margrave?"

"Perhaps his nose bleeds," said Gottfried with a sneer.

"Ah, my kind friend," said the Margravine with uncontrollable emotion, "I fear one of you have passed from the frying-pan into the fire;" and making the signal of departure to the ladies, they rose and retired to coffee in the drawing-room.

The Margrave presently came back again, somewhat more collected than he had been. "Otto," he



said sternly, "go join the ladies: it becomes not a young boy to remain in the company of gallant knights after dinner." The noble childe with manifest unwillingness quitted the room, and the Margrave, taking his lady's place at the head of the table, whispered to Sir Ludwig, "Hildebrandt will be here to-night to an evening party, given in honour of your return from Palestine. My good friend — my true friend — my old companion in arms, Sir Gottfried! you had best see that the fiddlers be not drunk, and that the crumpets be gotten ready." Sir Gottfried, obsequiously taking his patron's hint, bowed and left the room.

"You shall know all soon, dear Ludwig," said the Margrave, with a heart-rending look. "You marked Gottfried, who left the room anon?"

"I did."

"You look incredulous concerning his worth; but I tell thee, Ludwig, that yonder Gottfried is a good fellow, and my fast friend. Why should he not be? He is my near relation, heir to my property; should I (here the Margrave's countenance assumed its former expression of excruciating agony), *should I have no son.*"

"But I never saw the boy in better health," replied Sir Ludwig.

"Nevertheless, ha ha! it may chance that I shall soon have no son."

The Margrave had crushed many a cup of wine during dinner, and Sir Ludwig thought naturally that his gallant friend had drunken rather deeply. He proceeded in this respect to imitate him; for the stern soldier of those days neither shrunk before the Paynim



nor the punch-bowl, and many a rousing night had our crusader enjoyed in Syria with lion-hearted Richard; with his coadjutor, Godfrey of Bouillon; nay, with the dauntless Saladin himself.

"You knew Gottfried in Palestine?" asked the Margrave.

"I did."

"Why did ye not greet him then, as ancient comrades should, with the warm grasp of friendship? It is not because Sir Gottfried is poor? You know well that he is of race as noble as thine own, my early friend!"

"I care not for his race nor for his poverty," replied the blunt crusader. "What says the Minnesinger? 'Marry, that the rank is but the stamp of the guinea; the man is the gold.' And I tell thee, Karl of Godesberg, that yonder Gottfried is base metal."

"By Saint Buffo, thou beliest him, dear Ludwig."

"By Saint Bugo, dear Karl, I say sooth. The fellow was known i' the camp of the crusaders — disreputably known. Ere he joined us in Palestine, he had sojourned in Constantinople, and learned the arts of the Greek. He is a cogger of dice, I tell thee — a chanter of horse-flesh. He won five thousand marks from bluff Richard of England, the night before the storming of Ascalon, and I caught him with false trumps in his pocket. He warranted a bay mare to Conrad of Mont Serrat, and the rogue had fired her."

"Ha, mean ye that Sir Gottfried is a *leg*?" cried Sir Karl, knitting his brows. "Now, by my blessed patron, Saint Buffo of Bonn, had any other but Lud-



wig of Hombourg so said, I would have cloven him from skull to chine."

"By Saint Bugo of Katzenellenbogen, I will prove my words on Sir Gottfried's body — not on thine, old brother in arms. And to do the knave justice, he is a good lance. Holy Bugo! but he did good service at Acre! But his character was such that, spite of his bravery, he was dismissed the army, nor ever allowed to sell his captain's commission."

"I have heard of it," said the Margrave; "Gottfried hath told me of it. 'T was about some silly quarrel over the wine-cup — a mere silly jape, believe me. Hugo de Brodenel would have no black bottle on the board. Gottfried was wroth, and to say sooth, flung the black bottle at the County's head. Hence his dismissal and abrupt return. But you know not," continued the Margrave with a heavy sigh, "of what use that worthy Gottfried has been to me. He has uncloaked a traitor to me."

"Not *yet*," answered Hombourg satirically.

"By Saint Buffo! a deep-dyed, dastard; a dangerous, damnable traitor! — a nest of traitors. Hildebrandt is a traitor — Otto is a traitor — and Theodora (oh, Heaven!) she — she is *another*." The old Prince burst into tears at the word, and was almost choked with emotion.

"What means this passion, dear friend?" cried Sir Ludwig, seriously alarmed.

"Mark, Ludwig; mark Hildebrandt and Theodora together; mark Hildebrandt and *Otto* together. Like, like I tell thee as two peas. O holy saints, that I should be born to suffer this! — to have all my affections wrenched out of my bosom, and to be left alone



in my old age! But, hark! the guests are arriving. An ye will not empty another flask of claret, let us join the ladies i' the withdrawing chamber. When there, mark *Hildebrandt and Otto.*"

### CHAPTER III.

#### The festival.

THE festival was indeed begun. Coming on horse-back, or in their caroches, knights and ladies of the highest rank were assembled in the grand saloon of Godesberg, which was splendidly illuminated to receive them. Servitors, in rich liveries, (they were attired in doublets of the sky-blue broad-cloath of Ypres, and hose of the richest yellow sammit — the colours of the house of Godesberg,) bore about various refreshments on trays of silver — cakes, baked in the oven, and swimming in melted butter; manchets of bread, smeared with the same delicious condiment, and carved so thin that you might have expected them to take wing, and fly to the ceiling; coffee, introduced by Peter the hermit, after his excursion into Arabia, and tea such as only Boheamia could produce, circulated amidst the festive throng, and were eagerly devoured by the guests. The Margrave's gloom was unheeded by them — how little indeed is the smiling crowd aware of the pangs that are lurking in the breasts of those who bid them to the feast! The Margravine was pale; but woman knows how to deceive; she was more than ordinarily courteous to her friends, and laughed, though the laugh was hollow, and talked, though the talk was loathsome to her.



"The two are together," said the Margrave, clutching his friend's shoulder. "*Now look.*"

Sir Ludwig turned towards a quadrille, and there, sure enough, were Sir Hildebrandt and young Otto standing side by side in the dance. Two eggs were not more like! The reason of the Margrave's horrid suspicion at once flashed across his friend's mind.

"'Tis clear as the staff of a pike," said the poor Margrave, mournfully. "Come, brother, away from the scene; let us go play a game at cribbage!" and retiring to the Margravine's *boudoir*, the two warriors sate down to the game.

But though 'tis an interesting one, and though the Margrave won, yet he could not keep his attention on the cards: so agitated was his mind by the dreadful secret which weighed upon it. In the midst of their play, the obsequious Gottfried came to whisper a word in his patron's ear, which threw the latter into such a fury, that apoplexy was apprehended by the two lookers on. But the Margrave mastered his emotion. "*At what time, did you say?*" said he to Gottfried.

"At day-break, at the outer gate."

"I will be there."

"*And so will I too,*" thought Count Ludwig, the good knight of Hombourg.

#### CHAPTER IV.

How often does man, proud man, make calculations for the future, and think he can bend stern fate to his will! Alas, we are but creatures in its hands! How many a slip between the lip and the lifted wine-cup! How



often, though seemingly with a choice of couches to repose upon, do we find ourselves dashed to earth; and then we are fain to say the grapes are sour, because we cannot attain them; or worse, to yield to anger in consequence of our own fault. Sir Ludwig, the Hombourger, was *not at the outer gate* at day-break.

He slept until ten of the clock. The previous night's potations had been heavy, the day's journey had been long and rough. The knight slept as a soldier would, to whom a feather-bed is a rarity, and who wakes not till he hears the blast of the reveille.

He looked up as he woke. At his bed-side sate the Margrave. He had been there for hours watching his slumbering comrade. Watching? — no, not watching, but awake by his side, brooding over thoughts unutterably bitter — over feelings inexpressibly wretched.

"What's o'clock?" was the first natural exclamation of the Hombourger.

"I believe it is five o'clock," said his friend. It was ten. It might have been twelve, two, half-past four, twenty minutes to six, the Margrave would still have said, "*I believe it is five o'clock.*" The wretched take no count of time, it flies with unequal pinions, indeed, for *them*."

"Is breakfast over?" inquired the crusader.

"Ask the butler," said the Margrave, nodding his head wildly, rolling his eyes wildly, smiling wildly.

"Gracious Buffo!" said the knight of Hombourg, "what has ailed thee, my friend? It is ten o'clock by my horologe. Your regular hour is nine. You are not — no, by Heavens! you are not shaved! You wear the tights and silken hose of last evening's banquet. Your collar is all rumped — 't is that of yester-



day. *You have not been to bed?* What has chanced, brother of mine, what has chanced?"

"A common chance, Louis of Hombourg," said the Margrave, "one that chances every day. A false woman, a false friend, a broken heart. *This* has chanced. I have not been to bed."

"What mean ye?" cried Count Ludwig, deeply affected. "A false friend? *I* am not a false friend — a false woman. Surely the lovely Theodora your wife"

"I have no wife, Louis, now; I have no wife and no son."

\* \* \* \* \*

In accents broken by grief, the Margrave explained what had occurred. Gottfried's information was but too correct. There was *a cause* for the likeness between Otto and Sir Hildebrandt; a fatal cause! Hildebrandt and Theodora had met at dawn at the outer gate. The Margrave had seen them. They walked long together; they embraced. Ah! how the husband's, the father's, feelings were harrowed at that embrace! They parted; and then the Margrave coming forward, coldly signified to his lady that she was to retire to a convent for life, and gave orders that the boy should be sent too, to take the vows at a monastery.

Both sentences had been executed. Otto, in a boat, and guarded by a company of his father's men-at-arms, was on the river going towards Cologne to the monastery of Saint Buffo there. The lady Theodora, under the guard of Sir Gottfried and an attendant, were on their way to the convent of Nonnenwerth, which many of our readers have seen — the beautiful Green Island Convent, laved by the bright waters of the Rhine!



"What road did Gottfried take?" asked the knight of Hombourg, grinding his teeth.

"You cannot overtake him," said the Margrave. "My good Gottfried, he is my only comfort, now: he is my kinsman, and shall be my heir. He will be back anon."

"Will he so?" thought Sir Ludwig. "I will ask him a few questions ere he return." And springing from his couch, he began forthwith to put on his usual morning dress of complete armour; and, after a hasty ablution, donned not his cap of maintenance, but his helmet of battle. He rang the bell violently.

"A cup of coffee, straight," said he, to the servitor, who answered the summons; "bid the cook pack me a sausage and bread in paper, and the groom saddle Streithengst; we have far to ride."

The various orders were obeyed. The horse was brought; the refreshments disposed of; the clattering steps of the departing steed were heard in the courtyard; but the Margrave took no notice of his friend, and sate, plunged in silent grief, quite motionless by the empty bed-side.

## CHAPTER V.

The traitor's doom.

THE Hombourger led his horse down the winding path which conducts from the hill and castle of Godesberg into the beautiful green plain below. Who has not seen that lovely plain, and who that has seen it has not loved it? A thousand sunny vineyards and cornfields stretch around in peaceful luxuriance; the mighty Rhine floats by it in silver magnificence, and



on the opposite bank rise the seven mountains robed in majestic purple, the monarchs of the royal scene.

A pleasing poet, Lord Byron, in describing this very scene, has mentioned that "peasant girls, with dark blue eyes, and hands that offer cake and wine" are perpetually crowding round the traveller in this delicious district, and proffering to him their rustic presents. This was no doubt the case in former days, when the noble bard wrote his elegant poems — in the happy ancient days! when maidens were as yet generous, and men kindly! Now the degenerate peasantry of the district are much more inclined to ask than to give, and their blue eyes to have disappeared with their generosity.

But as it was a long time ago that the events of our story occurred, 'tis probable that the good knight Ludwig of Hombourg was greeted upon his path by this fascinating peasantry, though we know not how he accepted their welcome. He continued his ride across the flat green country, until he came to Rolands-eck, whence he could command the Island of Nonnenwerth (that lies in the Rhine opposite that place), and all who went to it or passed from it.

Over the entrance of a little cavern in one of the rocks hanging above the Rhine-stream at Rolandseck, and covered with odoriferous cactuses and silvery magnolia, the traveller of the present day may perceive a rude broken image of a saint; that image represented the venerable Saint Buffo of Bonn, the patron of the Margrave, and Sir Ludwig kneeling on the greensward, and reciting a censer, an ave, and a couple of acolytes before it, felt encouraged to think that the deed he meditated was about to be performed under the very



eyes of his friend's sanctified patron. His devotion done (and the knight of those days was as pious as he was brave), Sir Louis, the gallant Hombourger, exclaimed with a loud voice:

"Ho! hermit! holy hermit, art thou in thy cell?"

"Who calls the poor servant of Heaven and Saint Buffo?" exclaimed a voice from the cavern; and presently, from beneath the wreaths of geranium and magnolia, appeared an intensely venerable, ancient, and majestic head — 't was that, we need not say, of Saint Buffo's solitary. A silver beard hanging to his knees gave his person an appearance of great respectability; his body was robed in simple brown serge, and girt with a knotted cord; his ancient feet were only defended from the prickles and stones by the rudest sandals, and his bald and polished head was bare.

"Holy hermit," said the knight, in a grave voice, "make ready thy ministry, for there is some one about to die."

"Where, son?"

"Here, father."

"Is he here, now?"

"Perhaps," said the stout warrior, crossing himself, "but not so if right prevail." At this moment, he caught sight of a ferry-boat putting off from Nonnenwerth, with a knight on board. Ludwig knew at once by the sinople reversed, and the truncated gules on his surcoat, that it was Sir Gottfried of Godesberg.

"Be ready, father," said the good knight, pointing towards the advancing boat; and, waving his hand, by way of respect, to the reverend hermit, and without a further word, he vaulted into his saddle, and rode back



for a few score of paces, where he wheeled round, and remained steady. His great lance and pennon rose in the air. His armour glistened in the sun; the chest and head of his battle-horse were similarly covered with steel. As Sir Gottfried, likewise armed and mounted (for his horse had been left at the ferry hard by), advanced up the road, he almost started at the figure before him — a glistening tower of steel.

“Are you the lord of this pass, Sir Knight?” said Sir Gottfried, haughtily, “or do you hold it against all comers, in honour of your lady-love?”

“I am not the lord of this pass. I do not hold it against all comers. I hold it but against one, and he is a liar and a traitor.”

“As the matter concerns me not, I pray you let me pass,” said Gottfried.

“The matter *does* concern thee, Gottfried of Godesberg. Liar and traitor! art thou coward, too?”

“Holy Saint Buffo! ’t is a fight!” exclaimed the old hermit (who, too, had been a gallant warrior in his day); and like the old war-horse that hears the trumpet’s sound, and spite of his clerical profession, he prepared to look on at the combat with no ordinary eagerness, and sate down on the overhanging ledge of the rock, lighting his pipe, and affecting unconcern, but in reality most deeply interested in the event which was about to ensue.

As soon as the word “coward” had been pronounced by Sir Ludwig, his opponent, uttering a curse far too horrible to be inscribed here, had wheeled back his powerful piebald, and brought his lance to the rest.

“Ha! Beauséant!” cried he. “Allah humdillah!”



'T was the battle-cry in Palestine of the irresistible knights-hospitallers. "Look to thyself, Sir Knight, and for mercy from Heaven! *I* will give thee none."

"A Bugo for Katzenellenbogen!" exclaimed Sir Ludwig, piously; that, too, was the well-known war-cry of his princely race.

"I will give the signal," said the old hermit, waving his pipe. "Knights, are you ready? One, two, three. *Los!*" (let go.)

At the signal, the two steeds tore up the ground like whirlwinds; the two knights, two flashing perpendicular masses of steel, rapidly converged; the two lances met upon the two shields of either, and shivered, splintered, shattered into ten hundred thousand pieces, which whirled through the air here and there, among the rocks, or in the trees, or in the river. The two horses fell back trembling on their haunches, where they remained for half a minute or so.

"Holy Buffo! a brave stroke!" said the old hermit. "Marry, but a splinter well nigh took off my nose!" The honest hermit waved his pipe in delight, not perceiving that one of the splinters had carried off the head of it, and rendered his favourite amusement impossible. "Ha! they are to it again! Oh, my! how they go to with their great swords! Well stricken, grey! Well parried, piebald! Ha, that was a slicer! Go it, piebald! go it, grey! — go it, grey! go it pye \* \* \*. Peccavi! peccavi!" said the old man, here suddenly closing his eyes, and falling down on his knees. "I forgot I was a man of peace;" and the next moment, muttering a hasty *matin*, he sprung down the ledge of rock, and was by the side of the combatants.



The battle was over. Good knight as Sir Gottfried was, his strength and skill had not been able to overcome Sir Ludwig the Hombourger, with RIGHT on his side. He was bleeding at every point of his armour: he had been run through the body several times, and a cut in tierce, delivered with tremendous dexterity, had cloven the crown of his helmet of Damascus steel, and passing through the cerebellum and sensorium, had split his nose almost in twain.

His mouth foaming — his face almost green — his eyes full of blood — his brains spattered over his forehead, and several of his teeth knocked out, — the discomfited warrior presented a ghastly spectacle; as, reeling under the effect of the last tremendous blow which the knight of Hombourg dealt, Sir Gottfried fell heavily from the saddle of his piebald charger; the frightened animal whisked his tail wildly with a shriek and a snort, plunged out his hind legs, trampling for one moment upon the feet of the prostrate Gottfried, thereby causing him to shriek with agony, and then galloped away riderless.

Away! aye, away! — away amid the green vineyards and golden cornfields; away up the steep mountains, where he frightened the eagles in their eyries; away down the clattering ravines, where the flashing cataracts tumble; away through the dark pine forests, where the hungry wolves are howling; away over the dreary wolds, where the wild wind walks alone; away through the plashing quagmires, where the will-o'-the-wisps slunk frightened among the reeds; away through light and darkness, storm and sunshine; away by tower and town, highroad and hamlet. Once a turnpike-man would have detained him; but, ha, ha! he



charged the 'pike, and cleared it at a bound. Once the Cologne Diligence stopped the way; he charged the Diligence, he knocked off the cap of the conductor on the roof, and yet galloped wildly, madly, furiously, irresistibly on! Brave horse! gallant steed! snorting child of Araby! On went the horse, over mountains, rivers turnpikes, applewomen; and never stopped until he reached a livery-stable in Cologne, where his master was accustomed to put him up.

## CHAPTER VI.

### The confession.

BUT we have forgotten, meanwhile, that prostrate individual. Having examined the wounds in his side, legs, head, and throat, the old hermit (a skillful leech) knelt down by the side of the vanquished one, and said, "Sir Knight, it is my painful duty to state to you that you are in an exceedingly dangerous condition, and will not probably survive."

"Say you so, Sir Priest? then 't is time I make my confession — hearken you, priest, and you, Sir Knight, whoever you be."

Sir Ludwig, (who, much affected by the scene, had been tying his horse up to a tree), lifted his visor and said, "Gottfried of Godesberg! I am the friend of thy kinsman, Margrave Karl, whose happiness thou hast ruined; I am the friend of his chaste and virtuous lady, whose fair fame thou hast belied; I am the godfather of young Count Otto, whose heritage thou wouldst basely have appropriated — therefore I met thee in deadly fight, and overcame thee, and have well nigh finished thee. Speak on."



"I have done all this," said the dying man, "and here, in my last hour, repent me. The Lady Theodora is a spotless lady; the youthful Otto the true son of his father — Sir Hildebrandt is not his father, but his *uncle*."

"Gracious Buffo! Celestial Bugo!" here said the hermit and the knight of Hombourg simultaneously, clasping their hands.

"Yes, his uncle, but with the *bar-sinister* in his 'scutcheon. Hence he could never be acknowledged by the family; hence, too, the Lady Theodora's spotless purity (though, the young people had been brought up together) could never be brought to own the relationship."

"May I repeat your confession?" asked the hermit.

"With the greatest pleasure in life — carry my confession to the Margrave, and pray him give me pardon. Were there — a notary-public present," slowly gasped the knight, the film of dissolution glazing over his eyes, "I would ask — you — two — gentlemen to witness it. I would gladly — sign the deposition, that is if I could wr-wr-wr-wr-ite!" A faint shuddering smile — a quiver, a gasp, a gurgle — the blood gushed from his mouth in black volumes \* \*

"He will never sin more," said the Hermit, solemnly.

"May Heaven assoilzie him!" said Sir Ludwig. "Hermit, he was a gallant knight. He died with harness on his back, and with truth on his lips; Ludwig of Hombourg would ask no other death" \* \* \*

An hour afterwards the principal servants at the Castle of Godesberg were rather surprised to see the noble Lord Louis trot into the court-yard of the castle,



with a companion on the crupper of his saddle. 'T was the venerable hermit of Rolandseck, who, for the sake of greater celerity, had adopted this undignified conveyance, and whose appearance and little dumpy legs might well create hilarity among the "pampered menials" who are always found lounging about the houses of the great. He skipped off the saddle with considerable lightness however; and Sir Ludwig, taking the reverend man by the arm, and frowning the jeering servitors into awe, bade them lead him to the presence of his Highness the Margrave.

"What has chanced?" said the inquisitive servitor; "the riderless horse of Sir Gottfried was seen to gallop by the outer wall anon. The Margrave's Grace has never quitted your Lordship's chamber, and sits as one distraught."

"Hold thy prate, knave, and lead us on." And so saying, the knight and his Reverence moved into the well-known apartment, where, according to the servitor's description, the wretched Margrave sate like a stone.

Ludwig took one of the kind broken-hearted man's hands, the hermit seized the other, and began (but on account of his great age, with a prolixity which we shall not endeavour to imitate) to narrate the events which we have already described. Let the dear reader fancy, the while his Reverence speaks, the glazed eyes of the Margrave gradually lighting up with attention; the flush of joy which mantles in his countenance — the start — the throb — the almost delirious outburst of hysteric exultation with which, when the whole truth was made known, he clasped the two messengers of glad tidings to his breast, with an energy that almost choked the aged recluse! "Ride, ride this instant



to the Margravine — say I have wronged her, that it is all right, that she may come back — that I forgive her — that I apologise if you will” — and a secretary forthwith despatched a note to that effect, which was carried off by a fleet messenger.

“Now write to the Superior of the monastery at Cologne, and bid him send me back my boy, my darling, my Otto — my Otto of roses!” said the fond father, making the first play upon words he had ever attempted in his life. But what will not paternal love effect? The secretary (smiling at the joke) wrote another letter, and another fleet messenger was despatched on another horse.

“And now,” said Sir Ludwig, playfully, “let us to lunch. Holy Hermit, are you for a snack?”

The Hermit could not say nay on an occasion so festive, and the three gentles seated themselves to a plenteous repast, for which the remains of the feast of yesterday offered, it need not be said, ample means.

“They will be home by dinner-time,” said the exulting father, “Ludwig! reverend hermit! We will carry on till then;” and the cup passed gaily round, and the laugh and jest circulated, while the three happy friends sate confidentially awaiting the return of the Margravine and her son.

But alas! said we not rightly at the commencement of a former chapter, that betwixt the lip and the raised wine-cup there is often many a spill? that our hopes are high, and often, too often vain? About three hours after the departure of the first messenger, he returned, and with an exceedingly long face knelt down and presented to the Margrave a billet to the following effect:



"SIR,

*"Convent of Nonnenwerth, Friday Afternoon."*

"I have submitted too long to your ill-usage, and am disposed to bear it no more. I will no longer be made the butt of your ribald satire, and the object of your coarse abuse. Last week you threatened me with your cane! On Tuesday last you threw a wine-decanter at me, which hit the butler it is true, but the intention was evident. This morning, in the presence of all the servants, you called me by the most vile, abominable name, which, Heaven forbid I should repeat! You dismissed me from your house under a false accusation. You sent me to this odious convent to be immured for life. Be it so, I will not come back, because forsooth, you relent. Anything is better than a residence with a wicked, coarse, violent, intoxicated, brutal monster like yourself. I remain here for ever, and blush to be obliged to sign myself

"THEODORA VON GODESBERG."

"P.S. I hope you do not intend to keep all my best gowns, jewels, and wearing apparel; and make no doubt you dismissed me from your house in order to make way for some vile hussey, whose eyes I would like to tear out.

"T. V. G."

## CHAPTER VII.

THE singular document, illustrative of the passions of women at all times, and particularly of the manners of the early ages, struck dismay into the heart of the Margrave.

"Are her ladyship's insinuations correct?" asked the Hermit in a severe tone. "To correct a wife with a cane is a venial, I may say a justifiable, practice; but to fling a bottle at her, is a ruin both to the liquor and to her."

"But she sent a carving-knife at me first," said the heart-broken husband. "Oh, jealousy, cursed jealousy, why, why did I ever listen to thy green and yellow tongue?"

"They quarrelled, but they loved each other sincerely," whispered Sir Ludwig to the Hermit, who began to deliver forthwith a lecture upon family discord and marital authority, which would have sent his



two hearers to sleep, but for the arrival of the second messenger, whom the Margrave had despatched to Cologne for his son. This herald wore a still longer face than that of his comrade who preceded him.

"Where is my darling?" roared the agonised parent. "Have ye brought him with ye?"

"N — no," said the man, hesitating.

"I will flog the knave soundly when he comes," cried the father, vainly endeavouring, under an appearance of sternness, to hide his inward emotion and tenderness.

"Please your highness," said the messenger, making a desperate effort, "Count Otto is not at the Convent."

"Know ye, knave, where he is?"

The swain solemnly said, "I do. He is *there*." He pointed as he spake to the broad Rhine that was seen from the casement, lighted up by the magnificent hues of sunset.

"*There!* How mean ye *there?*" gasped the Margrave, wrought to a pitch of nervous fury.

"Alas! my good lord, when he was in the boat which was to conduct him to the Convent, he — he jumped suddenly from it, and is dr—dr—owned."

"Carry that knave out and hang him!" said the Margrave, with a calmness more dreadful than any outburst of rage. "Let every man of the boat's crew be blown from the mouth of the cannon on the tower — except the coxswain, and let him be \* \* \*"

What was to be done with the coxswain, no one knows; for at that moment, and overcome by his emotion, the Margrave sunk down lifeless on the floor.



## CHAPTER VIII.

The Childe of Godesberg.

IT must be clear to the dullest intellect (if amongst our dear readers we dare venture to presume that a dull intellect should be found) that the cause of the Margrave's fainting fit, described in the last chapter, was a groundless apprehension, on the part of that too solicitous and credulous nobleman, regarding the fate of his beloved child. No, young Otto was *not* drowned. Was ever hero of romantic story done to death so early in the tale? Young Otto was *not* drowned. Had such been the case, the Lord Margrave would infallibly have died at the close of the last chapter; and a few gloomy sentences at its close would have denoted how the lovely Lady Theodora became insane in the Convent, and how Sir Ludwig determined, upon the demise of the old hermit (consequent upon the shock of hearing the news), to retire to the vacant hermitage, and assume the robe, the beard, the mortifications of the late venerable and solitary ecclesiastic. Otto was *not* drowned, and all those personages of our history are consequently alive and well.

The boat containing the amazed young Count — for he knew not the cause of his father's anger, and hence rebelled against the unjust sentence which the Margrave had uttered — had not rowed many miles, when the gallant boy rallied from his temporary surprise and despondency, and, determined not to be a slave in any convent of any order, determined to make a desperate effort for escape. At a moment when the men were pulling hard against the tide, and Kuno, the coxswain, was looking carefully to steer the barge between some dangerous rocks and quicksands, which



are frequently met with in the majestic though dangerous river, Otto gave a sudden spring from the boat, and with one single flounce was in the boiling, frothing, swirling eddy of the stream.

Fancy the agony of the crew at the disappearance of their young lord! All loved him; all would have given their lives for him; but as they did not know how to swim, of course they declined to make any useless plunges in search of him, and stood on their oars in mute wonder and grief. *Once*, his fair head and golden ringlets were seen to arise from the water; *twice*, puffing and panting, it appeared for an instant again; *thrice*, it rose but for one single moment: it was the last chance, and it sunk, sunk, sunk. Knowing the reception they would meet with from their liege lord, the men naturally did not go home to Godesberg, but putting in at the first creek on the opposite bank, fled into the Duke of Nassau's territory, where, as they have little to do with our tale, we will leave them.

But they little knew how expert a swimmer was young Otto. He had disappeared, it is true; but why? because he *had dived*. He calculated that his conductors would consider him drowned, and the desire of liberty lending him wings, or we had rather say *fins*, in this instance, the gallant boy swam on beneath the water, never lifting his head for a single moment between Godesberg and Cologne — the distance being twenty-five or thirty miles.

Escaping from observation, he landed on the *Deutz* side of the river, repaired to a comfortable and quiet hostel there, saying he had had an accident from a boat, and thus accounting for the moisture of his habiliments, and while these were drying before a fire



in his chamber went snugly to bed, where he mused, not without amaze of the strange events of the day. "This morning," thought he, "a noble and heir to a princely estate — this evening an outcast, with but a few bank-notes which my mamma luckily gave me on my birthday. What a strange entry into life is this for a young man of my family! Well, I have courage and resolution; my first attempt in life has been a gallant and successful one; other dangers will be conquered by similar bravery." And recommending himself, his unhappy mother, and his mistaken father to the care of their patron saint, Saint Buffo, the gallant-hearted boy fell presently into such a sleep, as only the young, the healthy, the innocent, and the extremely fatigued can enjoy.

The fatigues of the day (and very few men but would be fatigued after swimming well nigh thirty miles under water) caused young Otto to sleep so profoundly, that he did not remark how, after Friday's sunset, as a natural consequence, Saturday's Phœbus illumined the world, ay, and sunk at his appointed hour. The serving-maidens of the hostel peeping in, marked him sleeping, and blessing him for a pretty youth, tripped lightly from the chamber; the boots tried haply twice or thrice to call him (as boots will fain), but the lovely boy, giving another snore, turned on his side, and was quite unconscious of the interruption. In a word, the youth slept for six-and-thirty hours at an elongation; and the Sunday sun was shining, and the bells of the hundred churches of Cologne were clinking and tolling in pious festivity, and the burghers and burgheresses of the town were trooping to vespers and morning service when Otto woke.



As he donned his clothes of the richest Genoa velvet, the astonished boy could not at first account for his difficulty in putting them on. "Marry," said he, "these breeches that my blessed mother (tears filled his fine eyes as he thought of her), that my blessed mother had made long on purpose, are now ten inches too short for me! Whir-r-r! my coat cracks i' the back, as in vain I try to buckle it round me; and the sleeves reach no farther than my elbows! What is this mystery? Am I grown fat and tall in a single night? Ah! ah! ah! ah! I have it."

The young and good-humoured Childe laughed merrily. He bethought him of the reason of his mistake: his garments had shrunk from being five-and-twenty miles under water.

But one remedy presented itself to his mind; and that we need not say was to purchase new ones. Inquiring the way to the most genteel ready-made clothes' establishment in the city of Cologne, and finding it was kept in the Minoriten Strasse, by an ancestor of the celebrated Moses of London, the noble Childe hied him towards the emporium, but you may be sure did not neglect to perform his religious duties by the way. Entering the cathedral, he made straight for the shrine of Saint Buffo, and hiding himself behind a pillar there (fearing lest he might be recognised by the Archbishop, or any of his father's numerous friends in Cologne), he proceeded with his devotions, as was the practice of the young nobles of the age.

But though exceedingly intent upon the service, yet his eye could not refrain from wandering a *little* round about him, and he remarked with surprise that the whole church was filled with archers; and he



remembered, too, that he had seen in the streets numerous other bands of men similarly attired in green. On asking at the cathedral porch the cause of this assemblage, one of the green ones said (in a jape), "Marry, youngster, *you* must be *green*, not to know that we are all bound to the castle of His Grace Duke Adolf of Cleves, who gives an archery meeting once a year, and prizes for which we toxophilites muster strong."

Otto, whose course hitherto had been undetermined, now immediately settled what to do. He straightway repaired to the ready-made emporium of Herr Moses, and bidding that gentleman furnish him with an archer's complete dress, Moses speedily selected a suit from his vast stock, which fitted the youth to a *t*, and we need not say was sold at an exceedingly moderate price. So attired (and bidding Herr Moses a cordial farewell), young Otto was a gorgeous, a noble, a soul-inspiring boy to gaze on. A coat and breeches of the most brilliant pea-green, ornamented with a profusion of brass buttons, and fitting him with exquisite tightness, showed off a figure unrivalled for slim symmetry. His feet were covered with peaked buskins of buff leather, and a belt round his slender waist of the same material, held his knife, his tobacco-pipe and pouch, and his long shining dirk, which, though the adventurous youth had as yet only employed it to fashion wicket-bails, or to cut bread-and-cheese, he was now quite ready to use against the enemy. His personal attractions were enhanced by a neat white hat, flung carelessly and fearlessly on one side of his open smiling countenance, and his lovely hair, curling in ten thousand yellow ringlets, fell over his shoulder



like golden epaulettes, and down his back as far as the waist-buttons of his coat. I warrant me, many a lovely Cölnerinn looked after the handsome Childe with anxiety, and dreamed that night of Cupid under the guise of "a bonny boy in green."

So accoutred, the youth's next thought was, that he must supply himself with a bow. This he speedily purchased at the most fashionable bowyer's, and of the best material and make. It was of ivory, trimmed with pink ribbon, and the cord of silk. An elegant quiver, beautifully painted and embroidered, was slung across his back, with a dozen of the finest arrows, tipped with steel of Damascus, formed of the branches of the famous Upas-tree of Java, and feathered with the wings of the ortolan. These purchases being completed (together with that of a knapsack, dressing-case, change, &c.), our young adventurer asked where was the hostel at which the archers were wont to assemble? and being informed that it was at the sign of the Golden Stag, hied him to that house of entertainment, where, by calling for quantities of liquor and beer, he speedily made the acquaintance and acquired the good will of a company of his future comrades, who happened to be sitting in the coffee-room.

After they had eaten and drunken for all, Otto said, addressing them, "When go ye forth, gentles? I am a stranger here, bound as you to the archery meeting of Duke Adolf, an ye will admit a youth into your company 't will gladden me upon my lonely way?"

The archers replied, "You seem so young and jolly, and you spend your gold so very like a gentleman, that we 'll receive you in our band with pleasure. Be ready, for we start at half-past two!" At that hour



accordingly the whole joyous company prepared to move, and Otto not a little increased his popularity among them by stepping out and having a conference with the landlord, which caused the latter to come into the room where the archers were assembled previous to departure, and to say, "Gentlemen, the bill is settled!" — words never ungrateful to an archer yet: no, marry, nor to a man of any other calling that I wot of.

They marched joyously for several leagues, singing and joking, and telling of a thousand feats of love and chase and war. While thus engaged, some one remarked to Otto, that he was not dressed in the regular uniform, having no feathers in his hat.

"I daresay I will find a feather," said the lad, smiling.

Then another gibed because his bow was new.

"See that you can use your old one as well, Master Wolfgang," said the undisturbed youth. His answers, his bearing, his generosity, his beauty, and his wit, inspired all his new toxophilite friends with interest and curiosity, and they longed to see whether his skill with the bow corresponded with their secret sympathies for him.

An occasion for manifesting this skill did not fail to present itself soon — as indeed it seldom does to such a hero of romance as young Otto was. Fate seems to watch over such; events occur to them just in the nick of time; they rescue virgins just as ogres are on the point of devouring them; they manage to be present at court and interesting ceremonies, and to see the most interesting people at the most interesting moment; directly an adventure is necessary for them,



that adventure occurs, and I, for my part, have often wondered with delight (and never could penetrate the mystery of the subject) at the way in which that humblest of romance heroes, Signor Clown, when he wants anything in the Pantomime, straightway finds it to his hand. How is it that, — suppose he wishes to dress himself up like a woman for instance, that minute a coal-heaver walks in with a shovel hat that answers for a bonnet; at the very next instant a butcher's lad passing with a string of sausages and a bundle of bladders unconsciously helps Master Clown to a necklace and a *tournure*, and so on through the whole toilet? Depend upon it there is something we do not wot of in that mysterious overcoming of circumstances by great individuals, that apt and wondrous conjuncture of *the Hour and the Man*; and so, for my part, when I heard the above remark of one of the archers, that Otto had never a feather in his bonnet, I felt sure that a heron would spring up in the next sentence to supply him with an *aigrette*.

And such indeed was the fact; rising out of a morass by which the archers were passing, a gallant heron, arching his neck, swelling his crest, placing his legs behind him, and his beak and red eyes against the wind, rose slowly, and offered the fairest mark in the world.

“Shoot, Otto,” said one of the archers, “You would not shoot just now at a crow because it was a foul bird, nor at a hawk because it was a noble bird; bring us down yon heron. It flies slowly.”

But Otto was busy that moment tying his shoe-string, and Rudolf, the third best of the archers, shot at the bird and missed it.



"Shoot, Otto," said Wolfgang, a youth who had taken a liking to the young archer, "the bird is getting further and further."

But Otto was busy that moment whittling a willow-twig he had just cut. Max, the second best archer, shot and missed.

"Then," said Wolfgang, "I must try myself; a plague on you, young Springald, you have lost a noble chance!"

Wolfgang prepared himself with all his care, and shot at the bird. "It is out of distance," said he, "and a murrain on the bird!"

Otto, who by this time had done whittling his willow stick (having carved a capital caricature of Wolfgang upon it) flung the twig down and said carelessly, "Out of distance! Pshaw! We have two minutes yet," and fell to asking riddles and cutting jokes, to the which none of the archers listened, as they were all engaged, their noses in air, watching the retreating bird.

"Where shall I hit him?" said Otto.

"Go to," said Rudolf, "thou canst see no limb of him, he is no bigger than a flea."

"Here goes for his right eye!" said Otto; and stepping forward in the English manner, (which his godfather having learnt in Palestine, had taught him,) he brought his bow-string to his ear, took a good aim allowing for the wind, and calculating the parabola to a nicety, whizz! his arrow went off.

He took up the willow twig again and began carving a head of Rudolf at the other end, chatting and laughing, and singing a ballad the while.

The archers, after standing a long time looking



skywards with their noses in the air, at last brought them down from the perpendicular to the horizontal position, and said, "Pooh, this lad is a humbug! The arrow 's lost, let 's go!"

"*Heads!*" cried Otto, laughing. A speck was seen rapidly descending from the heavens; it grew to be as big as a crown-piece, then as a partridge, then as a tea-kettle, and flop! down fell a magnificent heron to the ground, flooring poor Max in its fall.

"Take the arrow out of his eye, Wolfgang," said Otto, without looking at the bird, "wipe it and put it back into my quiver." The arrow indeed was there, having penetrated right through the pupil.

"Are you in league with Der Freischütz?" said Rudolf, quite amazed.

Otto laughingly whistled the "Huntsman's Chorus," and said, "No, my friend. It was a lucky shot, only a lucky shot. I was taught shooting, look you, in the fashion of merry England, where the archers are archers indeed."

And so he cut off the heron's wing for a plume for his hat; and the archers walked on, much amazed, and saying, "What a wonderful country that merry England must be!"

Far from feeling any envy at their comrade's success, the jolly archers recognised his superiority with pleasure; and Wolfgang and Rudolf especially held out their hands to the young man, and besought the honour of his friendship. They continued their walk all day, and when night fell made choice of a good hostel you may be sure, where over beer, punch, Champagne, and every luxury, they drank to the health of the Duke of Cleves, and indeed each other's



healths all round. Next day they resumed their march, and continued it without interruption, except to take in a supply of victuals here and there (and it was found on these occasions that Otto, young as he was, could eat four times as much as the oldest archer present, and drink to correspond) and these continued refreshments having given them more than ordinary strength, they determined on making rather a long march of it, and did not halt till after nightfall at the gates of the little town of Windeck.

What was to be done? the town-gates were shut. "Is there no hostel, no castle where we can sleep?" asked Otto of the sentinel at the gate. "I am so hungry that in lack of better food I think I could eat my grandmamma."

The sentinel laughed at this hyperbolical expression of hunger, and said, "You had best go sleep at the Castle of Windeck yonder;" and adding with a peculiarly knowing look, "Nobody will disturb you there."

At that moment the moon broke out from a cloud, and showed on a hill hard by a castle indeed — but the skeleton of a castle. The roof was gone, the windows were dismantled, the towers were tumbling, and the cold moonlight pierced it through and through. One end of the building was, however, still covered in, and stood looking still more frowning, vast, and gloomy, even than the other part of the edifice.

"There is a lodging, certainly," said Otto to the sentinel, who pointed towards the castle with his bartizan; "but tell me, good fellow, what are we to do for a supper?"

"O the castellan of Windeck will entertain you,"



said the man-at-arms with a grin, and marched up the embrasure, the while the archers, taking counsel among themselves, debated whether or not they should take up their quarters in the gloomy and deserted edifice.

"We shall get nothing but an owl for supper there," said young Otto. "Marry, lads, let us storm the town; we are thirty gallant fellows, and I have heard the garrison is not more than three hundred." But the rest of the party thought such a way of getting supper was not a very cheap one, and, grovelling knaves, preferred rather to sleep ignobly and without victuals, than dare the assault with Otto and die, or conquer something comfortable.

One and all then made their way towards the castle. They entered its vast and silent halls, frightening the owls and bats that fled before them with hideous hootings and flappings of wings, and passing by a multiplicity of mouldy stairs, dank reeking roofs, and ricketty corridors, at last came to an apartment which, dismal and dismantled as it was, appeared to be in rather better condition than the neighbouring chambers, and they therefore selected it as their place of rest for the night. They then tossed up which should mount guard. The first two hours of watch fell to Otto, who was to be succeeded by his young though humble friend Wolfgang; and, accordingly, the Childe of Godesberg, drawing his dirk, began to pace upon his weary round; while his comrades, by various gradations of snoring, told how profoundly they slept, spite of their lack of supper.

'Tis needless to say what were the thoughts of the noble Childe as he performed his two hours' watch;



what gushing memories poured into his full soul; what "sweet and bitter" recollections of home inspired his throbbing heart; and what manly aspirations after fame buoyed him up. "Youth is ever confident," says the bard. Happy, happy season! The moon-lit hours passed by on silver wings, the twinkling stars looked friendly down upon him. Confiding in their youthful sentinel, sound slept the valorous toxophilites, as up and down, and there and back again, marched on the noble Childe. At length his repeater told him, much to his satisfaction, that it was half-past eleven, the hour when his watch was to cease, and so giving a playful kick to the slumbering Wolfgang, that good-humoured fellow sprung up from his lair, and, drawing his sword, proceeded to relieve Otto.

The latter laid him down for warmth's sake in the very spot which his comrade had left, and for some time could not sleep. Realities and visions then began to mingle in his mind, till he scarce knew which was which. He dozed for a minute; then he woke with a start; then he went off again; then woke up again. In one of these half-sleeping moments he thought he saw a figure, as of a woman in white, sliding into the room, and beckoning Wolfgang from it. He looked again. Wolfgang was gone. At that moment twelve o'clock clanged from the town, and Otto started up.

## CHAPTER IX.

The Lady of Windeck.

As the bell with iron tongue called midnight, Wolfgang the Archer, pacing on his watch, beheld before him a pale female figure. He did not know whence



she came: but there suddenly she stood close to him. Her blue, clear, glassy eyes were fixed upon him. Her form was of faultless beauty; her face pale as the marble of the fairy statue, ere yet the sculptor's love had given it life. A smile played upon her features, but it was no warmer than the reflection of a moonbeam on a lake; and yet it was wondrous beautiful. A fascination stole over the senses of young Wolfgang. He stared at the lovely apparition with fixed eyes and distended jaws. She looked at him with ineffable archness. She lifted one beautifully rounded alabaster arm, and made a sign as to beckon him towards her. Did Wolfgang — the young and lusty Wolfgang — follow? Ask the iron whether it follows the magnet? — ask the pointer whether it pursues the partridge through the stubble? — ask the youth whether the lollypop-shop does not attract him? Wolfgang *did* follow. An antique door opened as if by magic. There was no light, and yet they saw quite plain; they passed through the innumerable ancient chambers, and yet they did not wake any of the owls and bats roosting there. We know not through how many apartments the young couple passed; but at last they came to one where a feast was prepared; and on an antique table, covered with massive silver, covers were laid for two. The lady took her place at one end of the table, and with her sweetest nod beckoned Wolfgang to the other seat. He took it. The table was small, and their knees met. He felt as cold in his legs as if he were kneeling against an ice-well.

“Gallant archer,” said she, “you must be hungry after your day's march. What supper will you have? Shall it be a delicate lobster-salad? or a dish of ele-



gant tripe and onions? or a slice of boar's-head and truffles? or a Welsh rabbit, *à la cave au cidre*? or a beefsteak and shallot? or a couple of *rognons à la brochette*? Speak, brave bowyer: you have but to order."

As there was nothing on the table but a covered silver dish, Wolfgang thought that the lady who proposed such a multiplicity of delicacies to him was only laughing at him; so he determined to try her with something extremely rare.

"Fair princess," he said, "I should like very much a pork-chop and some mashed potatoes."

She lifted the cover: there was such a pork-chop as Simpson never served, with a dish of mashed potatoes that would have formed at least six portions in our degenerate days in Rupert-street.

When he had helped himself to these delicacies, the lady put the cover on the dish again, and watched him eating with interest. He was for some time too much occupied with his own food to remark that his companion did not eat a morsel; but big as it was, his chop was soon gone; the shining silver of his plate was scraped quite clean with his knife, and, heaving a great sigh, he confessed a humble desire for something to drink.

"Call for what you like, sweet Sir," said the lady, lifting up a silver fillagree bottle, with an India-rubber cork, ornamented with gold.

"Then," said Master Wolfgang — for the fellow's tastes were, in sooth, very humble — "I call for half-and-half." According to his wish, a pint of that delicious beverage was poured from the bottle, foaming, into his beaker.

Having emptied this at a draught, and declared



that on his conscience it was the best tap he ever knew in his life, the young man felt his appetite renewed; and it is impossible to say how many different dishes he called for. Only enchantment, he was afterwards heard to declare (though none of his friends believed him) could have given him the appetite he possessed on that extraordinary night. He called for another pork-chop and potatoes, then for pickled salmon; then he thought he would try a devilled turkey-wing. "I adore the devil," said he.

"So do I," said the pale lady, with unwonted animation, and the dish was served straightway. It was succeeded by black-puddings, tripe, toasted cheese, and — what was most remarkable — every one of the dishes which he desired came from under the same silver cover — which circumstance, when he had partaken of about fourteen different articles, he began to find rather mysterious.

"Oh," said the pale lady, with a smile, "the mystery is easily accounted for: the servants hear you, and the kitchen is *below*." But this did not account for the manner in which more half-and-half, bitter ale, punch (both gin and rum), and even oil and vinegar, which he took with cucumber to his salmon, came out of the self-same bottle from which the lady had first poured out his pint of half-and-half.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Voracio," said his arch entertainer, when he put this question to her, "than are dreamt of in your philosophy;" and, sooth to say, the archer was by this time in such a state, that he did not find anything wonderful more.



"Are you happy, dear youth?" said the lady, as, after his collation, he sank back in his chair.

"Oh, Miss, aint I!" was his interrogative and yet affirmative reply.

"Should you like such a supper every night, Wolfgang?" continued the pale one.

"Why, no;" said he — "no, not exactly; not *every* night: *some* nights I should like oysters."

"Dear youth," said she, "be but mine, and you may have them all the year round!" The unhappy boy was too far gone to suspect anything, otherwise this extraordinary speech would have told him that he was in suspicious company. A person who can offer oysters all the year round can live to no good purpose.

"Shall I sing you a song, dear archer?" said the lady. "Sweet love!" said he, now much excited, "strike up, and I will join the chorus."

She took down her mandolin, and commenced a ditty. 'T was a sweet and wild one. It told how a lady of high lineage, cast her eyes on a peasant page; it told how nought could her love assuage, her suitor's wealth and her father's rage: it told how the youth did his foes engage; and at length they went off in the Gretna stage, the high-born dame and the peasant page. Wolfgang beat time, waggled his head, sung wofully out of tune as the song proceeded; and if he had not been too intoxicated with love and other excitement, he would have remarked how the pictures on the wall, as the lady sung, began to waggle their heads too, and nod and grin to the music. The song ended, I am the lady of high lineage: Archer, will you be the peasant page?

"I'll follow you to the devil!" said Wolfgang.



"Come," replied the lady, glaring wildly on him — "come to the chapel; we'll be married this minute!"

She held out her hand — Wolfgang took it. It was cold, damp — deadly cold; and on they went to the chapel.

As they passed out, the two pictures over the wall, of a gentleman and lady, tripped lightly out of their frames, skipped noiselessly down to the ground, and making the retreating couple a profound curtsy and bow, took the places which they had left at the table.

Meanwhile the young couple passed on towards the chapel, threading innumerable passages, and passing through chambers of great extent. As they came along, all the portraits on the wall stepped out of their frames to follow them. One ancestor, of whom there was only a bust, frowned in the greatest rage, because, having no legs, his pedestal would not move; and several sticking-plaster profiles of the former lords of Windeck looked quite black at being, for similar reasons, compelled to keep their places. However, there was a goodly procession formed behind Wolfgang and his bride; and by the time they reached the church, they had near a hundred followers.

The church was splendidly illuminated; the old banners of the old knights glittered as they do at Drury Lane. The organ set up of itself to play the Bridesmaid's Chorus. The choir-chairs were filled with people in black.

"Come, love," said the pale lady.

"I don't see the parson," exclaimed Wolfgang, spite of himself rather alarmed.



"Oh, the parson! that's the easiest thing in the world! I say, Bishop!" said the lady, stooping down.

Stooping down — and to what? Why, upon my word and honour, to a great brass plate on the floor, over which they were passing, and on which was engraved the figure of a bishop—and a very ugly bishop, too — with crosier and mitre, and lifted finger, on which sparkled the episcopal ring. "Do, my dear lord, come and marry us," said the lady, with a levity which shocked the feelings of her bridegroom.

The Bishop got up; and directly he rose, a dean, who was sleeping under a large slate near him, came bowing and cringing up to him; while a canon of the cathedral (whose name was Schidnischmidt) began grinning and making fun at the pair. The ceremony was begun, and \* \* \* \* \*

As the clock struck twelve, young Otto bounded up, and remarked the absence of his companion Wolfgang. The idea he had had, that his friend disappeared in company with a white-robed female, struck him more and more. "I will follow them," said he; and, calling to the next on the watch (old Snozo, who was right unwilling to forego his sleep), he rushed away by the door through which he had seen Wolfgang and his temptress take their way.

That he did not find them was not his fault. The castle was vast, the chamber dark. There were a thousand doors, and what wonder that, after he had once lost sight of them, the intrepid Childe should not be able to follow in their steps? As might be expected, he took the wrong door, and wandered for at least three hours about the dark enormous solitary



castle, calling out Wolfgang's name to the careless and indifferent echoes, knocking his young shins against the ruins scattered in the darkness, but still with a spirit entirely undaunted, and a firm resolution to aid his absent comrade. Brave Otto! thy exertions were rewarded at last!

For he lighted at length upon the very apartment where Wolfgang had partaken of supper, and where the old couple who had been in the picture-frames, and turned out to be the lady's father and mother, were now sitting at the table.

"Well, Bertha has got a husband at last," said the lady.

"After waiting four hundred and fifty-three years for one, it was quite time," said the gentleman. (He was dressed in powder and a pigtail, quite in the old fashion.)

"The husband is no great thing," continued the lady, taking snuff: "A low fellow, my dear: a butcher's son, I believe. Did you see how the wretch ate at supper? To think my daughter should have to marry an archer!"

"There are archers and archers," said the old man. "Some archers are snobs, as your ladyship states; some, on the contrary, are gentlemen by birth, at least, though not by breeding. Witness young Otto, the Landgrave of Godesberg's son, who is listening at the door like a lackey, and whom I intend to run through the —"

"Law, Baron!" said the lady.

"I will, though," replied the Baron, drawing an immense sword, and glaring round at Otto: but though at the sight of that sword and that scowl a less valorous



youth would have taken to his heels, the undaunted Childe advanced at once into the apartment. He wore round his neck a relic of St. Buffo (the tip of the saint's ear, which had been cut off at Constantinople). "Fiends! I command you to retreat!" said he, holding up this sacred charm, which his mamma hat fastened on him; and at the sight of it, with an unearthly yell, the ghost of the Baron and the Baroness sprung back into their picture-frames, as Clown goes through a clock in a pantomime.

He rushed through the open door by which the unlucky Wolfgang had passed with his demoniacal bride, and went on and on through the vast gloomy chambers lighted by the ghastly moonshine: the noise of the organ in the chapel, the lights in the kaleidoscopic windows, directed him towards that edifice. He rushed to the door: 't was barred! He knocked: the beadles were deaf. He applied his inestimable relic to the lock, and — whizz! crash! clang! bang! whang! — the gate flew open! the organ went off in a fugue — the lights quivered over the tapers, and then went off towards the ceiling — the ghosts assembled rushed away with a skurry and a scream — the bride howled, and vanished — the fat bishop waddled back under his brass plate — the dean flounced down into his family vault — and the canon Schidnischmidt, who was making a joke, as usual, on the bishop, was obliged to stop at the very point of his epigram, and to disappear into the void whence he came.

Otto fell fainting at the porch, while Wolfgang tumbled lifeless down at the altar-steps; and in this situation the archers, when they arrived, found the two youths. They were resuscitated, as we scarce need



say; but when, in incoherent accents, they came to tell their wondrous tale, some sceptics among the archers said — “Pooh! they were intoxicated!” while others, nodding their older heads, exclaimed — “*They have seen the Lady of Windeck!*” and recalled the stories of many other young men, who, inveigled by her devilish arts, had not been so lucky as Wolfgang, and had disappeared — for ever!

This adventure bound Wolfgang heart and soul to his gallant preserver; and the archers — it being now morning, and the cocks crowing lustily round about — pursued their way without farther delay to the castle of the noble patron of Toxophilites, the gallant Duke of Cleves.

## CHAPTER X.

The battle of the Bowmen.

ALTHOUGH there lay an immense number of castles and abbeys between Windeck and Cleves, for every one of which the guide-books have a legend and a ghost, who might, with the commonest stretch of ingenuity, be made to waylay our adventurers on the road; yet, as the journey would be thus almost interminable, let us cut it short by saying that the travellers reached Cleves without any farther accident, and found the place thronged with visitors for the meeting next day.

And here it would be easy to describe the company which arrived, and make display of antiquarian lore. Now we would represent a cavalcade of knights arriving, with their pages carrying their shining helmets of gold, and the stout esquires, bearers of lance and banner. Anon would arrive a fat abbot on his ambling



pad, surrounded by the white-robed companions of his convent. Here should come the gleemen and jongleurs, the minstrels, the mountebanks, the party-coloured gipsies, the dark-eyed nut-brown Zigeunerinnen; then a troop of peasants, chanting Rhine-songs, and leading in their ox-drawn carts the peach-cheeked girls from the vine-lands. Next we would depict the litters blazoned with armorial bearings, from between the broidered curtains of which peeped out the swan-like necks and the haughty faces of the blonde ladies of the castles. But for these descriptions we have not space; and the reader is referred to the account of the tournament in the ingenious novel of *Ivanhoe*, where the above phenomena are described at length. Suffice it to say, that Otto and his companions arrived at the town of Cleves, and, hastening to a hostel, reposed themselves after the day's march, and prepared them for the encounter of the morrow.

That morrow came; and as the sports were to begin early, Otto and his comrades hastened to the field, armed with their best bows and arrows, you may be sure, and eager to distinguish themselves, as were the multitude of other archers assembled. They were from all neighbouring countries — crowds of English, as you may fancy, armed with Murray's guide-books, troops of chattering Frenchmen, Jews with roulette-tables, Frankfort and Tyrolese, with gloves and trinkets — all hied towards the field where the butts were set up, and the archery practice was to be held. The Childe and his brother archers were, it need not be said, early on the ground.

But what words of mine can describe the young gentleman's emotion when, preceded by a band of



trumpets, bagpipes, ophicleides, and other wind instruments, the Prince of Cleves appeared with the Princess Helen, his daughter? And, ah! what expressions of my humble pen can do justice to the beauty of that young lady? Fancy every charm which decorates the person, every virtue which ornaments the mind, every accomplishment which renders charming mind and charming person doubly charming, and then you will have but a faint and feeble idea of the beauties of her highness the Princess Helen. Fancy a complexion such as they say (I know not with what justice) Rowland's Kalydor imparts to the users of that cosmetic; fancy teeth, to which orient pearls are like Wallsend coals; eyes, which were so blue, tender, and bright, that while they run you through with their lustre, they healed you with their kindness; a neck and waist, so ravishingly slender and graceful, that the least that is said about them the better; a foot which fell upon the flowers no heavier than a dewdrop — and this charming person, set off by the most elegant toilet that ever milliner devised! The lovely Helen's hair (which was as black as the finest varnish for boots) was so long, that it was borne on a cushion several yards behind her by the maidens of her train; and a hat, set off with moss-roses, sun-flowers, bugles, birds of paradise, gold lace, and pink ribbon, gave her a *distingué* air, which would have set the editor of the *Morning Post* mad with love.

It had exactly the same effect upon the noble Childe of Godesberg, as leaning on his ivory bow, with his legs crossed, he stood and gazed on her, as Cupid gazed on Psyche. Their eyes met: it was all over with both of them. A blush came at one and the same minute budding to the cheek of either. A



simultaneous throb beat in those young hearts! They loved each other for ever from that instant. Otto still stood, cross-legged, enraptured, leaning on his ivory bow; but Helen, calling to a maiden for her pocket-handkerchief, blew her beautiful Grecian nose in order to hide her agitation. Bless ye, bless ye, pretty ones! I am old now; but not so old but that I kindle at the tale of love. Theresa Mac Whirter too has lived and loved. Heigho!

Who is that chief that stands behind the truck whereon are seated the Princess and the stout old lord, her father? Who is he whose hair is of the carrotty hue? whose eyes, across a snubby bunch of a nose, are perpetually scowling at each other; who has a hump-back, and a hideous mouth, surrounded with bristles, and crammed full of jutting yellow odious teeth. Although he wears a sky-blue doublet laced with silver, it only serves to render his vulgar punchy figure doubly ridiculous; although his nether garment is of salmon-coloured velvet, it only draws the more attention to his legs, which are disgustingly crooked and bandy. A rose-coloured hat, with towering pea-green ostrich plumes, looks absurd on his bull head; and though it is time of peace, the wretch is armed with a multiplicity of daggers, knives, yataghans, dirks, sabres, and scimitars, which testify his truculent and bloody disposition. 'T is the terrible Rowsky de Donnerblitz, Margrave of Eulenschreckenstein. Report says he is a suitor for the hand of the lovely Helen. He addresses various speeches of gallantry to her, and grins hideously as he thrusts his disgusting head over her lily shoulder. But she turns away from him! turns and shudders — aye, as she would at a black dose!

Otto stands gazing still, and leaning on his bow.



"What is the prize?" asks one archer of another. There are two prizes — a velvet cap, embroidered by the hand of the Princess, and a chain of massive gold, of enormous value; both lie on cushions before her.

"I know which I shall choose, when I win the first prize," says a swarthy, savage, and bandy-legged archer, who bears the owl gules on a black shield, the cognisance of the Lord Rowsky de Donnerblitz.

"Which, fellow?" says Otto, turning fiercely upon him.

"The chain, to be sure!" says the leering archer. "You do not suppose I am such a flat as to choose that velvet gimcrack there?" Otto laughed in scorn, and began to prepare his bow. The trumpets sounding proclaimed that the sports were about to commence.

Is it necessary to describe them? No: that has already been done in the novel of *Ivanhoe*, before mentioned. Fancy the archers clad in Lincoln green, all coming forward in turn, and firing at the targets. Some hit, some missed; those that missed were fain to retire amidst the jeers of the multitudinous spectators. Those that hit began new trials of skill; but it was easy to see, from the first, that the battle lay between Squintoff (the Rowsky archer) and the young hero, with the golden hair and the ivory bow. Squintoff's fame as a marksman was known throughout Europe; but who was his young competitor? Ah! there was *one* heart in the assembly that beat most anxiously to know. 'T was Helen's.

The crowning trial arrived. The bull's-eye of the target, set up at three quarters of a mile distance from the archers, was so small, that it required a very clever man indeed to see, much more to hit it; and as Squintoff



was selecting his arrow for the final trial, the Rowsky flung a purse of gold towards his archer, saying — "Squintoff, an ye win the prize, the purse is thine." "I may as well pocket it at once, your honour," said the bowman, with a sneer at Otto. "This young chick, who has been lucky as yet, will hardly hit such a mark as that;" and, taking his aim, Squintoff discharged his arrow right into the very middle of the bull's-eye.

"Can you mend that, young springald?" said he, as a shout rent the air at his success, as Helen turned pale to think that the champion of her secret heart was likely to be overcome, and as Squintoff, pocketing the Rowsky's money, turned to the noble boy of Godesberg.

"Has anybody got a pea?" asked the lad. Everybody laughed at his droll request; and an old woman, who was selling porridge in the crowd, handed him the vegetable which he demanded. It was a dry and yellow pea. Otto, stepping up to the target, caused Squintoff to extract his arrow from the bull's-eye, and placed in the orifice made by the steel point of the shaft, the pea which he had received from the old woman. He then came back to his place. As he prepared to shoot, Helen was so overcome by emotion, that 't was thought she would have fainted. Never, never had she seen a being so beautiful as the young hero now before her!

He looked almost divine. He flung back his long clusters of hair from his bright eyes and tall forehead; the blush of health mantled on his cheek, from which the barber's weapon had never shorn the down. He took his bow, and one of his most elegant arrows, and,



poising himself lightly on his right leg, he flung himself forward, raising his left leg on a level with his ear. He looked like Apollo, as he stood balancing himself there. He discharged his dart from the thrumming bowstring: it clove the blue air — whizz!

"*He has split the pea!*" said the Princess, and fainted. The Rowsky, with one eye, hurled an indignant look at the boy, while with the other, he levelled (if aught so crooked can be said to level anything) a furious glance at his archer.

The archer swore a sulky oath. "He is the better man!" said he. "I suppose, young chap, you take the gold chain?"

"The gold chain?" said Otto. "Prefer a gold chain to a cap worked by your august hand? Never!" and, advancing to the balcony where the Princess, who now came to herself, was sitting, he kneeled down before her, and received the velvet cap, which, blushing as scarlet as the cap itself, the Princess Helen placed on his golden ringlets. Once more their eyes met — their hearts thrilled. They had never spoken, but they knew they loved each other for ever.

"Wilt thou take service with the Rowsky of Donnerblitz?" said that individual to the youth. "Thou shalt be captain of my archers in place of yon blundering nincompoop, whom thou hast overcome."

"Yon blundering nincompoop is a skilful and gallant archer," replied Otto, haughtily; "and I will *not* take service with the Rowsky of Donnerblitz."

"Wilt thou enter the household of the Prince of Cleves?" said the father of Helen, laughing, and not a little amused at the haughtiness of the humble archer.

"I would die for the Duke of Cleves and *his family*,"



said Otto, bowing low. He laid a particular and a tender emphasis on the word family. Helen knew what he meant. *She* was the family. In fact, her mother was no more, and her papa had no other offspring.

"What is thy name, good fellow?" said the Prince, that my steward may enrol thee.

"Sir," said Otto, again blushing, "I am OTTO THE ARCHER."

## CHAPTER XI.

The martyr of love.

THE archers who had travelled in company with young Otto, gave a handsome dinner in compliment to the success of our hero; at which his friend distinguished himself as usual in the eating and drinking department. Squintoff, the Rowsky bowman, declined to attend, so great was the envy of the brute at the youthful hero's superiority. As for Otto himself, he sate on the right hand of the chairman, but it was remarked that he could not eat. Gentle reader of my page! thou knowest why full well. He was too much in love to have any appetite; for though I myself, when labouring under that passion, never found my consumption of victuals diminish, yet remember our Otto was a hero of romance, and they *never* are hungry when they're in love.

The next day, the young gentleman proceeded to enrol himself in the corps of Archers of the Prince of Cleves, and with him came his attached squire, who vowed he never would leave him. As Otto threw aside his own elegant dress, and donned the livery of the House of Cleves, the noble Childe sighed not a



little — 't was a splendid uniform 't is true, but still it *was* a livery, and one of his proud spirit ill bears another's cognizances. "They are the colours of the Prince's, however," said he, consoling himself; "and what suffering would I not undergo for *her*?" As for Wolfgang, the squire, it may well be supposed that the good-natured, low-born fellow, had no such scruples; but he was glad enough to exchange for the pink hose, the yellow jacket, the pea-green cloak, and orange-tawny hat, with which the Duke's steward supplied him, the homely patched doublet of green which he had worn for years past.

"Look at yon two archers," said the Prince of Cleves to his guest the Rowsky of Donnerblitz, as they were strolling on the battlements after dinner, smoking their cigars as usual. His Highness pointed to our two young friends, who were mounting guard for the first time. "See yon two bowmen — mark their bearing! One is the youth who beat thy Squintoff, and t'other, an I mistake not, won the third prize at the butts. Both wear the same uniform — the colours of my house — yet, would'st not swear that the one was but a churl, and the other a noble gentleman?"

"Which looks like the nobleman?" said the Rowsky, as black as thunder.

"*Which?* why young Otto, to be sure," said the Princess Helena, eagerly. The young lady was following the pair, but under pretence of disliking the odour of the cigar, she had refused the Rowsky's proffered arm, and was loitering behind with her parasol.

Her interposition in favour of her young protégé only



made the black and jealous Rowsky more ill-humoured. "How long is it, Sir Prince of Cleves," said he, "that the churls who wear your livery permit themselves to wear the ornaments of noble knights? What but a noble dare wear ringlets such as yon springald's? Ho, archer!" roared he, "come hither, fellow." And Otto stood before him. As he came, and presenting arms stood respectfully before the Prince and his savage guest, he looked for one moment at the lovely Helena — their eyes met, their hearts beat simultaneously: and, quick, two little blushes appeared in the cheek of either. I have seen one ship at sea answering another's signal so.

While they are so regarding each other let us just remind our readers of the great estimation in which the hair was held in the North. Only nobles were permitted to wear it long. When a man disgraced himself, a shaving was sure to follow. Penalties were inflicted upon villains or vassals, who sported ringlets. See the works of Aurelius Tonsor; Hirsutus de Nobilitate Capillari; Rolandus de Oleo Macassari; Schnurrbart Frisirische Alterthumskunde, &c.

"We must have those ringlets of thine cut, good fellow," said the Duke of Cleves good-naturedly, but wishing to spare the feelings of his gallant recruit. "'Tis against the regulation cut of my archer guard."

"Cut off my hair!" cried Otto agonised.

"Ay, and thine ears with it, yokel," roared Donnerblitz.

"Peace, noble Eulenschreckenstein," said the Duke with dignity, "let the Duke of Cleves deal as he will with his own men-at-arms — and you, young Sir, unloose the grip of thy dagger."



Otto, indeed, had convulsively grasped his snicker-snee, with intent to plunge it into the heart of the Rowsky, but his politer feelings overcame him. "The Count need not fear, my Lord," said he — "a lady is present." And he took off his orange-tawny cap and bowed low. Ah! what a pang shot through the heart of Helena, as she thought that those lovely ringlets must be shorn from that beautiful head!

Otto's mind was too in commotion. His feelings as a gentleman — let us add, his pride as a man — for who is not, let us ask, proud of a good head of hair? — waged war within his soul. He expostulated with the Prince. "It was never in his contemplation," he said, "on taking service, to undergo the operation of hair-cutting."

"Thou art free to go or stay, Sir archer," said the Prince pettishly. "I will have no churls imitating noblemen in my service; I will bandy no conditions with archers of my guard."

"My resolve is taken," said Otto, irritated too in his turn. "I will . . ."

"What!" cried Helena, breathless with intense agitation.

"I will *stay*," answered Otto. The poor girl almost fainted with joy. The Rowsky frowned with demoniac fury, and grinding his teeth and cursing in the horrible German jargon stalked away. "So be it," said the Prince of Cleves, taking his daughter's arm — "and here comes Snipwitz, my barber, who shall do the business for you." With this the Prince too moved on, feeling in his heart not a little compassion for the lad; for Adolf of Cleves had been handsome in his youth, and



distinguished for the ornament of which he was now depriving his archer.

Snipwitz led the poor lad into a side-room, and there — in a word — operated upon him. The golden curls — fair curls that his mother had so often played with! — fell under the shears and round the lad's knees, until he looked as if he was sitting in a bath of sunbeams.

When the frightful act had been performed, Otto, who entered the little chamber in the tower, ringletted like Apollo, issued from it as cropped as a charity-boy.

See how melancholy he looks, now that the operation is over! — And no wonder. He was thinking what would be Helena's opinion of him, now that one of his chief personal ornaments was gone. "Will she know me?" thought he, "will she love me after this hideous mutilation?"

Yielding to these gloomy thoughts, and, indeed, rather unwilling to be seen by his comrades, now that he was so disfigured, the young gentleman had hidden himself behind one of the buttresses of the wall, a prey to natural despondency, when he saw something which instantly restored him to good spirits. He saw the lovely Helena coming towards the chamber where the odious barber had performed upon him, — coming forward timidly, looking round her anxiously, blushing with delightful agitation, — and presently seeing, as she thought, the coast clear, she entered the apartment. She stooped down, and, ah! what was Otto's joy when he saw her pick up a beautiful golden lock of his hair, press it to her lips, and then hide it in her bosom! No carnation ever blushed so redly as Helena did



when she came out after performing this feat. Then she hurried straightway to her own apartments in the castle, and Otto, whose first impulse was to come out from his hiding-place, and, falling at her feet, call Heaven and Earth to witness to his passion, with difficulty restrained his feelings, and let her pass: but the love-stricken young hero was so delighted with this evident proof of reciprocated attachment, that all regret at losing his ringlets at once left him, and he vowed he would sacrifice not only his hair, but his head, if need were, to do her service.

That very afternoon, no small bustle and conversation took place in the castle, on account of the sudden departure of the Rowsky of Eulenschreckenstein, with all his train and equipage. He went away in the greatest wrath, it was said, after a long and loud conversation with the Prince. As that potentate conducted his guest to the gate, walking rather demurely and shamefacedly by his side, as he gathered his attendants in the court, and there mounted his charger, the Rowsky ordered his trumpets to sound, and scornfully flung a largesse of gold among the servitors and men-at-arms of the house of Cleves, who were marshalled in the court. "Farewell, Sir Prince," said he to his host; "I quit you now suddenly; but remember, it is not my last visit to the Castle of Cleves;" and, ordering his band to play "See the Conquering Hero comes," he clattered away through the drawbridge. The Princess Helena was not present at his departure; and the venerable Prince of Cleves looked rather moody and chap-fallen when his guest left him. He visited all the castle defences pretty accurately that night, and inquired of his officers the state of the ammunition,



provision, &c. He said nothing; but the Princess Helena's maid did: and everybody knew that the Rowsky had made his proposals, had been rejected, and, getting up in a violent fury, had called for his people, and sworn by his great gods that he would not enter the castle again until he rode over the breach, lance in hand, the conqueror of Cleves and all belonging to it.

No little consternation was spread through the garrison at the news. For everybody knew the Rowsky to be one of the most intrepid and powerful soldiers in all Germany, — one of the most skilful generals. Generous to extravagance to his own followers, he was ruthless to the enemy: and a hundred stories were told of the dreadful barbarities exercised by him in several towns and castles which he had captured and sacked. And poor Helena had the pain of thinking, that in consequence of her refusal she was dooming all the men, women, and children of the principality to indiscriminate and horrible slaughter.

The dreadful surmises regarding a war received in a few days dreadful confirmation. It was noon, and the worthy Prince of Cleves was taking his dinner (though the honest warrior had little appetite for that meal for some time past), when trumpets were heard at the gate; and presently the herald of the Rowsky of Donnerblitz, clad in a tabard on which the arms of the Count were blazoned, entered the dining-hall. A page bore a steel gauntlet on a cushion; Bleu Sanglier had his hat on his head. The Prince of Cleves put on his own as the herald came up to the chair of state where the Sovereign sate.

"Silence for Bleu Sanglier," cried the Prince, gravely. "Say your say, Sir Herald."



“In the name of the high and mighty Rowsky, Prince of Donnerblitz, Margrave of Eulenschreckenstein, Count of Krötenwald, Schnauzestadt, and Galgenhügel, hereditary Grand Bootjack of the Holy Roman Empire — to you, Adolf the Twenty-third, Prince of Cleves, I, Bleu Sanglier, bring war and defiance. Alone, and lance to lance, or twenty to twenty in field or in fort, on plain or on mountain, the noble Rowsky defies you. Here, or wherever he shall meet you, he proclaims war to the death between you and him. In token whereof, here is his glove.” And taking the steel glove from the page, Bleu Boar flung it clanging on the marble floor.

The Princess Helena turned deadly pale: but the Prince with a good assurance flung down his own glove, calling upon some one to raise the Rowsky's; which Otto accordingly took up and presented to him, on his knee.

“Boteler, fill my goblet,” said the Prince to that functionary, who, clothed in tight black hose with a white kerchief, and a napkin on his dexter arm, stood obsequiously by his master's chair. The goblet was filled with Malvoisie: it held about three quarts; a precious golden hanap carved by the cunning artificer, Benvenuto the Florentine.

“Drink, Bleu Sanglier,” said the Prince, “and put the goblet in thy bosom. Wear this chain, furthermore, for my sake.” And so saying, Prince Adolf flung a precious chain of emeralds round the herald's neck. “An invitation to battle was ever a welcome call to Adolf of Cleves.” So saying, and bidding his people take good care of Bleu Sanglier's retinue, the Prince



left the hall with his daughter. All were marvelling at his dignity, courage, and generosity.

But, though affecting unconcern, the mind of Prince Adolf was far from tranquil. He was no longer the stalwart knight who, in the reign of Stanislaus Augustus, had, with his naked fist, beaten a lion to death in three minutes; and alone had kept the postern of Peterwaradin for two hours against seven hundred Turkish janissaries, who were assailing it. Those deeds which had made the heir of Cleves famous were done thirty years syne. A free liver since he had come into his principality, and of a lazy turn, he had neglected the athletic exercises which had made him in youth so famous a champion, and indolence had borne its usual fruits. He tried his old battle-sword — that famous blade with which, in Palestine, he had cut an elephant-driver in two pieces, and split asunder the skull of the elephant which he rode. Adolf of Cleves could scarcely now lift the weapon over his head. He tried his armour. It was too tight for him. And the old soldier burst into tears, when he found he could not buckle it. Such a man was not fit to encounter the terrible Rowsky in single combat.

Nor could he hope to make head against him for any time in the field. The Prince's territories were small. His vassals proverbially lazy and peaceable. His treasury empty. The dimmallest prospects were before him: and he passed a sleepless night writing to his friends for succour, and calculating with his secretary the small amount of the resources which he could bring to aid him against his advancing and powerful enemy.

Helena's pillow that evening was also unvisited by



slumber. She lay awake thinking of Otto, — thinking of the danger and the ruin her refusal to marry had brought upon her dear Papa. Otto, too, slept not: but *his* waking thoughts were brilliant and heroic: the noble Childe thought how he should defend the Princess, and win *los* and honour in the ensuing combat!

## CHAPTER XII.

### The Champion.

AND now the noble Cleves began in good earnest to prepare his castle for the threatened siege. He gathered in all the available cattle round the property, and the pigs round many miles; and a dreadful slaughter of horned and snouted animals took place, — the whole castle resounding with the lowing of the oxen and the squeaks of the gruntlings, destined to provide food for the garrison. These, when slain, (her gentle spirit, of course, would not allow of her witnessing that disagreeable operation,) the lovely Helena, with the assistance of her maidens, carefully salted and pickled. Corn was brought in in great quantities, the Prince paying for the same when he had money, giving bills when he could get credit, or occasionally, marry, sending out a few stout men-at-arms to forage, who brought in wheat without money or credit either. The charming Princess, amidst the intervals of her labours, went about encouraging the garrison, who vowed to a man they would die for a single sweet smile of hers; and in order to make their inevitable sufferings as easy as possible to the gallant fellows, she and the apothecaries got ready a plenty of efficacious simples, and scraped a vast quantity of lint to bind their warriors' wounds withal. All



the fortifications were strengthened; the fosses carefully filled with spikes and water; large stones placed over the gates, convenient to tumble on the heads of the assaulting parties; and cauldrons prepared, with furnaces to melt up pitch, brimstone, boiling oil, &c., wherewith hospitably to receive them. Having the keenest eye in the whole garrison, young Otto was placed on the topmost tower, to watch for the expected coming of the beleaguering host.

They were seen only too soon. Long ranks of shining spears were seen glittering in the distance, and the army of the Rowsky soon made its appearance in battle's magnificently stern array. The tents of the renowned Chief and his numerous warriors were pitched out of arrow-shot of the castle, but in fearful proximity; and when his army had taken up its position, an officer with a flag of truce and a trumpet was seen advancing to the castle-gate. It was the same herald who had previously borne "his master's" defiance to the Prince of Cleves. He came once more to the castle-gate, and there proclaimed that the noble Count of Eulenschreckenstein was in arms without, ready to do battle with the Prince of Cleves, or his champion; that he would remain in arms for three days, ready for combat. If no man met him, at the end of that period he would deliver an assault, and would give quarter to no single soul in the garrison. So saying, the herald nailed his lord's gauntlet on the castle-gate. As before, the Prince flung him over another glove from the wall; though how he was to defend himself from such a warrior, or get a champion, or resist the pitiless assault that must follow, the troubled old nobleman knew not in the least.

The Princess Helen passed the night in the Chapel,



vowing tons of wax-candles to all the patron saints of the House of Cleves, if they would raise her up a defender.

But how did the noble girl's heart sink — how were her notions of the purity of man shaken within her gentle bosom, by the dread intelligence which reached her the next morning after the defiance of the Rowsky. At roll-call it was discovered that he on whom she principally relied — he whom her fond heart had singled out as her champion, had proved faithless! Otto, the degenerate Otto, had fled! His comrade, Wolfgang, had gone with him. A rope was found dangling from the casement of their chamber, and they must have swum the moat and passed over to the enemy in the darkness of the previous night. "A pretty lad was this fair spoken archer of thine!" said the Prince her father to her; "and a pretty kettle of fish hast thou cooked for the fondest of fathers." She retired weeping to her apartment. Never before had that young heart felt so wretched.

That morning, at nine o'clock, as they were going to breakfast, the Rowsky's trumpets sounded. Clad in complete armour, and mounted on his enormous piebald charger, he came out of his pavilion, and rode slowly up and down in front of the Castle. He was ready there to meet a champion.

Three times each day did the odious trumpet sound the same notes of defiance. Thrice daily did the steel-clad Rowsky come forth challenging the combat. The first day passed, and there was no answer to his summons. The second day came and went, but no champion had risen to defend. The taunt of his shrill clarion remained without answer; and the sun went down upon



the wretchedest father and daughter in all the land of Christendom.

The trumpets sounded an hour after sunrise, an hour after noon, and an hour before sunset. The third day came, but with it brought no hope. The first and second summons met no response. At five o'clock the old Prince called his daughter and blessed her. "I go to meet this Rowsky," said he. "It may be, we shall meet no more, my Helen — my child — the innocent cause of all this grief. If I shall fall to-night the Rowsky's victim, 't will be that life is nothing without honour." And so saying, he put into her hands a dagger, and bade her sheathe it in her own breast so soon as the terrible champion had carried the Castle by storm.

This Helen most faithfully promised to do; and her aged father retired to his armoury, and donned his ancient war-worn corslet. It had borne the shock of a thousand lances ere this, but it was now so tight as almost to choke the knightly wearer.

The last trumpet sounded — tantara! tantara! — its shrill call rang over the wide plains, and the wide plains gave back no answer. Again! — but when its notes died away, there was only a mournful, an awful silence. "Farewell, my child," said the Prince, bulkily lifting himself into his battle-saddle. "Remember the dagger. Hark! the trumpet sounds for the third time. Open, warders! Sound, trumpeters! And good Saint Benedict, guard the right."

But Puffendorf, the trumpeter, had not leisure to lift the trumpet to his lips; when, hark! from without there came another note of another clarion! — a distant note at first, then swelling fuller. Presently, in brilliant



variations, the full rich notes of the "Huntsman's Chorus" came clearly over the breeze; and a thousand voices of the crowd gazing over the gate, exclaimed — "A champion! a champion!"

And, indeed, a champion *had* come. Issuing from the forest came a knight and squire: the knight gracefully cantering an elegant cream-coloured Arabian of prodigious power — the squire mounted on an unpretending grey cob, which nevertheless was an animal of considerable strength and sinew. It was the squire who blew the trumpet through the bars of his helmet; the knight's visor was completely down. A small prince's coronet of gold, from which rose three pink ostrich feathers, marked the warrior's rank: his blank shield bore no cognizance. As gracefully poising his lance he rode into the green space where the Rowsky's tents were pitched, the hearts of all present beat with anxiety, and the poor Prince of Cleves, especially, had considerable doubts about his new champion. "So slim a figure as that can never compete with Donnerblitz," said he, moodily, to his daughter; "but whoever he be, the fellow puts a good face on it, and rides like a man. See, he has touched the Rowsky's shield with the point of his lance! By Saint Bendigo, a perilous venture!"

The unknown knight had indeed defied the Rowsky to the death, as the Prince of Cleves remarked from the battlement where he and his daughter stood to witness the combat; and so, having defied his enemy, the Incognito galloped round under the Castle wall, bowing elegantly to the lovely Princess there, and then took his ground and waited for the foe. His armour blazed in the sunshine as he sate there, motionless, on his cream-coloured steed. He looked like one of



those fairy knights one has read of — one of those celestial champions who decided so many victories before the invention of gunpowder.

The Rowsky's horse was speedily brought to the door of his pavilion; and that redoubted warrior, blazing in a suit of magnificent brass armour, clattered into his saddle. Long waves of blood-red feathers bristled over his helmet, which was farther ornamented by two huge horns of the Aurochs. His lance was painted white and red, and he whirled the prodigious beam in the air and caught it with savage glee. He laughed when he saw the slim form of his antagonist; and his soul rejoiced to meet the coming battle. He dug his spurs into the enormous horse he rode. The enormous horse snorted, and squealed, too, with fierce pleasure. He jerked and curvetted him with a brutal playfulness, and after a few minutes' turning and wheeling, during which everybody had the leisure to admire the perfection of his equitation, he cantered round to a point exactly opposite his enemy, and pulled up his eager charger.

The old Prince on the battlement was so eager for the combat, that he seemed quite to forget the danger which menaced himself, should his slim champion be discomfited by the tremendous knight of Donnerblitz. "Go it!" said he, flinging his truncheon into the ditch; and at the word, the two warriors rushed with whirring rapidity at each other.

And now ensued a combat so terrible, that a weak female hand, like that of her who pens this tale of chivalry, can never hope to do justice to the terrific theme. You have seen two engines on the Great Western Line rush past each other with a pealing



scream? So rapidly did the two warriors gallop towards one another, the feathers of either streamed yards behind their backs as they converged. Their shock as they met was as that of two cannon-balls; the mighty horses trembled and reeled with the concussion; the lance aimed at the Rowsky's helmet bore off the coronet, the horns, the helmet itself, and hurled them to an incredible distance: a piece of the Rowsky's left ear was carried off on the point of the nameless warrior's weapon. How had he fared? His adversary's weapon had glanced harmless along the blank surface of his polished buckler; and the victory so far was with him.

The expression of the Rowsky's face, as, bare-headed, he glared on his enemy with fierce blood-shot eyeballs, was one worthy of a demon. The imprecatory expressions which he made use of can never be copied by a feminine pen.

His opponent magnanimously declined to take advantage of the opportunity thus offered him of finishing the combat, by splitting his opponent's skull with his curtal-axe, and, riding back to his starting-place, bent his lance's point to the ground, in token that he would wait until the Count of Eulenschreckenstein was helmeted afresh.

"Blessed Bendigo!" cried the Prince, "thou art a gallant lance; but why didst not rap the schelm's brain out?"

"Bring me a fresh helmet!" yelled the Rowsky. Another casque was brought to him by his trembling squire.

As soon as he had braced it, he drew his great flashing sword from his side, and rushed at his enemy, roaring hoarsely his cry of battle. The unknown knight's sword was unsheathed in a moment, and at



the next the two blades were clanking together the dreadful music of the combat!

The Donnerblitz wielded his with his usual savageness and activity. It whirled round his adversary's head with frightful rapidity. Now it carried away a feather of his plume; now it shore off a leaf of his coronet. The flail of the thrasher does not fall more swiftly upon the corn. For many minutes it was the Unknown's only task to defend himself from the tremendous activity of the enemy.

But even the Rowsky's strength would slacken after exertion. The blows began to fall less thick anon, and the point of the unknown knight began to make dreadful play. It found and penetrated every joint of the Donnerblitz's armour. Now it nicked him in the shoulder, where the vambrace was buckled to the corslet; now it bored a shrewd hole under the light brassart, and blood followed; now, with fatal dexterity, it darted through the vizor, and came back to the recover deeply tinged with blood. A scream of rage followed the last thrust; and no wonder; — it had penetrated the Rowsky's left eye.

His blood was trickling through a dozen orifices; he was almost choking in his helmet with loss of breath, and loss of blood, and rage. Gasping with fury, he drew back his horse, flung his great sword at his opponent's head, and once more plunged at him, wielding his curtal-axe.

Then you should have seen the unknown knight employing the same dreadful weapon! Hitherto he had been on his defence; now he began the attack; and the gleaming axe whirred in his hand like a reed, but descended like a thunderbolt! "Yield! yield! Sir Rowsky," shouted he, in a calm, clear voice.



A blow dealt madly at his head was the reply. 'T was the last blow that the Count of Eulenschreckenstein ever struck in battle! The curse was on his lips as the crashing steel descended into his brain, and split it in two. He rolled like a log from his horse; and his enemy's knee was in a moment on his chest, and the dagger of mercy at his throat, as the knight once more called upon him to yield.

But there was no answer from within the helmet. When it was withdrawn, the teeth were crunched together; the mouth that should have spoken, grinned a ghastly silence; one eye still glared with hate and fury, but it was glazed with the film of death!

The red orb of the sun was just then dipping into the Rhine. The unknown knight, vaulting once more into his saddle, made a graceful obeisance to the Prince of Cleves and his daughter, without a word, and galloped back into the forest, whence he had issued an hour before sunset.

### CHAPTER XIII.

THE consternation which ensued on the death of the Rowsky, speedily sent all his camp-followers, army, &c., to the right-about. They struck their tents at the first news of his discomfiture; and each man laying hold of what he could, the whole of the gallant force which had marched under his banner in the morning had disappeared ere the sun rose.

On that night, as it may be imagined, the gates of the Castle of Cleves were not shut. Everybody was free to come in. Wine-butts were broached in all the courts; the pickled meat prepared in such lots for the



siege was distributed among the people, who crowded to congratulate their beloved Sovereign on his victory; and the Prince, as was customary with that good man, who never lost an opportunity of giving a dinner-party, had a splendid entertainment made ready for the upper classes, the whole concluding with a tasteful display of fireworks.

In the midst of these entertainments, our old friend the Count of Hombourg arrived at the Castle. The stalwart old warrior swore by Saint Bugo that he was grieved the killing of the Rowsky had been taken out of his hand. The laughing Cleves vowed by Saint Bendigo, Hombourg could never have finished off his enemy so satisfactorily as the unknown knight had just done.

But who was he? was the question which now agitated the bosom of these two old nobles. How to find him — how to reward the champion and restorer of the honour and happiness of Cleves? They agreed over supper that he should be sought for everywhere. Beadles were sent round the principal cities within fifty miles, and the description of the knight advertised in the *Journal de Francfort* and the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. The hand of the Princess Helena was solemnly offered to him in these advertisements, with the reversion of the Prince of Cleves's splendid though somewhat dilapidated property.

"But we don't know him, my deer papa," faintly ejaculated that young lady. "Some impostor may come in a suit of plain armour, and pretend that he was the champion who overcame the Rowsky (a Prince who had his faults certainly, but whose attachment for me I can never forget); and how are you to say whether



he is the real knight or not? There are so many deceivers in this world," added the Princess in tears, "that one can't be too cautious now." The fact is, that she was thinking of the desertion of Otto in the morning, by which instance of faithlessness her heart was well-nigh broken.

As for that youth and his comrade Wolfgang, to the astonishment of everybody at their impudence, they came to the archers' mess that night, as if nothing had happened: got their supper, partaking both of meat and drink most plentifully; fell asleep when their comrades began to describe the events of the day, and the admirable achievements of the unknown warrior; and, turning into their hammocks, did not appear on parade in the morning until twenty minutes after the names were called.

When the Prince of Cleves heard of the return of these deserters he was in a towering passion. "Where were you, fellows," shouted he, "during the time my Castle was at its utmost need?"

Otto replied, "We were out on particular business."

"Does a soldier leave his post on the day of battle, Sir?" exclaimed the Prince. "You know the reward of such — Death! and death you merit. But you are a soldier only of yesterday, and yesterday's victory has made me merciful. Hanged you shall not be, as you merit — only flogged, both of you. Parade the men, Colonel Tickelstern, after breakfast, and give these scoundrels five hundred a piece."

You should have seen how young Otto bounded, when this information was thus abruptly conveyed to him. "Flog *me*," cried he. "Flog Otto, of —."



“Not so, my father,” said the Princess Helena, who had been standing by during the conversation, and who had looked at Otto all the while with the most ineffable scorn. “Not so, although these *persons* have forgotten their duty,” (she laid a particularly sarcastic emphasis on the word *persons*,) “we have had no need of their services, and have luckily found *others* more faithful. You promised your daughter a boon, papa; it is the pardon of these two *persons*. Let them go, and quit a service they have disgraced; a mistress — that is, a master — they have deceived.”

“Drum ’em out of the Castle, Tickelstern; strip their uniforms from their backs, and never let me hear of the scoundrels again.” So saying, the old Prince angrily turned on his heel to breakfast, leaving the two young men to the fun and derision of their surrounding comrades.

The noble Count of Hombourg, who was taking his usual airing on the ramparts before breakfast, came up at this juncture, and asked what was the row? Otto blushed when he saw him, and turned away rapidly; but the Count, too, catching a glimpse of him, with a hundred exclamations of joyful surprise seized upon the lad, hugged him to his manly breast, kissed him most affectionately, and almost burst into tears as he embraced him. For, in sooth, the good Count had thought his godson long ere this at the bottom of the silver Rhine.

The Prince of Cleves, who had come to the breakfast-parlour window (to invite his guest to enter, as the tea was made), beheld this strange scene from the window, as did the lovely tea-maker likewise, with



breathless and beautiful agitation. The old Count and the archer strolled up and down the battlements in deep conversation. By the gestures of surprise and delight exhibited by the former, 't was easy to see the young archer was conveying some very strange and pleasing news to him, though the nature of the conversation was not allowed to transpire.

"A godson of mine," said the noble Count, when interrogated over his muffins. "I know his family; worthy people; sad 'scapegrace; run away; parents longing for him; glad you did not flog him; devil to pay, and so forth." The Count was a man of few words, and told his tale in this brief, artless manner. But why, at its conclusion, did the gentle Helena leave the room, her eyes filled with tears? She left the room once more to kiss a certain lock of yellow hair she had pilfered. A dazzling, delicious thought, a strange wild hope, arose in her soul!

When she appeared again, she made some side-handed inquiries regarding Otto (with that gentle artifice oft employed by women); but he was gone. He and his companion were gone. The Count of Hombourg had likewise taken his departure, under pretext of particular business. How lonely the vast castle seemed to Helena, now that *he* was no longer there. The transactions of the last few days; the beautiful archer-boy; the offer from the Rowsky (always an event in a young lady's life); the siege of the castle; the death of her truculent admirer; all seemed like a fevered dream to her; all was passed away, and had left no trace behind. No trace? yes! one; a little insignificant lock of golden hair over which the young creature wept so much that she put it out of curl: passing



hours and hours in the summer-house, where the operation had been performed.

On the second day (it is my belief she would have gone into a consumption and died of languor, if the event had been delayed a day longer) a messenger, with a trumpet, brought a letter in haste to the Prince of Cleves, who was, as usual, taking refreshment. "To the High and Mighty Prince," &c. the letter ran. "The Champion who had the honour of engaging on Wednesday last with his late Excellency the Rowsky of Donnerblitz presents his compliments to H.S.H. the Prince of Cleves. Through the medium of the public prints the C. has been made acquainted with the flattering proposal of His Serene Highness relative to a union between himself (the Champion) and Her Serene Highness the Princess Helena of Cleves. The Champion accepts with pleasure that polite invitation, and will have the honour of waiting upon the Prince and Princess of Cleves about half an hour after the receipt of this letter."

"Tol lol de rol, girl," shouted the Prince with heartfelt joy. (Have you not remarked, dear friend, how often in novel books, and on the stage, joy is announced by the above burst of insensate monosyllables?) "Tol lol de rol. Don thy best kirtle, child; thy husband will be here anon." And Helena retired to arrange her toilet for this awful event in the life of a young woman. When she returned, attired to welcome her defender, her young cheek was as pale as the white satin slip and orange sprigs she wore.

She was scarce seated on the dais by her father's side, when a huge flourish of trumpets from without proclaimed the arrival of *the Champion*. Helena felt



quite sick; a draught of ether was necessary to restore her tranquillity.

The great door was flung open. He entered, — the same tall warrior, slim, and beautiful, blazing in shining steel. He approached the Prince's throne, supported on each side by a friend likewise in armour. He knelt gracefully on one knee.

"I come," said he, in a voice trembling with emotion, "to claim, as per advertisement, the hand of the lovely Lady Helena;" and he held out a copy of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, as he spoke.

"Art thou noble, Sir Knight?" asked the Prince of Cleves.

"As noble as yourself," answered the kneeling steel.

"Who answers for thee?"

"I, Carl Margrave of Godesberg, his father!" said the knight on the right hand, lifting up his visor.

"And I — Ludwig, Count of Hombourg, his godfather!" said the knight on the left doing likewise.

The kneeling knight lifted up his visor now, and looked on Helena.

"*I knew it was,*" said she, and fainted as she saw Otto, the archer.

But she was soon brought to, gentles, as I have small need to tell ye. In a very few days after, a great marriage took place at Cleves, under the patronage of Saint Bugo, Saint Buffo, and Saint Bendigo. After the marriage ceremony, the happiest and handsomest pair in the world drove off in a chaise-and-four, to pass the honey-moon at Kissingen. The Lady Theodora, whom we left locked up in her convent a long while since, was prevailed to come back



to Godesberg, where she was reconciled to her husband. Jealous of her daughter-in-law, she idolised her son, and spoiled all her little grandchildren. And so all are happy, and my simple tale is done.

I read it in an old — old book, in a mouldy old circulating library. 'T was written in the French tongue, by the noble Alexandre Dumas, Marquis de la Pailletterie; but 't is probable that he stole it from some other, and that the other had filched it from a former tale-teller. For nothing is new under the sun. Things die and are reproduced only. And so it is that the forgotten tale of the great Dumas reappears under the signature of

*Whistlebinkie, N.B., December 1.*

**THERESA MAC WHIRTER.**

**THE END.**











# REBECCA AND ROWENA.

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## CHAPTER I.

The overture. — Commencement of the business.

WELL-BELOVED novel readers and gentle patronesses of romance, assuredly it has often occurred to every one of you, that the books we delight in have very unsatisfactory conclusions, and end quite prematurely with page 320 of the third volume. At that epoch of the history it is well known that the hero is seldom more than thirty years old, and the heroine by consequence some seven or eight years younger; and I would ask any of you whether it is fair to suppose that people after the above age have nothing worthy of note in their lives, and cease to exist as they drive away from Saint George's, Hanover Square? You, dear young ladies, who get your knowledge of life from the circulating library, may be led to imagine that when the marriage business is done, and Emilia is whisked off in the new travelling carriage, by the side of the enraptured Earl; or Belinda, breaking away from the tearful embraces of her excellent mother, dries her own lovely eyes upon the throbbing waistcoat of her bridegroom — you may be apt, I say, to suppose that all is over then, that Emilia and the Earl are going to be happy for the rest of their lives in his Lordship's romantic castle in the north, and Belinda and her young clergy-



man to enjoy uninterrupted bliss in their rose-trellised parsonage in the west of England: but some there be among the novel reading classes — old experienced folks — who know better than this. Some there be who have been married, and found that they have still something to see and to do and to suffer mayhap; and that adventures, and pains, and pleasures, and taxes, and sunrises and settings, and the business and joys and griefs of life go on after as before the nuptial ceremony.

Therefore I say, it is an unfair advantage, which the novelist takes of hero and heroine, as of his inexperienced reader, to say good-bye to the two former, as soon as ever they are made husband and wife; and have often wished that additions should be made to all works of fiction, which have been brought to abrupt terminations in the manner described; and that we should hear what occurs to the sober married man, as well as to the ardent bachelor; to the matron, as well as to the blushing spinster. And in this respect I admire (and would desire to imitate,) the noble and prolific French author, Alexandre Dumas, Marquis Davy de la Pailleterie, who carries his heroes from early youth down to the most venerable old age; and does not let them rest, until they are so old, that it is full time the poor fellows should get a little peace and quiet. A hero is much too valuable a gentleman to be put upon the retired list, in the prime and vigour of his youth; and I wish to know, what lady among us would like to be put on the shelf, and thought no longer interesting, because she has a family growing up, and is four or five and thirty years of age? I have known ladies at sixty, with hearts as tender, and ideas as ro-



mantic, as any young misses' of sixteen. Let us have middle aged novels then, as well as your extremely juvenile legends: let the young ones be warned, that the old folks have a right to be interesting: and that a lady may continue to have a heart, although she is somewhat stouter than she was when a school girl, and a man his feelings, although he gets his hair from Truefitt's.

Thus I would desire, that the biographies of many of our most illustrious personages of romance, should be continued by fitting hands, and that they should be heard of, until at least a decent age. — Look at Mr. James's heroes: they invariably marry young. Look at Mr. Dickens's, they disappear from the scene when they are mere chits. I trust these authors, who are still alive, will see the propriety of telling us something more about people, in whom we took a considerable interest, and who must be at present, strong and hearty, and in the full vigour of health and intellect. And in the tales of the great Sir Walter, (may honour be to his name,) I am sure there are a number of people who are untimely carried away from us; and of whom we ought to hear more.

My dear Rebecca, daughter of Isaac of York, has always, in my mind, been one of these; nor can I ever believe that such a woman, so admirable, so tender, so heroic, so beautiful, could disappear altogether before such another woman as Rowena, that vapid, flaxen-headed creature, who is, in my humble opinion, unworthy of *Ivanhoe*, and unworthy of her place as heroine. Had both of them got their rights, it ever seemed to me that Rebecca would have had the husband, and Rowena would have gone off to a convent and shut



herself up, where I, for one, would never have taken the trouble of inquiring for her.

But after all she married Ivanhoe. What is to be done? There is no help for it. There it is in black and white at the end of the third volume of Sir Walter Scott's chronicle, that the couple were joined together in matrimony. And must the Disinherited Knight, whose blood has been fired by the suns of Palestine, and whose heart has been warmed in the company of the tender and beautiful Rebecca, sit down contented for life by the side of such a frigid piece of propriety as that icy, faultless, prim, niminy-piminy Rowena? Forbid it fate, forbid it poetical justice! There is a simple plan for setting matters right, and giving all parties their due, which is here submitted to the novel-reader. Ivanhoe's history *must* have had a continuation; and it is this, which ensues. I may be wrong in some particulars of the narrative, — as what writer will not be? — but of the main incidents of the history, I have in my own mind no sort of doubt, and confidently submit them to that generous public which likes to see virtue righted, true love rewarded, and the brilliant Fairy descend out of the blazing chariot at the end of the pantomime, and make Harlequin and Columbine happy. What, if reality be not so, gentlemen and ladies; and if, after dancing a variety of jigs and antics, and jumping in and out of endless trap-doors and windows, through life's shifting scenes, no fairy comes down to make *us* comfortable at the close of the performance? Ah! let us give our honest novel-folks the benefit of their position, and not be envious of their good luck.

No person who has read the preceding volumes of



this history, as the famous chronicler of Abbotsford has recorded them, can doubt for a moment what was the result of the marriage between Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe and the Lady Rowena. Those who have marked her conduct during her maidenhood, her distinguished politeness, her spotless modesty of demeanour, her unalterable coolness under all circumstances, and her lofty and gentlewoman-like bearing, must be sure that her married conduct would equal her spinster behaviour, and that Rowena the wife would be a pattern of correctness for all the matrons of England.

Such was the fact. For miles around Rotherwood her character for piety was known. Her castle was a rendezvous for all the clergy and monks of the district, whom she fed with the richest viands, while she pinched herself upon pulse and water. There was not an invalid in the three Ridings, Saxon or Norman, but the palfrey of the Lady Rowena might be seen journeying to his door, in company with Father Glauber her almoner, and Brother Thomas of Epsom, her leech. She lighted up all the churches in Yorkshire with wax-candles, the offerings of her piety. The bells of her chapel began to ring at two o'clock in the morning; and all the domestics of Rotherwood were called upon to attend at matins, at complins, at nones, at vespers, and at sermon. I need not say that fasting was observed with all the rigours of the Church; and that those of the servants of the Lady Rowena were looked upon with most favour whose hair shirts were the roughest, and who flagellated themselves with the most becoming perseverance.

Whether it was that this discipline cleared poor Wamba's wits or cooled his humour, it is certain that



he became the most melancholy fool in England, and if ever he ventured upon a pun to the shuddering, poor servitors, who were mumbling their dry crusts below the salt, it was such a faint and stale joke, that nobody dared to laugh at the inuendoes of the unfortunate wag, and a sickly smile was the best applause he could muster. Once, indeed, when Guffo, the goose-boy (a half-witted, poor wretch) laughed outright at a lamentably stale pun which Wamba palmed upon him at supper-time, (it was dark, and the torches being brought in, Wamba said, "Guffo, they can't see their way in the argument, and are going to *throw a little light upon the subject*,") the Lady Rowena, being disturbed in a theological controversy with Father Willibald (afterwards canonised as St. Willibald, of Bareacres, hermit and confessor), called out to know what was the cause of the unseemly interruption, and Guffo and Wamba being pointed out as the culprits, ordered them straightway into the court-yard, and three dozen to be administered to each of them.

"I got you out of Front-de-Bœuf's castle," said poor Wamba, piteously, appealing to Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, "and canst thou not save me from the lash?"

"Yes, from Front-de-Bœuf's castle, *where you were locked up with the Jewess in the tower!*" said Rowena, haughtily replying to the timid appeal of her husband; "Gurth, give him four dozen!"

And this was all poor Wamba got by applying for the mediation of his master.

In fact, Rowena knew her own dignity so well as a princess of the royal blood of England, that Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, her consort, could scarcely call



his life his own, and was made, in all things, to feel the inferiority of his station. And which of us is there acquainted with the sex that has not remarked this propensity in lovely woman, and how often the wisest in the council are made to be as fools at *her* board, and the boldest in the battle-field are craven when facing her distaff?

“*Where you were locked up with the Jewess in the tower,*” was a remark, too, of which Wilfrid keenly felt, and, perhaps, the reader will understand, the significance. When the daughter of Isaac of York brought her diamonds and rubies — the poor, gentle victim! — and, meekly laying them at the feet of the conquering Rowena, departed into foreign lands to tend the sick of her people, and to brood over the bootless passion which consumed her own pure heart, one would have thought that the heart of the royal lady would have melted before such beauty and humility, and that she would have been generous in the moment of her victory.

But did you ever know a right-minded woman pardon another for being handsome and more lovable than herself? The Lady Rowena did certainly say with mighty magnanimity to the Jewish maiden, “Come and live with me as a sister,” as the former part of this history shows; but Rebecca knew in her heart that her ladyship’s proposition was what is called *bosh* (in that noble Eastern language with which Wilfrid the Crusader was familiar), or fudge, in plain Saxon; and retired, with a broken, gentle spirit, neither able to bear the sight of her rival’s happiness, nor willing to disturb it by the contrast of her own wretchedness. Rowena, like the most high-bred and virtuous



of women, never forgave Isaac's daughter her beauty, nor her flirtation with Wilfrid (as the Saxon lady chose to term it), nor, above all, her admirable diamonds and jewels, although Rowena was actually in possession of them.

In a word, she was always flinging Rebecca into Ivanhoe's teeth. There was not a day in his life but that unhappy warrior was made to remember that a Hebrew damsel had been in love with him, and that a Christian lady of fashion could never forgive the insult. For instance, if Gurth, the swine-herd, who was now promoted to be a gamekeeper and verderer, brought the account of a famous wild-boar in the wood, and proposed a hunt, Rowena would say, "Do, Sir Wilfrid, persecute those poor pigs — you know your friends the Jews can't abide them!" Or when, as it oft would happen, our lion-hearted monarch, Richard, in order to get a loan or a benevolence from the Jews, would roast a few of the Hebrew capitalists, or extract some of the principal rabbis' teeth, Rowena would exult and say, "Serve them right, the misbelieving wretches! England can never be a happy country until every one of these monsters is exterminated!" Or else, adopting a strain of still more savage sarcasm, would exclaim, "Ivanhoe, my dear, more persecution for the Jews! Hadn't you better interfere, my love? His majesty will do anything for you; and, you know, the Jews were *always such favourites of yours*," or words to that effect. But, nevertheless, her ladyship never lost an opportunity of wearing Rebecca's jewels at court, whenever the queen held a drawing-room; or at the York assizes and ball, when she appeared there, not of course because she took any interest in such



things, but because she considered it her duty to attend as one of the chief ladies of the county.

Thus Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, having attained the height of his wishes, was, like many a man when he has reached that dangerous elevation, disappointed. Ah, dear friends, it is but too often so in life! Many a garden, seen from a distance, looks fresh and green, which, when beheld closely, is dismal and weedy; the shady walks melancholy and grass grown; the bowers you would fain repose in, cushioned with stinging nettles. I have ridden in a caique upon the waters of the Bosphorus, and looked upon the capital of the Soldan of Turkey. As seen from those blue waters, with palace and pinnacle, with gilded dome and towering cypress, it seemeth a very Paradise of Mahound; but, enter the city, and it is but a beggarly labyrinth of ricketty huts and dirty alleys, where the ways are steep and the smells are foul, tenanted by mangy dogs and ragged beggars — a dismal illusion! Life is such, ah, well-a-day! It is only hope which is real, and reality is a bitterness and a deceit.

Perhaps a man, with Ivanhoe's high principles, would never bring himself to acknowledge this fact; but others did for him. He grew thin, and pined away as much as if he had been in a fever under the scorching sun of Ascalon. He had no appetite for his meals; he slept ill, though he was yawning all day. The jangling of the doctors and friars whom Rowena brought together did not in the least enliven him, and he would sometimes give proofs of somnolency during their disputes, greatly to the consternation of his lady. He hunted a good deal, and, I very much fear, as Rowena rightly remarked, that he might have an ex-



cuse for being absent from home. He began to like wine, too, who had been as sober as a hermit; and when he came back from Athelstane's (whither he would repair not unfrequently), the unsteadiness of his gait and the unnatural brilliancy of his eye were remarked by his lady, who, you may be sure, was sitting up for him. As for Athelstane, he swore by St. Wullstan that he was glad to have escaped a marriage with such a pattern of propriety; and honest Cedric the Saxon (who had been very speedily driven out of his daughter-in-law's castle,) vowed by St. Waltheof that his son had bought a dear bargain.

So Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe became almost as tired of England, (as his royal master Richard was, who always quitted the country when he had squeezed from his loyal nobles, commons, clergy, and Jews, all the money which he could get,) and when the lion-hearted Prince began to make war against the French king, in Normandy and Guienne, Sir Wilfrid pined like a true servant to be in company of the good champion, alongside of whom he had shivered so many lances, and dealt such woundy blows of sword and battle-axe on the plains of Jaffa, or the breaches of Acre. Travelers were welcome at Rotherwood that brought news from the camp of the good king: and I warrant me that the knight listened with all his might when Father Drono, the chaplain, read in the St. James's Chronykyll, (which was the paper of news he of Ivanhoe took in,) of "another glorious triumph." — "Defeat of the French near Blois." — "Splendid victory at Epte, and narrow escape of the French king," the which deeds of arms the learned scribes had to narrate.

However such tales might excite him during the



reading, they left the knight of Ivanhoe only the more melancholy after listening: and the more moody as he sate in his great hall silently draining his Gascony wine. Silently sate he and looked at his coats of mail, hanging vacant on the wall, his banner covered with spiderwebs, and his sword and axe rusting there. "Ah, dear axe, sighed he, (into his drinking horn) ah, gentle steel! that was a merry time when I sent thee crashing into the pate of the Emir Abdul Melik as he rode on the right of Saladin. Ah my sword, my dainty headsmen, my sweet split-rib, my razor of infidel beards; is the rust to eat thine edge off, and am I never more to wield thee in battle? What is the use of a shield on a wall, or a lance that has a cobweb for a pennon? O, Richard, my good king, would I could hear once more thy voice in the front of the onset! Bones of Brian the Templar, would ye could rise from your grave at Templestowe, and that we might break another spear for honour and — and" \*\*\*

And *Rebecca*, he would have said — but the knight paused here in rather a guilty panic; and her Royal Highness the Princess Rowena (as she chose to style herself at home) looked so hard at him out of her China blue eyes, that Sir Wilfrid felt as if she was reading his thoughts, and was fain to drop his own eyes into his flagon.

In a word his life was intolerable. The dinner hour of the twelfth century it is known was very early: in fact people dined at ten o'clock in the morning: and after dinner, Rowena sate mum under her canopy, embroidered with the arms of Edward the Confessor, working with her maidens at the most hideous pieces of tapestry, representing the tortures



and martyrdoms of her favourite saints, and not allowing a soul to speak above his breath, except when she chose to cry out in her own shrill voice when a handmaid made a wrong stitch, or let fall a ball of worsted. It was a dreary life — Wamba, we have said, never ventured to crack a joke, save in a whisper, when he was ten miles from home; and then Sir Wilfrid Ivanhoe was too weary and blue-devilled to laugh: but hunted in silence, moodily bringing down deer and wild-boar with shaft and quarrel.

Then he besought Robin of Huntingdon, the jolly outlaw, nathless, to join him, and go to the help of their fair sire King Richard, with a score or two of lances. But the Earl of Huntingdon was a very different character from Robin Hood the forester. There was no more conscientious magistrate in all the county than his lordship: he was never known to miss church or quarter sessions; he was the strictest game-proprietor in all the Riding, and sent scores of poachers to Botany Bay. "A man who has a stake in the country, my good Sir Wilfrid," Lord Huntingdon said, with rather a patronising air (his lordship had grown immensely fat since the king had taken him into grace, and required a horse as strong as an elephant to mount him), "a man with a stake in the country ought to stay *in* the country. Property has its duties as well as its privileges, and a person of my rank is bound to live on the land from which he gets his living."

"Amen!" sang out the Reverend — Tuck, his lordship's domestic chaplain, who had also grown as sleek as the Abbot of Jorvaulx, who was as prim as a lady in his dress, wore bergamot in his handkerchief,



and had his poll shaved, and his beard curled every day. And so sanctified was his Reverence grown, that he thought it was a shame to kill the pretty deer, (though he ate of them still hugely, both in pasties and with French beans and currant jelly,) and being shown a quarter-staff upon a certain occasion, handled it curiously, and asked "what that ugly great stick was?"

Lady Huntingdon, late Maid Marian, had still some of her old fun and spirits, and poor Ivanhoe begged and prayed that she would come and stay at Rotherwood occasionally, and *égayer* the general dulness of that castle. But her ladyship said that Rowena gave herself such airs, and bored her so intolerably with stories of king Edward the Confessor, that she preferred any place rather than Rotherwood, which was as dull as if it had been at the top of Mount Athos.

The only person who visited it was Athelstane. "His Royal Highness the Prince," Rowena of course called him, whom the lady received with royal honours. She had the guns fired, and the footmen turned out with presented arms when he arrived; helped him to all Ivanhoe's favourite cuts of the mutton or the turkey, and forced her poor husband to light him to the state bed-room, walking backwards, holding a pair of wax candles. At this hour of bed time the Thane used to be in such a condition, that he saw two pair of candles and a couple of Ivanhoes reeling before him — let us hope it was not Ivanhoe that was reeling, but only his kinsman's brains muddled with the quantities of drink which it was his daily custom to consume. Rowena said it was the crack which the wicked Bois Guilbert, "the Jewess's *other* lover, Wilfrid, my dear,"



gave him on his royal skull, which caused the Prince to be disturbed so easily; but added, that drinking became a person of royal blood, and was but one of the duties of his station.

Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe saw it would be of no avail to ask this man to bear him company on his projected tour abroad; but still he himself was every day more and more bent upon going, and he long cast about for some means of breaking to his Rowena his firm resolution to join the King. He thought she would certainly fall ill if he communicated the news too abruptly to her; he would pretend a journey to York to attend a grand jury; then a call to London on law business or to buy stock; then he would slip over to Calais by the packet by degrees, as it were; and so be with the King before his wife knew that he was out of sight of Westminster Hall.

"Suppose your honour says you are going, as your honour would say Bo to a goose, plump, short, and to the point," said Wamba, the jester, who was Sir Wilfrid's chief counsellor and attendant, "depend on't her highness would bear the news like a Christian woman."

"Tush, malapert! I will give thee the strap," said Sir Wilfrid, in a fine tone of high tragedy indignation; "thou knowest not the delicacy of the nerves of high-born ladies. An she faint not, write me down Hollander."

"I will wager my bauble against an Irish billet of exchange that she will let your honour go off readily: that is, if you press not the matter too strongly," Wamba answered, knowingly; and this Ivanhoe found to his discomfiture; for one morning at breakfast,



adopting a *dégagé* air, as he sipped his tea, he said, "My love, I was thinking of going over to pay his Majesty a visit in Normandy:" upon which, laying down her muffin, (which, since the royal Alfred baked those cakes, had been the chosen breakfast cake of noble Anglo-Saxons, and which a kneeling page tendered to her on a salver, chased by the Florentine Benvenuto Cellini,) — "When do you think of going, Wilfrid, my dear?" — the lady said, and the moment the tea-things were removed, and the tables and their trestles put away, she set about mending his linen, and getting ready his carpet-bag.

So Sir Wilfrid was as disgusted at her readiness to part with him as he had been weary of staying at home, which caused Wamba, the fool, to say, "Marry, Gossip, thou art like the man on ship-board, who, when the boatswain flogged him, did cry out, 'O,' wherever the rope's end fell on him: which caused Master Boatswain to say, 'Plague on thee, fellow, and a pize on thee, knave, wherever I hit thee there is no pleasing thee.'"

"And truly there are some backs which Fortune is always belabouring," thought Sir Wilfrid, with a groan, "and mine is one that is ever sore."

So, with a moderate retinue, whereof the knave Wamba made one, and a large woollen comforter round his neck, which his wife's own white fingers had woven, Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe left home to join the King, his master. Rowena, standing on the steps, poured out a series of prayers and blessings, most edifying to hear, as her lord mounted his charger, which his squires led to the door. "It was the duty of the British female of rank," she said, "to suffer all,



*all* in the cause of her Sovereign. *She* would not fear loneliness during the campaign: she would bear up against widowhood, desertion, and an unprotected situation."

"My cousin Athelstane will protect thee," said Ivanhoe, with profound emotion, as the tears trickled down his basnet; and bestowing a chaste salute upon the steel-clad warrior, Rowena modestly said, "She hoped his Highness would be so kind."

Then Ivanhoe's trumpet blew: then Rowena waved her pocket-handkerchief: then the household gave a shout: then the pursuivant of the good knight, Sir Wilfrid the Crusader, flung out his banner (which was argent a gules cramoisy with three Moors impaled sable): then Wamba gave a lash on his mule's haunch, and Ivanhoe, heaving a great sigh, turned the tail of his war-horse upon the castle of his fathers.

As they rode along the forest, they met Athelstane, the Thane, powdering along the road in the direction of Rotherwood on his great dray-horse of a charger. "Good bye, good luck to you, old brick," cried the Prince, using the vernacular Saxon; "pitch into those Frenchmen; give it 'em over the face and eyes; and I'll stop at home, and take care of Mrs. I."

"Thank you, kinsman," said Ivanhoe, looking, however, not particularly well pleased; and the chiefs shaking hands, the train of each took its different way — Athelstane's to Rotherwood, Ivanhoe's towards his place of embarkation.

The poor knight had his wish, and yet his face was a yard long, and as yellow as a lawyer's parchment; and having longed to quit home any time these three years past, he found himself envying Athelstane,



because, forsooth, he was going to Rotherwood: which symptoms of discontent being observed by the witless Wamba, caused that absurd madman to bring his rebeck over his shoulder from his back, and to sing —

### ATRA CURA.

Before I lost my five poor wits,  
I mind me of a Romish clerk,  
Who sang how Care, the phantom dark,  
Beside the belted horseman sits.  
Methought I saw the griesly sprite  
Jump up but now behind my Knight.

“Perhaps thou didst, knave,” said Ivanhoe, looking over his shoulder; and the knave went on with his jingle.

And though he gallop as he may,  
I mark that cursed monster black  
Still sits behind his honour's back,  
Tight squeezing of his heart away.  
Like two black Templars sit they there,  
Beside one crupper, Knight and Care.

No knight am I with pennoned spear,  
To prance upon a bold destrere:  
I will not have black Care prevail  
Upon my long-eared charger's tail,  
For lo, I am a witless fool,  
And laugh at Grief and ride a mule.

And his bells rattled as he kicked his mule's sides.

“Silence, fool!” said Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, in a voice both majestic and wrathful. “If thou knowest not care and grief, it is because thou knowest not love, whereof they are the companions. Who can love without an anxious heart? How shall there be joy at meeting, without tears at parting?” (I did not see



that his honour or my lady shed many anon, thought Wamba the fool, but he was only a zany, and his mind was not right). "I would not exchange my very sorrows for thine indifference," the knight continued. "Where there is a sun there must be a shadow. If the shadow offend me, shall I put out my eyes and live in the dark? No! I am content with my fate, even such as it is. The Care of which thou speakest, hard though it may vex him, never yet rode down an honest man. I can bear him on my shoulders, and make my way through the world's press in spite of him; for my arm is strong, and my sword is keen, and my shield has no stain on it; and my heart, though it is sad, knows no guile." And here, taking a locket out of his waistcoat (which was made of chain-mail), the knight kissed the token, put it back under the waistcoat again, heaved a profound sigh, and stuck spurs into his horse.

As for Wamba, he was munching a black pudding whilst Sir Wilfrid was making the above speech (which implied some secret grief on the knight's part, that must have been perfectly unintelligible to the fool), and so did not listen to a single word of Ivanhoe's pompous remarks. They travelled on by slow stages through the whole kingdom, until they came to Dover, whence they took shipping for Calais. And in this little voyage, being exceedingly sea-sick, and besides elated at the thought of meeting his Sovereign, the good knight cast away that profound melancholy which had accompanied him during the whole of his land journey.

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## CHAPTER II.

The last days of the Lion.

FROM Calais Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe took the diligence across country to Limoges, sending on Gurth, his squire, with the horses and the rest of his attendants, with the exception of Wamba, who travelled not only as the knight's fool but as his valet, and who, perched on the roof of the carriage, amused himself by blowing tunes upon the *conducteur's* French horn. The good King Richard was, as Ivanhoe learned, in the Limousin, encamped before a little place called Chalus, the lord whereof, though a vassal of the King's, was holding the castle against his Sovereign with a resolution and valour, which caused a great fury and annoyance on the part of the Monarch with the Lion Heart. For brave and magnanimous as he was, the Lion-hearted one did not love to be balked any more than another; and, like the royal animal whom he was said to resemble, he commonly tore his adversary to pieces, and then, perchance, had leisure to think how brave the latter had been. The Count of Chalus had found, it was said, a pot of money; the royal Richard wanted it. As the Count denied that he had it, why did he not open the gates of his castle at once? It was a clear proof that he was guilty; and the King was determined to punish this rebel, and have his money and his life too.

He had naturally brought no breaching guns with him, because those instruments were not yet invented; and though he had assaulted the place a score of times with the utmost fury, his Majesty had been beaten back on every occasion, until he was so savage that it



was dangerous to approach the British Lion. The Lion's wife, the lovely Berengaria, scarcely ventured to come near him. He flung the joint-stools in his tent at the heads of the officers of state, and kicked his aides-de-camp round his pavilion; and, in fact, a maid of honour, who brought a sack-posset into his Majesty from the Queen, after he came in from the assault, came spinning like a foot-ball out of the royal tent just as Ivanhoe entered it.

"Send me my Austrian drum-major to flog that woman," roared out the infuriate King. "By the bones of St. Barnabas she has burned the sack! By St. Wittikind, I will have her flayed alive. Ha! St. George, Ha! St. Richard, whom have we here?" And he lifted up his demi-culverin, or curtal axe, a weapon weighing about thirteen hundred weight, and was about to fling it at the intruder's head, when the latter, kneeling gracefully on one knee, said calmly, "It is I, my good liege, Wilfrid of Ivanhoe."

"What, Wilfrid of Templestowe, Wilfrid the married man, Wilfrid the hen-pecked," cried the King with a sudden burst of good humour, flinging away the culverin from him, as though it had been a reed, (it lighted three hundred yards off, on the foot of Hugo de Bunyon, who was smoking a cigar at the door of his tent, and caused that redoubted warrior to limp for some days after.) "What, Wilfrid, my gossip? Art come to see the lion's den? There are bones in it, man, bones and carcasses, and the Lion is angry," said the King, with a terrific glare of his eyes, "but tush! we will talk of that anon. Ho! bring two gallons of hypocras for the King, and the good knight, Wilfrid of Ivanhoe. Thou art come in time, Wilfrid, for by



St. Richard, and St. George, we will give a grand assault to-morrow. There will be bones broken, ha!"

"I care not, my liege," said Ivanhoe, pledging the Sovereign respectfully, and tossing off the whole contents of the bowl of hypocras to his Highness's good health, — and he at once appeared to be taken into high favour, not a little to the envy of many of the persons surrounding the King.

As his Majesty said, there was fighting and feasting in plenty before Chalus. Day after day, the besiegers made assaults upon the castle, but it was held so stoutly by the Count of Chalus, and his gallant garrison, that each afternoon beheld the attacking parties returning disconsolately to their tents, leaving behind them many of their own slain, and bringing back with them store of broken heads, and maimed limbs, received in the unsuccessful onset. The valour displayed by Ivanhoe, in all these contests, was prodigious; and the way in which he escaped death from the discharges of mangonels, catapults, battering-râms, twenty-four pounders, boiling oil, and other artillery, with which the besieged received their enemies, was remarkable. After a day's fighting, Gurth and Wamba used to pick the arrows out of their intrepid master's coat of mail, as if they had been so many almonds in a pudding. 'T was well for the good knight, that under his first coat of armour he wore a choice suit of Toledan steel, perfectly impervious to arrow shots, and given to him by a certain Jew, named Isaac of York, to whom he had done some considerable services a few years back.

If King Richard had not been in such a rage at the



repeated failures of his attacks upon the Castle, that all sense of justice was blinded in the lion-hearted Monarch, he would have been the first to acknowledge the valour of Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, and would have given him a Peerage, and the Grand Cross of the Bath, at least a dozen times in the course of the siege: for Ivanhoe led more than a dozen storming parties, and with his own hand killed as many men, (viz. two-thousand three-hundred and fifty one) within six, as were slain by the lion-hearted Monarch himself. But his Majesty was rather disgusted than pleased, by his faithful servant's prowess: and all the courtiers who hated Ivanhoe for his superior valour and dexterity, (for he would kill you off a couple of hundred of them of Chalus, whilst the strongest champions of the King's host could not finish more than their two dozen of a day,) poisoned the royal mind against Sir Wilfrid, and made the King look upon his feats of arms with an evil eye. Roger de Backbite sneeringly told the King, that Sir Wilfrid had offered to bet an equal bet, that he would kill more men than Richard himself in the next assault: Peter de Toadhole said, that Ivanhoe stated every where, that his Majesty was not the man he used to be; that pleasures and drink had enervated him; that he could neither ride, nor strike a blow with sword or axe, as he had been enabled to do in the old times in Palestine: and finally, in the twenty-fifth assault, in which they had very nearly carried the place, and in which onset Ivanhoe slew seven, and his Majesty six, of the sons of the Count de Chalus, its defender, Ivanhoe almost did for himself, by planting his banner before the King's, upon the wall; and only rescued himself from utter disgrace, by saving his Ma-



jesty's life several times in the course of this most desperate onslaught.

Then the luckless knight's very virtues (as, no doubt, my respected readers know) made him enemies amongst the men—nor was Ivanhoe liked by the women frequenting the camp of the gay King Richard. His young Queen, and a brilliant court of ladies, attended the pleasure-loving Monarch. His Majesty would transact business in the morning, then fight severely from after breakfast till about three o'clock in the afternoon; from which time, until after midnight, there was nothing but jigging and singing, feasting and revelry, in the royal tents. Ivanhoe, who was asked as a matter of ceremony, and forced to attend these entertainments, not caring about the blandishments of any of the ladies present, looked on at their ogling and dancing with a countenance as glum as an undertaker's, and was a perfect wet-blanket in the midst of the festivities. His favourite resort and conversation were with a remarkably austere hermit, who lived in the neighbourhood of Chalus, and with whom Ivanhoe loved to talk about Palestine, and the Jews, and other grave matters of import, better than to mingle in the gayest amusements of the court of King Richard. Many a night, when the Queen and the ladies were dancing quadrilles and polkas (in which his Majesty, who was enormously stout as well as tall, insisted upon figuring, and in which he was about as graceful as an elephant dancing a hornpipe), Ivanhoe would steal away from the ball, and come and have a night's chat under the moon with his reverend friend. It pained him to see a man of the King's age and size dancing about with the young folks. They laughed at his Majesty whilst they



flattered him: the pages and maids of honour mimicked the royal mountebank almost to his face; and, if Ivanhoe ever could have laughed, he certainly would one night, when the King, in light-blue satin inexpressibles, with his hair in powder, chose to dance the Minuet de la Cour with the little Queen Berengaria.

Then, after dancing, his Majesty must needs order a guitar, and begin to sing. He was said to compose his own songs, words, and music—but those who have read Lord Campobello's lives of the Lord Chancellors, are aware that there was a person by the name of Blondel, who, in fact, did all the musical part of the King's performances; and, as for the words, when a King writes verses, we may be sure there will be plenty of people to admire his poetry. His Majesty would sing you a ballad, of which he had stolen every idea, to an air which was ringing on all the barrel-organs of Christendom, and, turning round to his courtiers, would say, "How do you like that? I dashed it off this morning." Or, "Blondel, what do you think of this movement in B flat?" or what not; and the courtiers and Blondel, you may be sure, would applaud with all their might, like hypocrites as they were.

One evening, it was the evening of the 27th March, 1199, indeed, his Majesty, who was in the musical mood, treated the court with a quantity of his so-called compositions, until the people were fairly tired of clapping with their hands, and laughing in their sleeves. First he sang an *original* air and poem, beginning

Cherries nice, cherries nice, nice, come choose,  
Fresh and fair ones, who 'll refuse? &c.

The which he was ready to take his affidavit he had composed the day before yesterday. Then he sang an



equally *original* heroic melody, of which the chorus was

Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the sea,  
For Britons never, never, never, slaves shall be, &c.

The courtiers applauded this song as they did the other, all except Ivanhoe, who sate without changing a muscle of his features, until the King questioned him, when the knight with a bow said, "he thought he had heard something very like the air and the words elsewhere." His Majesty scowled at him a savage glance from under his red bushy eye-brows; but Ivanhoe had saved the royal life that day, and the King, therefore, with difficulty controlled his indignation.

"Well," said he, "by St. Richard and St. George but ye never heard *this* song, for I composed it this very afternoon as I took my bath after the *mêlée*. Did I not, Blondel?"

Blondel, of course, was ready to take an affidavit that his Majesty had done as he said, and the King, thrumming on his guitar with his great red fingers and thumbs, began to sing out of tune, and as follows: —

### COMMANDERS OF THE FAITHFUL.

The Pope he is a happy man,  
His Palace is the Vatican:  
And there he sits and drains his can,  
The Pope he is a happy man.  
I often say when I'm at home,  
I'd like to be the Pope of Rome.

And then there's Sultan Saladin,  
That Turkish Soldan full of sin;  
He has a hundred wives at least,  
By which his pleasure is increased;  
I've often wished, I hope no sin,  
That I were Sultan Saladin.



But no, the Pope no wife may chose,  
 And so I would not wear his shoes;  
 No wine may drink the proud Paynim,  
 And so I 'd rather not be him;  
 My wife, my wine, I love I hope,  
 And would be neither Turk nor Pope.

Encore! Encore! Bravo! Bis! Everybody applauded the King's song with all his might; everybody except Ivanhoe, who preserved his abominable gravity: and when asked aloud by Roger de Backbite whether he had heard that too? said, firmly, "Yes, Roger de Backbite, and so hast thou if thou darest but tell the truth."

"Now, by St. Cicely, may I never touch gittern again," bawled the King in a fury, "if every note, word, and thought be not mine; may I die in to-morrow's onslaught if the song be not my song. Sing thyself, Wilfrid of the Lanthorn Jaws; thou couldst sing a good song in old times:" and with all his might, and with a forced laugh, the King, who loved brutal practical jests, flung his guitar at the head of Ivanhoe.

Sir Wilfrid caught it gracefully with one hand, and, making an elegant bow to the Sovereign, began to chant as follows: —

### KING CANUTE.

King Canute was weary-hearted; he had reigned for years a score;  
 Battling, struggling, pushing, fighting, killing much and robbing more,  
 And he thought upon his actions, walking by the wild sea shore.

'Twixt the Chancellor and Bishop walked the King with steps sedate,  
 Chamberlains and grooms came after, silver sticks and gold sticks great,  
 Chaplains, aides-de-camp, and pages, — all the officers of state.

Sliding after like his shadow, pausing when he chose to pause;  
 If a frown his face contracted, straight the courtiers dropped their jaws;  
 If to laugh the King was minded, out they burst in loud hee-haws.



But that day a something vexed him, that was clear to old and young,  
Thrice his Grace had yawned at table, when his favourite gleeman sung,  
Once the Queen would have consoled him, but he bade her hold her  
tongue.

"Something ails my gracious Master," cried the Keeper of the Seal,  
"Sure, my lord, it is the lampreys, served at dinner, or the veal!"  
"Psha!" exclaimed the angry Monarch, "Keeper, 't is not that I feel.

"'T is the *heart* and not the dinner, fool, that doth my rest impair;  
Can a King be great as I am, prithee, and yet know no care?  
O, I'm sick, and tired, and weary." — Some one cried, "The King's  
arm-chair!"

Then towards the lackeys turning, quick my lord the Keeper nodded,  
Straight the King's great chair was brought him, by two footmen able-  
bodied,  
Languidly he sank into it; it was comfortably wadded.

"Leading on my fierce companions," cried he, "over storm and brine,  
I have fought and I have conquered! Where was glory like to mine!"  
Loudly all the courtiers echoed. "Where is glory like to thine?"

"What avail me all my kingdoms? Weary am I now, and old,  
Those fair sons I have begotten, long to see me dead and cold;  
Would I were, and quiet buried, underneath the silent mould!

"O, remorse, the writhing serpent! at my bosom tears and bites;  
Horrid, horrid things I look on, though I put out all the lights;  
Ghosts of ghastly recollections troop about my bed of nights.

"Cities burning, convents blazing, red with sacrilegious fires;  
Mothers weeping, virgins screaming, vainly for their slaughtered sires —"  
— "Such a tender conscience," cries the Bishop, "every one admires.

"But for such unpleasant bygones, cease, my gracious Lord, to search,  
They 're forgotten and forgiven by our holy Mother Church;  
Never, never does she leave her benefactors in the lurch.

"Look! the land is crowned with Minsters, which your Grace's bounty  
raised;  
Abbeys filled with holy men, where you and Heaven are daily praised;  
You, my lord, to think of dying? on my conscience, I'm amazed!"

"Nay, I feel," replied King Canute, "that my end is drawing near:"  
"Don't say so," exclaimed the courtiers (striving each to squeeze a tear),  
"Sure your Grace is strong and lusty, and may live this fifty year.

"Live these fifty years!" the Bishop roared, with actions made to suit,  
"Are you mad, my good Lord Keeper, thus to speak of King Canute?  
Men have lived a thousand years, and sure his Majesty will do 't.



"Adam, Enoch, Lamech, Canan, Mahaleel, Methusela,  
Lived nine hundred years apiece, and mayn't the King as well as they?"  
"Fervently," exclaimed the Keeper, "fervently, I trust he may."

"He to die?" resumed the Bishop. "He a mortal like to us?  
Death was not for him intended, though *communis omnibus*;  
Keeper, you are irreligious, for to talk and cavil thus.

"With his wondrous skill in healing ne'er a Doctor can compete  
Loathsome lepers, if he touch them, start up clean upon their feet;  
Surely he could raise the dead up, did his Highness think it meet.

"Did not once the Jewish Captain stay the sun upon the hill,  
And, the while he slew the foemen, bid the silver moon stand still?  
So, no doubt, could gracious Canute, if it were his sacred will."

"Might I stay the sun above us, good Sir Bishop?" Canute cried;  
Could I bid the silver moon to pause upon her heavenly ride?  
If the moon obeys my orders, sure I can command the tide.

"Will the advancing waves obey me, Bishop, if I make the sign?"  
Said the Bishop, bowing lowly, "Land and sea, my lord, are thine."  
Canute turned towards the ocean — "Back!" he said, "thou foaming  
brine.

"From the sacred shore I stand on, I command thee to retreat;  
Venture not, thou stormy rebel, to approach thy master's seat;  
Ocean, be thou still! I bid thee come not nearer to my feet!"

But the sullen ocean answered with a louder, deeper roar,  
And the rapid waves drew nearer, falling sounding on the shore;  
Back the Keeper and the Bishop, back the King and Courtiers bore.

And he sternly bade them never more to kneel to human clay,  
But alone to praise and worship That which earth and seas obey,  
And his golden crown of empire never wore he from that day.  
King Canute is dead and gone: Parasites exist alway.

At this ballad, which, to be sure, was awfully long,  
and as grave as a sermon, some of the courtiers tit-  
tered, some yawned, and some affected to be asleep,  
and snore outright. But Roger de Backbite thinking  
to curry favour with the King by this piece of vul-  
garity, his Majesty fetched him a knock on the nose  
and a buffet on the ear, which, I warrant me, wakened  
Master Roger; to whom the King said, "Listen and



be civil, slave, Wilfrid is singing about thee — Wilfrid, thy ballad is long, but it is to the purpose, and I have grown cool during thy homily. Give me thy hand, honest friend. Ladies, good-night. Gentlemen, we give the grand assault to-morrow; when I promise thee, Wilfrid, thy banner shall not be before mine" — and the King giving his arm to her Majesty, retired into the private pavilion.

### CHAPTER III.

St. George for England.

WHILST the Royal Richard and his Court were feasting in the camp outside the walls of Chalus, they of the castle were in the most miserable plight that may be conceived. Hunger, as well as the fierce assaults of the besiegers, had made dire ravages in the place. The garrison's provisions of corn and cattle, their very horses, dogs, and donkeys had been eaten up — so that it might well be said by Wamba, "that famine, as well as slaughter, had *thinned* the garrison." When the men of Chalus came on the walls to defend it against the scaling parties of King Richard — they were like so many skeletons in armour — they could hardly pull their bow-strings at last, or pitch down stones on the heads of his Majesty's party, so weak had their arms become, and the gigantic Count of Chalus, a warrior as redoubtable for his size and strength as Richard Plantagenet himself, was scarcely able to lift up his battle-axe upon the day of that last assault, when Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe ran him through the \* \* but we are advancing matters.

What should prevent me from describing the agonies



of hunger which the Count (a man of large appetite) suffered in company with his heroic sons and garrison? — Nothing, but that Dante has already done the business in the notorious history of Count Ugolino, so that my efforts might be considered as mere imitations. Why should I not, if I were minded to revel in horrifying details, show you how the famished garrison drew lots, and ate themselves during the siege; and how the unlucky lot falling upon the Countess of Chalus, that heroic woman, taking an affectionate leave of her family, caused her large cauldron in the castle kitchen to be set a-boiling, had onions, carrots and herbs, pepper and salt made ready, to make a savoury soup, as the French like it, and when all things were quite completed, kissed her children, jumped into the cauldron from off a kitchen stool, and so was stewed down in her flannel bed-gown? Dear friends, it is not from want of imagination, or from having no turn for the terrible or pathetic, that I spare you these details. — I could give you some description that would spoil your dinner and night's rest, and make your hair stand on end. — But why harrow your feelings? Fancy all the tortures and horrors that possibly can occur in a beleaguered and famished castle: fancy the feelings of men who know that no more quarter will be given them than they would get if they were peaceful Hungarian citizens, kidnapped and brought to trial by his Majesty the Emperor of Austria, and then let us rush on to the breach and prepare once more to meet the assault of dreadful King Richard and his men.

On the 29th of March in the year 1199, the good King, having copiously partaken of breakfast, caused his trumpets to blow, and advanced with his host upon



the breach of the castle of Chalus. Arthur de Pen-dennis bore his banner; Wilfrid of Ivanhoe fought on the King's right hand. Molyneux, Bishop of Bullock-smithy, doffed crosier and mitre for that day, and though fat and pursy, panted up the breach with the most resolute spirit, roaring out war-cries and curses, and wielding a prodigious mace of iron, with which he did good execution. Hugo de Backbite was forced to come in attendance upon the Sovereign, but took care to keep in the rear of his august master, and to shelter behind his huge triangular shield as much as possible. Many lords of note followed the King and bore the ladders; and as they were placed against the wall, the air was perfectly dark with the shower of arrows which the English archers poured out at the besiegers; and the cataract of stones, kettles, boot-jacks, chests of drawers, crockery, umbrellas, congreve-rockets, bomb-shells, bolts and arrows, and other missiles which the desperate garrison flung out on the storming party. The King received a copper coal-scuttle right over his eyes, and a mahogany wardrobe was discharged at his morion, which would have felled an ox, and would have done for the King had not Ivanhoe warded it off skilfully. Still they advanced, the warriors falling around them like grass beneath the scythe of the mower.

The ladders were placed in spite of the hail of death raining round: the King and Ivanhoe were, of course, the first to mount them. Chalus stood in the breach, borrowing strength from despair; and roaring out "Ha! Plantagenet, Saint Barbacue for Chalus!" he dealt the King a crack across the helmet with his battle-axe, which shore off the gilt lion and crown that



surmounted the steel cap. The King bent and reeled back; the besiegers were dismayed; the garrison and the Count of Chalus set up a shout of triumph; but it was premature.

As quick as thought Ivanhoe was into the Count with a thrust in tierce, which took him just at the joint of the armour, and ran him through as clean as a spit does a partridge. Uttering a horrid shriek, he fell back writhing; the King recovering staggered up the parapet; the rush of knights followed, and the union-jack was planted triumphantly on the walls just as Ivanhoe, — but we must leave him for a moment.

“Ha, St. Richard! — ha, St. George!” the tremendous voice of the Lion-king was heard over the loudest roar of the onset. At every sweep of his blade a severed head flew over the parapet, a spouting trunk tumbled, bleeding, on the flags of the bartizan. The world hath never seen a warrior equal to that Lion-hearted Plantagenet, as he raged over the keep, his eyes flashing fire through the bars of his morion, snorting and chafing with the hot lust of battle. One by one *les enfants de Chalus* had fallen: there was only one left at last of all the brave race that had fought round the gallant Count: — only one, and but a boy, a fair-haired boy, a blue-eyed boy! he had been gathering pansies in the fields but yesterday — it was but a few years, and he was a baby in his mother’s arms! What could his puny sword do against the most redoubted blade in Christendom? — and yet Bohemond faced the great champion of England, and met him foot to foot! Turn away, turn away, my dear young friends and kind-hearted ladies! Do not look at that ill-fated poor boy! his blade is crushed into splinters under the



axe of the conqueror, and the poor child is beaten to his knee! \* \* \*

"Now, by St. Barbacue of Limoges," said Bertrand de Gourdon, "the butcher will never strike down yonder lambling! Hold thy hand, Sir King, or, by St. Barbacue —"

Swift as thought the veteran archer raised his arblast to his shoulder, the whizzing bolt fled from the ringing string, and the next moment crushed quivering into the corslet of Plantagenet.

'T was a luckless shot, Bertrand of Gourdon! Madened by the pain of the wound, the brute nature of Richard was aroused: his fiendish appetite for blood rose to madness, and grinding his teeth, and with a curse too horrible to mention, the flashing axe of the royal butcher fell down on the blond ringlets of the child, and the children of Chalus were no more! \* \* \*

I just throw this off by way of description, and to show what *might* be done if I chose to indulge in this style of composition, but as in the battles, which are described by the kindly chronicler of one of whose works this present masterpiece is professedly a continuation, everything passes off agreeably; the people are slain, but without any unpleasant sensation to the reader; nay some of the most savage and blood-stained characters of history, such is the indomitable good humour of the great novelist, become amiable jovial companions, for whom one has a hearty sympathy — so, if you please, we will have this fighting business at Chalus, and the garrison and honest Bertrand of Gourdon, disposed of, the former according to the usage of the good old times, having been hung up, or mur-



dered to a man, and the latter killed in the manner described by the late Dr. Goldsmith in his History.

As for the Lion-hearted, we all very well know that the shaft of Bertrand de Gourdon put an end to the royal hero — and that from that 29th of March he never robbed or murdered any more. And we have legends in recondite books of the manner of the King's death.

"You must die, my son," said the venerable Walter of Rouen, as Berengaria was carried shrieking from the King's tent. "Repent, Sir King, and separate yourself from your children!"

"It is ill-jesting with a dying man," replied the King. "Children have I none, my good lord bishop, to inherit after me."

"Richard of England," said the archbishop, turning up his fine eyes, "your vices are your children. Ambition is your eldest child, Cruelty is your second child, Luxury is your third child; and you have nourished them from your youth up. Separate yourself from these sinful ones, and prepare your soul, for the hour of departure draweth nigh."

Violent, wicked, sinful, as he might have been, Richard of England met his death like a Christian man. Peace be to the soul of the brave! When the news came to King Philip of France, he sternly forbade his courtiers to rejoice at the death of his enemy. "It is no matter of joy but of dolour," he said, "that the bulwark of Christendom and the bravest king of Europe is no more."

Meanwhile what has become of Sir Wilfrid of Ivan-



hoe, whom we left in the act of rescuing his Sovereign by running the Count of Chalus through the body?

As the good knight stooped down to pick his sword out of the corpse of his fallen foe, some one coming behind him suddenly thrust a dagger into his back at a place where his shirt of mail was open, (for Sir Wilfrid had armed that morning in a hurry, and it was his breast, not his back, that he was accustomed ordinarily to protect), and when poor Wamba came up on the rampart, which he did when the fighting was over — being such a fool that he could not be got to thrust his head into danger for glory's sake — he found his dear knight with the dagger in his back lying without life upon the body of the Count de Chalus whom he had anon slain.

Ah, what a howl poor Wamba set up when he found his master killed! How he lamented over the corpse of that noble knight and friend! What mattered it to him that Richard the King was borne wounded to his tent, and that Bertrand de Gourdon was flayed alive? At another time the sight of this spectacle might have amused the simple knave; but now all his thoughts were of his lord, so good, so gentle, so kind, so loyal, so frank with the great, so tender to the poor, so truthful of speech, so modest regarding his own merit, so true a gentleman, in a word, that anybody might, with reason, deplore him.

As Wamba opened the dear knight's corslet, he found a locket round his neck, in which there was some hair, not flaxen like that of my Lady Rowena, who was almost as fair as an Albino, but as black, Wamba thought, as the locks of the Jewish maiden whom the knight had rescued in the lists of Templestowe. A bit



of Rowena's hair was in Sir Wilfrid's possession, too, but that was in his purse along with his seal of arms, and a couple of groats; for the good knight never kept any money, so generous was he of his largesses when money came in.

Wamba took the purse, and seal, and groats, but he left the locket of hair round his master's neck, and when he returned to England never said a word about the circumstance. After all, how should he know whose hair it was? It might have been the knight's grandmother's hair for aught the fool knew; so he kept his counsel when he brought back the sad news and tokens to the disconsolate widow at Rotherwood.

The poor fellow would never have left the body at all, and indeed sate by it all night, and until the grey of the morning, when, seeing two suspicious-looking characters advancing towards him, he fled in dismay, supposing that they were marauders who were out searching for booty among the dead bodies; and having not the least courage, he fled from these, and tumbled down the breach, and never stopped running as fast as his legs would carry him until he reached the tents of his late beloved master.

The news of the knight's demise, it appeared, had been known at his quarters long before; for his servants were gone, and had ridden off on his horses; his chests were plundered, there was not so much as a shirt collar left in his drawers, and the very bed and blankets had been carried away by these *faithful* attendants. Who had slain Ivanhoe? That remains a mystery to the present day; but Hugo de Backbite, whose nose he had pulled for defamation, and who was behind him in the assault at Chalus, was seen two years after-



wards at the Court of King John in an embroidered velvet waistcoat which Rowena could have sworn she had worked for *Ivanhoe*, and about which the widow would have made some little noise, but that — but that she was no longer a widow.

That she truly deplored the death of her lord, cannot be questioned, for she ordered the deepest mourning which any milliner in York could supply, and erected a monument to his memory, as big as a minster. But she was a lady of such fine principles, that she did not allow her grief to over-master her; and an opportunity speedily arising for uniting the two best Saxon families in England, by an alliance between herself and the gentleman who offered himself to her, Rowena sacrificed her inclination to remain single, to her sense of duty; and contracted a second matrimonial engagement.

That Athelstane was the man, I suppose no reader familiar with life, and novels (which are a rescript of life, and are all strictly natural and edifying,) can for a moment doubt. Cardinal Pandulfo tied the knot for them: and lest there should be any doubt about *Ivanhoe's* death, (for his body was never sent home after all, nor seen after Wamba ran away from it), his eminence procured a papal decree, annulling the former marriage, so that Rowena became Mrs. Athelstane with a clear conscience. And who shall be surprised, if she was happier with the stupid and boozy thane, than with the gentle and melancholy Wilfrid? Did women never have a predilection for fools, I should like to know; or fall in love with donkeys, before the time of the amours of Bottom and Titania? “Ah! Mary, had you not preferred an ass to a man, would you have



married Jack Bray, when a Michael Angelo offered. Ah! Fanny, were you not a woman, would you persist in adoring Tom Hiccups, who beats you, and comes home tipsy from the Club?" Yes, Rowena cared a hundred times more about tipsy Athelstane, than ever she had done for gentle Ivanhoe, and so great was her infatuation about the latter, that she would sit upon his knee in the presence of all her maidens, and let him smoke his cigars in the very drawing-room.

This is the epitaph she caused to be written by Father Drono, (who piqued himself upon his Latinity), on the stone commemorating the death of her late lord.

*Hic est Guilfridus, belli dum vixit avidus;  
Cum gladio et lancea, Normannia et quoque Francia  
Verbera dura dabat: per Turcos multum equitabat:  
Guilbertum occidit: atque Hierosolyma vidit.  
Heu! nunc sub fossa sunt tanti militis ossa,  
Uxor Athelstani est conjux castissima Chani.*

And this is the translation which the doggrel knave Wamba made of the Latin lines.

### REQUIESCAT.

Under the stone you behold,  
Buried, and coffined, and cold,  
Lieth Sir Wilfrid the Bold.

Always he marched in advance,  
Warring in Flanders and France,  
Doughty with sword and with lance.

Famous in Saracen fight,  
Rode in his youth the good knight,  
Scattering Paynims in flight.

Brian the Templar untrue,  
Fairly in tourney he slew,  
Saw Hierusalem too.



Now he is buried and gone,  
Lying beneath the grey stone:  
Where shall you find such a one?

Long time his widow deplored,  
Weeping the fate of her lord,  
Sadly cut off by the sword.

When she was eased of her pain,  
Came the good Lord Athelstane,  
When her ladyship married again.

Athelstane burst into a loud laugh, when he heard it, at the last line, but Rowena would have had the fool whipped, had not the Thane interceded, and to him, she said, she could refuse nothing.

## CHAPTER IV.

*Ivanhoe redivivus.*

I TRUST nobody will suppose, from the events described in the last Chapter, that our friend Ivanhoe is really dead. Because we have given him an epitaph or two and a monument, are these any reasons that he should be really gone out of the world? No: as in the pantomime, when we see Clown and Pantaloon lay out Harlequin and cry over him, we are always sure that Master Harlequin will be up at the next minute alert and shining in his glistening coat; and, after giving a box on the ears to the pair of them, will be taking a dance with Columbine, or leaping gaily through the clock-face, or into the three-pair-of-stairs window: — so Sir Wilfrid, the Harlequin of our Christmas piece, may be run through a little, or may make believe to be dead, but will assuredly rise up again when he is wanted, and show himself at the right moment.

The suspicious-looking characters from whom Wamba ran away were no cut-throats and plunderers as the



poor knave imagined, but no other than Ivanhoe's friend, the hermit, and a reverend brother of his, who visited the scene of the late battle in order to see if any Christians still survived there, whom they might shrive and get ready for Heaven, or to whom they might possibly offer the benefit of their skill as leeches. Both were prodigiously learned in the healing art; and had about them those precious elixirs which so often occur in romances, and with which patients are so miraculously restored. Abruptly dropping his master's head from his lap as he fled, poor Wamba caused the knight's pate to fall with rather a heavy thump to the ground, and if the knave had but stayed a minute longer, he would have heard Sir Wilfrid utter a deep groan. But though the fool heard him not, the holy hermits did; and to recognize the gallant Wilfrid, to withdraw the enormous dagger still sticking out of his back, to wash the wound with a portion of the precious elixir, and to pour a little of it down his throat, was with the excellent hermits the work of an instant; which remedies being applied, one of the good men took the knight by the heels and the other by the head, and bore him daintily from the castle to their hermitage in a neighbouring rock. As for the Count of Chalus, and the remainder of the slain, the hermits were too much occupied with Ivanhoe's case to mind them, and did not, it appears, give them any elixir, so that, if they are really dead, they must stay on the rampart stark and cold; or if otherwise, when the scene closes upon them as it does now, they may get up, shake themselves, go to the slips and drink a pot of porter, or change their stage-clothes and go home to supper. My dear readers, you may settle the matter among your-



selves as you like. If you wish to kill the characters really off, let them be dead, and have done with them: but, *entre nous*, I don't believe they are any more dead than you or I are, and sometimes doubt whether there is a single syllable of truth in this whole story.

Well, Ivanhoe was taken to the hermits' cell, and there doctored by the holy fathers for his hurts, which were of such a severe and dangerous order, that he was under medical treatment for a very considerable time. When he woke up from his delirium, and asked how long he had been ill, fancy his astonishment when he heard that he had been in the fever for six years! He thought the reverend fathers were joking at first, but their profession forbade them from that sort of levity; and besides, he could not possibly have got well any sooner, because the story would have been sadly put out had he appeared earlier. And it proves how good the fathers were to him, and how very nearly that scoundrel of a Hugh de Backbite's dagger had finished him, that he did not get well under this great length of time, during the whole of which the fathers tended him without ever thinking of a fee. I know of a kind physician in this town who does as much sometimes, but I won't do him the ill service of mentioning his name here.

Ivanhoe, being now quickly pronounced well, trimmed his beard, which by this time hung down considerably below his knees, and calling for his suit of chain armour, which before had fitted his elegant person as tight as wax, now put it on, and it bagged and hung so loosely about him, that even the good Friars laughed at his absurd appearance. It was impossible that he should go about the country in such a garb



as that: the very boys would laugh at him: so the Friars gave him one of their old gowns, in which he disguised himself; and, after taking an affectionate farewell of his friends, set forth on his return to his native country. As he went along, he learned that Richard was dead, that John reigned, that Prince Arthur had been poisoned, and was of course made acquainted with various other facts of public importance recorded in Pinnock's Catechism and the Historic Page.

But these subjects did not interest him near so much as his own private affairs; and I can fancy that his legs trembled under him, and his pilgrim's staff shook with emotion, as at length, after many perils, he came in sight of his paternal mansion of Rotherwood, and saw once more the chimneys smoking, the shadows of the oaks over the grass in the sunset, and the rooks winging over the trees. He heard the supper gong sounding: he knew his way to the door well enough; he entered the familiar hall with a *benedicite*, and without any more words took his place.

\* \* \* \* \*

You might have thought for a moment that the grey friar trembled, and his shrunk cheek looked deadly pale; but he recovered himself presently, nor could you see his pallor for the cowl which covered his face.

A little boy was playing on Athelstane's knee; Rowena, smiling and patting the Saxon Thane fondly on his broad bull-head, filled him a huge cup of spiced wine from a golden jug. He drained a quart of the liquor, and, turning round, addressed the friar, —

“And so, grey frere, thou sawest good King Richard fall at Chalus by the bolt of that felon bowman?”



"We did, an it please you. The brothers of our house attended the good King in his last moments; in truth, he made a Christian ending!"

"And didst thou see the archer flayed alive? It must have been rare sport," roared Athelstane, laughing hugely at the joke. "How the fellow must have howled!"

"My love!" said Rowena, interposing tenderly, and putting a pretty white finger on his lip.

"I would have liked to see it too," cried the boy.

"That's my own little Cedric, and so thou shalt. And, friar, didst see my poor kinsman Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe? They say he fought well at Chalus!"

"My sweet lord," again interposed Rowena, "mention him not."

"Why? Because thou and he were so tender in days of yore — when you could not bear my plain face, being all in love with his pale one?"

"Those times are past now, dear Athelstane," said his affectionate wife, looking up to the ceiling.

"Marry, thou never couldst forgive him the Jewess, Rowena."

"The odious hussy! don't mention the name of the unbelieving creature," exclaimed the lady.

"Well, well, poor Will was a good lad — a thought melancholy and milksop though. Why, a pint of sack fuddled his poor brains."

"Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe was a good lance," said the friar. "I have heard there was none better in Christendom. He lay in our convent after his wounds, and it was there we tended him till he died. He was buried in our north cloister."

"And there's an end of him," said Athelstane.



"But come, this is dismal talk. Where's Wamba the jester? Let us have a song. Stir up, Wamba, and don't lie like a dog in the fire! Sing us a song, thou crack-brained jester, and leave off whimpering for by-gones. Tush, man! There be many good fellows left in this world."

"There be buzzards in eagles' nests," Wamba said, who was lying stretched before the fire sharing the hearth with the Thane's dogs. "There be dead men alive and live men dead. There be merry songs and dismal songs. Marry, and the merriest are the saddest sometimes. I will leave off motley and wear black, gossip Athelstane. I will turn howler at funerals, and then, perhaps, I shall be merry. Motley is fit for mutes, and black for fools. Give me some drink, gossip, for my voice is as cracked as my brain."

"Drink and sing, thou beast, and cease prating," the Thane said.

And Wamba, touching his rebeck wildly, sat up in the chimney-side and curled his lean shanks together and began:—

### LOVE AT TWO SCORE.

Ho! pretty page, with dimpled chin,  
That never has known the barber's shear,  
All your aim is woman to win.  
This is the way that boys begin.  
Wait till you've come to forty year!

Curly gold locks cover foolish brains,  
Billing and cooing is all your cheer,  
Sighing and singing of midnight strains  
Under Bonnybells' window-panes.

Wait till you've come to forty year!

Forty times over let Michaelmas pass,  
Grizzling hair the brain doth clear;



Then you know a boy is an ass,  
Then you know the worth of a lass,  
Once you have come to forty year.

Pledge me round, I bid ye declare,  
All good fellows whose beards are grey;  
Did not the fairest of the fair  
Common grow and wearisome, ere  
Ever a month was past away?

The reddest lips that ever have kissed,  
The brightest eyes that ever have shone,  
May pray and whisper and we not list,  
Or look away and never be missed,  
Ere yet ever a month was gone.

Gillian's dead, Heaven rest her bier,  
How I loved her twenty years' syne!  
Marian's married, but I sit here,  
Alive and merry at forty year,  
Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine.

"Who taught thee that merry lay, Wamba, thou son of Witless?" roared Athelstane, clattering his cup on the table and shouting the chorus.

"It was a good and holy hermit, Sir, the pious clerk of Copmanhurst, that you wot of, who played many a prank with us in the days that we knew King Richard. Ah, noble Sir, that was a jovial time and a good priest."

"They say the holy priest is sure of the next bishopric, my love," said Rowena. "His majesty hath taken him into much favour. My lord of Huntingdon looked very well at the last ball, though I never could see any beauty in the countess — a freckled, blowsy thing, whom they used to call Maid Marian; though, for the matter of that, what between her flirtations with Major Littlejohn and Captain Scarlett, really —"

"Jealous again, haw! haw!" laughed Athelstane.

"I am above jealousy, and scorn it," Rowena answered, drawing herself up very majestically.



"Well, well, Wamba's was a good song," Athelstane said.

"Nay, a wicked song," said Rowena, turning up her eyes as usual. "What! rail at woman's love? Prefer a filthy wine-cup to a true wife? Woman's love is eternal, my Athelstane. He who questions it would be a blasphemer were he not a fool. The well-born and well-nurtured gentlewoman loves once and once only."

"I pray you, Madam, pardon me, I—I am not well," said the grey friar, rising abruptly from his settle, and tottering down the steps of the dais. Wamba sprung after him, his bells jingling as he rose, and casting his arms round the apparently fainting man, he led him away into the court. "There be dead men alive and live men dead," whispered he. "There be coffins to laugh at and marriages to cry over. Said I not sooth, holy friar?" And when they had got out into the solitary court, which was deserted by all the followers of the Thane, who were mingling in the drunken revelry in the hall, Wamba, seeing that none were by, knelt down, and kissing the friar's garment, said, "I knew thee, I knew thee, my lord and my liege!"

"Get up," said Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, scarcely able to articulate; "only fools are faithful."

And he passed on and into the little chapel where his father lay buried. All night long the friar spent there, and Wamba the jester lay outside watching as mute as the saint over the porch.

When the morning came, Wamba was gone; and the knave being in the habit of wandering hither and thither, as he chose, little notice was taken of his ab-



sence by a master and mistress who had not much sense of humour. As for Sir Wilfrid, a gentleman of his delicacy of feelings could not be expected to remain in a house where things so naturally disagreeable to him were occurring, and he quitted Rotherwood incontinently, after paying a dutiful visit to the tomb where his old father, Cedric, was buried, and hastened on to York, at which city he made himself known to the family attorney, a most respectable man, in whose hands his ready money was deposited, and took up a sum sufficient to fit himself out with credit, and a handsome retinue, as became a knight of consideration. But he changed his name, wore a wig and spectacles, and disguised himself entirely, so that it was impossible his friends or the public should know him, and thus metamorphosed, went about whithersoever his fancy led him. He was present at a public ball at York, which the Lord Mayor gave, danced Sir Roger de Coverley in the very same set with Rowena — (who was disgusted that Maid Marian took precedence of her) — he saw little Athelstane overeat himself at the supper, and pledged his big father in a cup of sack; he met the Reverend Mr. Tuck at a missionary meeting, where he seconded a resolution proposed by that eminent divine; — in fine, he saw a score of his old acquaintances, none of whom recognised in him the warrior of Palestine and Templestowe. Having a large fortune and nothing to do, he went about this country performing charities, slaying robbers, rescuing the distressed, and achieving noble feats of arms. Dragons and giants existed in his day no more, or be sure he would have had a fling at them: for the truth is, Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe was somewhat sick of the life which



the hermits of Chalus had restored to him, and felt himself so friendless and solitary that he would not have been sorry to come to an end of it. Ah, my dear friends and intelligent British public, are there not others who are melancholy under a mask of gaiety, and who, in the midst of crowds, are lonely? Liston was a most melancholy man; Grimaldi had feelings; and there are others I wot of — but psha — let us have the next chapter.

## CHAPTER V.

*Invanhoe to the rescue.*

THE rascally manner in which the chicken-livered successor of Richard of the Lion-heart conducted himself to all parties, to his relatives, his nobles, and his people, is a matter notorious, and set forth clearly in the Historic Page: hence, although nothing, except perhaps success, can, in my opinion, excuse disaffection to the Sovereign, or appearance in armed rebellion against him, the loyal reader will make allowance for two of the principal personages of this narrative, who will have to appear in the present Chapter, in the odious character of rebels to their lord and king. It must be remembered, in partial exculpation of the fault of Ivanhoe and Rowena (a fault for which they were bitterly punished, as you shall presently hear), that the Monarch exasperated his subjects in a variety of ways, — that before he murdered his royal nephew, Prince Arthur, there was a great question whether he was the rightful King of England at all, — that his behaviour as an uncle, and a family man, were likely to wound the feelings of any lady and mother, — final-



ly, that there were palliations for the conduct of Rowena and Ivanhoe, which it now becomes our duty to relate.

When his Majesty destroyed Prince Arthur, the Lady Rowena, who was one of the ladies of honour to the Queen, gave up her place at Court at once, and retired to her castle of Rotherwood. Expressions made use of by her, and derogatory to the character of the Sovereign, were carried to the Monarch's ears, by some of those parasites, doubtless, by whom it is the curse of kings to be attended; and John swore, by St. Peter's teeth, that he would be revenged upon the haughty Saxon lady, — a kind of oath, which, though he did not trouble himself about all other oaths, he was never known to break. It was not for some years after he had registered this vow, that he was enabled to keep it.

Had Ivanhoe been present at Rouen, when the King meditated his horrid designs against his nephew, there is little doubt that Sir Wilfrid would have prevented them, and rescued the boy: for Ivanhoe was, we need scarcely say, a hero of romance; and it is the custom and duty of all gentlemen of that profession to be present on all occasions of historic interest, to be engaged in all conspiracies, royal interviews, and remarkable occurrences, — and hence Sir Wilfrid would certainly have rescued the young Prince, had he been any where in the neighbourhood of Rouen, where the foul tragedy occurred. But he was a couple of hundred leagues off at Chalus, when the circumstance happened: tied down in his bed as crazy as a Bedlamite, and raving ceaselessly in the Hebrew tongue, which he had caught up during a previous illness in



which he was tended by a maiden of that nation, about a certain Rebecca Ben Isaacs, of whom, being a married man, he never would have thought, had he been in his sound senses. During this delirium, what were Politics to him, or he to Politics? King John or King Arthur were entirely indifferent to a man who announced to his nurse-tenders, the good hermits of Chalus before mentioned, that he was the Marquis of Jericho, and about to marry Rebecca the Queen of Sheba. In a word, he only heard of what had occurred, when he reached England, and his senses were restored to him. Whether was he happier, sound of brain, and entirely miserable, (as any man would be who found so admirable a wife as Rowena married again), or perfectly crazy, the husband of the beautiful Rebecca? I don't know which he liked best.

Howbeit the conduct of King John inspired Sir Wilfrid with so thorough a detestation of that Sovereign, that he never could be brought to take service under him; to get himself presented at St. James's, or in any way to acknowledge, but by stern acquiescence, the authority of the sanguinary successor of his beloved King Richard. It was Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, I need scarcely say, who got the Barons of England to league together and extort from the King that famous instrument and palladium of our liberties at present in the British Museum, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury — the MAGNA CHARTA. His name does not naturally appear in the list of Barons, because he was only a knight, and a knight in disguise too: nor does Athelstane's signature figure on that document. Athelstane, in the first place, could not write; nor did he care a penny-piece about politics, so long as he



could drink his wine at home undisturbed, and have his hunting and shooting in quiet.

It was not until the King wanted to interfere with the sport of every gentleman in England (as we know by reference to the Historic Page that this odious monarch did,) that Athelstane broke out into open rebellion, along with several Yorkshire squires and noblemen. It is recorded of the King, that he forbade every man to hunt his own deer; and, in order to secure an obedience to his orders, this Herod of a monarch wanted to secure the eldest sons of all the nobility and gentry, as hostages for the good behaviour of their parents.

Athelstane was anxious about his game — Rowena was anxious about her son. The former swore that he would hunt his deer in spite of all Norman tyrants — the latter asked, should she give up her boy to the ruffian who had murdered his own nephew?\* The speeches of both were brought to the King at York; and, furious, he ordered an instant attack upon Rotherwood, and that the lord and lady of that castle should be brought before him dead or alive.

Ah, where was Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, the unconquerable champion, to defend the castle against the royal party? A few thrusts from his lance would have spitted the leading warriors of the King's host: a few cuts from his sword would have put John's forces to rout. But the lance and sword of Ivanhoe were idle on this occasion. "No, be hanged to me!" said the knight, bitterly, "*this* is a quarrel in which I can't interfere. Common politeness forbids. Let yonder ale-

\* See Hume, Giraldus Cambrensis, The Monk of Croyland, and Pinnock's Catechism.



swilling Athelstane defend his, ha ha, *wife*: and my lady Rowena guard her, ha ha ha, *son*." And he laughed wildly and madly: and the sarcastic way in which he choked and gurgled out the words "wife" and "son" would have made you shudder to hear.

When he heard, however, that, on the fourth day of the siege, Athelstane had been slain by a cannon ball (and this time for good, and not to come to life again as he had done before), and that the widow (if so the innocent bigamist may be called) was conducting the defence of Rotherwood herself with the greatest intrepidity, showing herself upon the walls, with her little son (who bellowed like a bull, and did not like the fighting at all), pointing the guns and encouraging the garrison in every way — better feelings returned to the bosom of the knight of Ivanhoe, and summoning his men, he armed himself quickly, and determined to go forth to the rescue.

He rode without stopping for two days and two nights in the direction of Rotherwood, with such swiftness and disregard for refreshment, indeed, that his men dropped one by one upon the road, and he arrived alone at the lodge gate of the park. The windows were smashed; the door stove in; the lodge, a neat little Swiss cottage, with a garden, where the pinafores of Mrs. Gurth's children might have been seen hanging on the gooseberry bushes in more peaceful times, was now a ghastly heap of smoking ruins — cottage, bushes, pinafores, children lay mangled together, destroyed by the licentious soldiery of an infuriate monarch! Far be it from me to excuse the disobedience of Athelstane and Rowena to their Sovereign; but surely, surely this cruelty might have been spared.



Gurth, who was lodge-keeper, was lying dreadfully wounded and expiring at the flaming and violated threshold of his lately picturesque home. A catapult and a couple of mangonels had done his business. The faithful fellow, recognizing his master, who had put up his visor and forgotten his wig and spectacles in the agitation of the moment, exclaimed, "Sir Wilfrid! my dear master — praised be St. Waltheof — there may be yet time — my beloved mistr — master Athelst..." He sank back, and never spoke again.

Ivanhoe spurred on his horse Bavieca madly up the chestnut avenue. The castle was before him; the western tower was in flames; the besiegers were pressing at the southern gate; Athelstane's banner, the bull rampant, was still on the northern bartizan. "An Ivanhoe, an Ivanhoe!" he bellowed out, with a shout that overcame all the din of battle — Notre Dame a la rescousse — and to hurl his lance through the midriff of Reginald de Bracy, who was commanding the assault, who fell howling with anguish, to wave his battle-axe over his own head, and cut off those of thirteen men-at-arms, was the work of an instant. "An Ivanhoe, an Ivanhoe!" he still shouted, and down went a man as sure as he said 'hoe.'

"Ivanhoe! Ivanhoe!" a shrill voice cried from the top of the northern bartizan. Ivanhoe knew it.

"Rowena! my love! I come!" he roared on his part, "Villains! touch but a hair of her head, and I...."

Here, with a sudden plunge and a squeal of agony, Bavieca sprang forward wildly, and fell as wildly on her back, rolling over and over upon the knight. All was dark before him; his brain reeled; it whizzed;



something came crashing down on his forehead. St. Waltheof, and all the saints of the Saxon calendar protect the knight! \* \* \*

When he came to himself, Wamba and the lieutenant of his lances were leaning over him with a bottle of the hermit's elixir. "We arrived here the day after the battle," said the fool; "marry, I have a knack of that."

"Your worship rode so deucedly quick, there was no keeping up with your worship," said the lieutenant.

"The day — after — the bat —" groaned Ivanhoe. — "Where is the Lady Rowena?"

"The castle has been taken and sacked," the lieutenant said, — and pointed to what once *was* Rotherwood, but was now only a heap of smoking ruins. — Not a tower was left, not a roof, not a floor, not a single human being! Everything was flame and ruin, smash and murther!

Of course Ivanhoe fell back fainting again among the ninety-seven men-at-arms whom he had slain; and it was not until Wamba had applied a second, and uncommonly strong, dose of the elixir that he came to life again. The good knight was, however, from long practice, so accustomed to the severest wounds, that he bore them far more easily than common folk, and thus was enabled to reach York upon a litter, which his men constructed for him, with tolerable ease.

Rumour had as usual advanced him; and he heard at the hotel where he stopped, what had been the issue of the affair at Rotherwood. A minute or two after his horse was stabbed, and Ivanhoe knocked down, the western bartizan was taken by the storming party which invested it, and every soul slain, except



Rowena and her boy; who were tied upon horses and carried away, under a secure guard, to one of the King's castles — nobody knew whither — and Ivanhoe was recommended by the hotel-keeper (whose house he had used in former times) to reassume his wig and spectacles, and not call himself by his own name any more, lest some of the King's people should lay hands on him. However as he had killed everybody round about him, there was but little danger of his discovery; and the Knight of the Spectacles, as he was called, went about York quite unmolested, and at liberty to attend to his own affairs.

We wish to be brief in narrating this part of the gallant hero's existence; for his life was one of feeling rather than affection, and the description of mere sentiment is considered by many well-informed persons to be tedious. What *were* his sentiments, now it may be asked, under the peculiar position in which he found himself? He had done his duty by Rowena, certainly: no man could say otherwise. But as for being in love with her any more, after what had occurred, that was a different question. Well, come what would, he was determined still to continue doing his duty by her; — but as she was whisked away, the deuce knew whither, how could he do anything? So he resigned himself to the fact that she was thus whisked away.

He, of course, sent emissaries about the country to endeavour to find out where Rowena was; but these came back without any sort of intelligence; and it was remarked, that he still remained in a perfect state of resignation. He remained in this condition for a year, or more; and it was said that he was becoming more cheerful, and he certainly was growing rather fat. The



Knight of the Spectacles was voted an agreeable man in a grave way; and gave some very elegant, though quiet, parties, and was received in the best society of York.

It was just at assize-time, the lawyers and barristers had arrived, and the town was unusually gay: when, one morning, the attorney, whom we have mentioned as Sir Wilfrid's man of business, and a most respectable man, called upon his gallant client at his lodgings, and said he had a communication of importance to make. Having to communicate with a client of rank, who was condemned to be hanged for forgery, Sir Hugo de Backbite, the attorney said, he had been to visit that party in the condemned cell; and on the way through the yard, and through the bars of another cell, had seen and recognised an old acquaintance of Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe — and the lawyer held him out, with a particular look, a note, written on a piece of whity-brown paper.

What were Ivanhoe's sensations when he recognised the handwriting of Rowena! — he tremblingly dashed open the billet, and read as follows: —

“MY DEAREST IVANHOE,

“For I am thine now as erst, and my first love was ever — ever dear to me. Have I been near thee dying for a whole year, and didst thou make no effort to rescue thy Rowena? Have ye given to others — I mention not their name nor their odious creed — the heart that ought to be mine? I send thee my forgiveness from my dying pallet of straw. — I forgive thee the insults I have received, the cold and hunger I have endured, the failing health of my boy,



the bitterness of my prison, thy infatuation about that Jewess, which made our married life miserable, and which caused thee, I am sure, to go abroad to look after her. — I forgive thee all my wrongs, and fain would bid thee farewell. Mr. Smith hath gained over my gaoler — he will tell thee how I may see thee. — Come and console my last hour by promising that thou wilt care for my boy — *his* boy who fell like a hero (when thou wert absent) combating by the side of  
“ROWENA.”

The reader may consult his own feelings, and say whether Ivanhoe was likely to be pleased or not by this letter: however, he inquired of Mr. Smith, the solicitor, what was the plan which that gentleman had devised for the introduction to Lady Rowena, and was informed, that he was to get a barrister's gown and wig, when the gaoler would introduce him into the interior of the prison. These decorations, knowing several gentlemen of the Nothern Circuit, Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe easily procured, and, with feelings of no small trepidation, reached the cell where, for the space of a year, poor Rowena had been immured.

If any person have a doubt of the correctness, of the historical exactness, of this narrative, I refer him to the “*Biographie Universelle*” (article Jean sans Terre), which says, “*La femme d'un baron auquel on vint demander son fils, répondit, 'Le roi pense-t-il que je confierai mon fils à un homme qui a égorgé son neveu de sa propre main?' Jean fit enlever la mère et l'enfant, et la laissa mourir de faim dans les cachots.*”

I picture to myself, with a painful sympathy, Row-



ena undergoing this disagreeable sentence. All her virtues, her resolution, her chaste energy and perseverance, shine with redoubled lustre, and, for the first time since the commencement of the history, I feel that I am partially reconciled to her. The weary year passes — she grows weaker and more languid, thinner and thinner! At length Ivanhoe, in the disguise of a barrister of the Northern Circuit, is introduced to her cell, and finds his lady in the last stage of exhaustion, on the straw of her dungeon, with her little boy in her arms. She has preserved his life at the expense of her own, giving him the whole of the pittance which her gaolers allowed her, and perishing herself of inanition.

There is a scene! I feel as if I had made it up, as it were, with this lady, and that we part in peace, in consequence of my providing her with so sublime a death-bed. Fancy Ivanhoe's entrance — their recognition — the faint blush upon her worn features — the pathetic way in which she gives little Cedric in charge to him, and his promises of protection.

"Wilfrid, my early loved," slowly gasped she, removing her grey hair from her furrowed temples, and gazing on her boy fondly, as he nestled on Ivanhoe's knee — "Promise me by St. Waltheof of Templestowe; promise me one boon!"

"I do," said Ivanhoe, clasping the boy, and thinking it was to that little innocent the promise was intended to apply.

"By St. Waltheof?"

"By St. Waltheof!"

"Promise me, then," gasped Rowena, staring wildly at him, "that you never will marry a Jewess?"



“By St. Waltheof,” cried Ivanhoe, “this is too much! Rowena!” But he felt his hand grasped for a moment, the nerves then relaxed, the pale lip ceased to quiver — she was no more!

## CHAPTER VI.

Ivanhoe the widower.

HAVING placed young Cedric at School at the Hall of Dotheboyes, in Yorkshire, and arranged his family affairs, Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe quitted a country which had no longer any charms for him, and in which his stay was rendered the less agreeable by the notion that King John would hang him if ever he could lay hands on the faithful follower of King Richard and Prince Arthur.

But there was always in those days a home and occupation for a brave and pious knight. A saddle on a gallant war-horse, a pitched field against the Moors, a lance wherewith to spit a turbaned infidel, or a road to Paradise carved out by his scimeter, — these were the height of the ambition of good and religious warriors; and so renowned a champion as Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe was sure to be well received wherever blows were stricken for the cause of Christendom. Even among the dark Templars, he who had twice overcome the most famous lance of their Order was a respected though not a welcome guest: but among the opposition company of the Knights of St. John, he was admired and courted beyond measure; and always affectioning that Order, which offered him, indeed, its first rank and commanderies, he did much good service, fighting in their ranks for the glory of Heaven and St.



Waltheof, and slaying many thousands of the heathen in Prussia, Poland, and those savage northern countries. The only fault that the great and gallant, though severe and ascetic Folko of Heydenbraten, the chief of the Order of St. John, found with the melancholy warrior, whose lance did such good service to the cause, was, that he did not persecute the Jews as so religious a knight should. He let off sundry captives of that persuasion whom he had taken with his sword and his spear, saved others from torture, and actually ransomed the two last grinders of a venerable rabbi (that Roger de Cartright, an English knight of the Order, was about to extort from the elderly Israelite), with a hundred crowns and a gimmel ring, which were all the property he possessed. Whenever he so ransomed or benefited one of this religion, he would moreover give them a little token or a message (were the good knight out of money) saying, "Take this token, and remember this deed was done by Wilfrid the Disinherited, for the services whilome rendered to him by Rebecca, the daughter of Isaac of York!" So among themselves, and in their meetings and synagogues, and in their restless travels from land to land, when they of Jewry cursed and reviled all Christians, as such abominable heathens will, they nevertheless excepted the name of the Desdichado, or the doubly-disinherited as he now was, the Desdichado-Doblado.

The account of all the battles, storms, and scaladoes in which Sir Wilfrid took part, would only weary the reader, for the chopping off one heathen's head with an axe must be very like the decapitation of any other unbeliever. Suffice it to say, that wherever this kind of work was to be done, and Sir Wilfrid was in



the way, he was the man to perform it. It would astonish you were you to see the account that Wamba kept of his master's achievements, and of the Bulgarians, Bohemians, Croatians, slain or maimed by his hand: and as, in those days, a reputation for valour had an immense effect upon the soft hearts of women; and even the ugliest man, were he a stout warrior, was looked upon with favour by Beauty; so Ivanhoe, who was by no means ill-favoured, though now becoming rather elderly, made conquests over female breasts, as well as over Saracens, and had more than one direct offer of marriage made to him by princesses, countesses, and noble ladies possessing both charms and money, which they were anxious to place at the disposal of a champion so renowned. It is related that the Duchess Regent of Kartoffelberg offered him her hand, and the Ducal Crown of Kartoffelberg, which he had rescued from the unbelieving Prussians; but Ivanhoe evaded the Duchess's offer, by riding away from her capital secretly at midnight, and hiding himself in a convent of Knights Hospitallers, on the borders of Poland; and it is a fact that the Princess Rosalia Seraphina of Pumpernickel, the most lovely woman of her time, became so frantically attached to him, that she followed him on a campaign, and was discovered with his baggage disguised as a horse-boy. But no princess, no beauty, no female blandishments had any charms for Ivanhoe: no hermit practised a more austere celibacy. The severity of his morals contrasted so remarkably with the lax and dissolute manner of the young lords and nobles in the courts which he frequented, that these young springalds would sometimes sneer and call him Monk and Milk-



sop; but his courage in the day of battle was so terrible and admirable, that I promise you the youthful libertines did not sneer *then*; and the most reckless of them often turned pale when they couched their lances to follow Ivanhoe. Holy Waltheof! it was an awful sight to see him with his pale, calm face, his shield upon his breast, his heavy lance before him, charging a squadron of Heathen Bohemians, or a regiment of Cossacks! Wherever he saw the enemy, Ivanhoe assaulted him; and when people remonstrated with him, and said if he attacked such and such a post, breach, castle, or army, he would be slain, "And suppose I be?" he answered, giving them to understand that he would as lief the Battle of Life were over altogether.

While he was thus making war against the northern infidels, news was carried all over Christendom of a catastrophe which had befallen the good cause in the south of Europe, where the Spanish Christians had met with such a defeat and massacre at the hands of the Moors, as had never been known in the proudest days of Saladin.

Thursday, the 9th of Shaban, in the 605th year of the Hejira, is known all over the West as the *amun-al-ark*, the year of the battle of Alarcos, gained over the Christians by the Moslems of Andalus, on which fatal day Christendom suffered a defeat so signal, that it was feared the Spanish Peninsula would be entirely wrested away from the dominion of the Cross. On that day the Franks lost 150,000 men and 30,000 prisoners. A man-slave sold among the unbelievers for a dirhem; a donkey, for the same; a sword, half a



dirhem; a horse, five dirhems. Hundreds of thousands of these various sorts of booty were in the possession of the triumphant followers of Yakoob-al-Mansoor. Curses on his head! But he was a brave warrior, and the Christians before him seemed to forget that they were the descendants of the brave Cid, the *Kanbitoor*, as the Moorish hounds (in their jargon) denominated the famous Campeador.

A general move for the rescue of the faithful in Spain — a crusade against the Infidels triumphing there, was preached throughout Europe by all the most eloquent clergy: and thousands and thousands of valorous knights and nobles, accompanied by well-meaning varlets and vassals of the lower sort, trooped from all sides to the rescue. The straits of Gibel-altariff, at which spot the Moor, passing from Barbary, first planted his accursed foot on the Christian soil, were crowded with the galleys of the Templars and the Knights of St. John, who flung succours into the menaced kingdoms of the Peninsula; the inland sea swarmed with their ships hasting from their forts and islands, from Rhodes and Byzantium, from Jaffa and Askalon. The Pyrenean peaks beheld the pennons and glittered with the armour of the knights marching out of France into Spain; and, finally, in a ship that set sail direct from Bohemia, where Sir Wilfrid happened to be quartered at the time when the news of the defeat of Alarcos came and alarmed all good Christians, Ivanhoe landed at Barcelona, and proceeded to slaughter the Moors forthwith.

He brought letters of introduction from his friend Folko of Heydenbraten, the Grand Master of the Knights of Saint John, to the venerable Baldomero de



Garbanzos, Grand Master of the renowned order of Saint Jago. The chief of Saint Jago's knights paid the greatest respect to a warrior, whose fame was already so widely known in Christendom; and Ivanhoe had the pleasure of being appointed to all the posts of danger and forlorn hopes that could be devised in his honour. He would be called up twice or thrice in a night to fight the Moors: he led ambushes, scaled breaches; was blown up by mines; was wounded many hundred times (recovering, thanks to the elixir, of which Wamba always carried a supply); he was the terror of the Saracens, and the admiration and wonder of the Christians.

To describe his deeds would, I say, be tedious; one day's battle was like that of another. I am not writing in ten volumes like Monsieur Alexandre Dumas, or even in three like other great authors. We have no room for the recounting of Sir Wilfrid's deeds of valour. Whenever he took a Moorish town, it was remarked, that he went anxiously into the Jewish quarter, and inquired amongst the Hebrews, who were in great numbers in Spain, for Rebecca, the daughter of Isaac. Many Jews, according to his wont, he ransomed, and created so much scandal by this proceeding, and by the manifest favour which he showed to the people of the nation — that the Master of Saint Jago remonstrated with him, and it is probable he would have been cast into the Inquisition and roasted; but that his prodigious valour and success against the Moors counterbalanced his heretical partiality for the children of Jacob.

It chanced that the good knight was present at the siege of Xixona in Andalusia, entering the breach



the first, according to his wont, and slaying, with his own hand, the Moorish Lieutenant of the town, and several hundred more of its unbelieving defenders. He had very nearly done for the Alfaqui, or governor, a veteran warrior with a crooked scimeter and a beard as white as snow, but a couple of hundred of the Alfaqui's body-guard flung themselves between Ivanhoe and their chief, and the old fellow escaped with his life, leaving a handful of his beard in the grasp of the English knight. The strictly military business being done, and such of the garrison as did not escape put, as by right, to the sword, the good knight, Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, took no further part in the proceedings of the conquerors of that ill-fated place. A scene of horrible massacre and frightful reprisals ensued, and the Christian warriors, hot with victory and flushed with slaughter, were, it is to be feared, as savage in their hour of triumph as ever their heathen enemies had been.

Among the most violent and least scrupulous was the ferocious knight of Saint Jago, Don Beltran de Cuchilla y Trabuco y Espada y Espelon; raging through the vanquished city like a demon, he slaughtered indiscriminately all those infidels of both sexes whose wealth did not tempt him to a ransom, or whose beauty did not reserve them for more frightful calamities than death. The slaughter over, Don Beltran took up his quarters in the Albaycen, where the Alfaqui had lived who had so narrowly escaped the sword of Ivanhoe; but the wealth, the treasure, the slaves, and the family of the fugitive chieftain, were left in possession of the conqueror of Xixona. Among the treasures Don Beltran recognised with a savage joy the coat-armours and ornaments of many brave and un-



fortunate companions-in-arms who had fallen in the fatal battle of Alarcos. The sight of those bloody relics added fury to his cruel disposition, and served to steel a heart already but little disposed to sentiments of mercy.

Three days after the sack and plunder of the place, Don Beltran was seated in the hall-court lately occupied by the proud Alfaqui, lying in his divan, dressed in his rich robes, the fountains playing in the centre, the slaves of the Moor ministering to his scarred and rugged Christian conqueror. Some fanned him with peacocks' pinions, some danced before him, some sang Moors' melodies to the plaintive notes of a guzla, one — it was the only daughter of the Moor's old age, the young Zutulbe, a rosebud of beauty — sat weeping in a corner of the gilded hall, weeping for her slain brethren, the pride of Moslem chivalry, whose heads were blackening in the blazing sunshine on the portals without, and for her father, whose home had been thus made desolate.

He and his guest, the English knight Sir Wilfrid, were playing at chess, a favourite amusement with the chivalry of the period, when a messenger was announced from Valencia, to treat, if possible, for the ransom of the remaining part of the Alfaqui's family. A grim smile lighted up Don Beltran's features as he bade the black slave admit the messenger. He entered. By his costume it was at once seen that the bearer of the flag of truce was a Jew — the people were employed continually then as ambassadors between the two races at war in Spain.

"I come," said the old Jew (in a voice which made Sir Wilfrid start) "from my lord the Alfaqui to



my noble señor, the invincible Don Beltran de Cuchilla, to treat for the ransom of the Moor's only daughter, the child of his old age and the pearl of his affection."

"A pearl is a valuable jewel, Hebrew. What does the Moorish dog bid for her?" asked Don Beltran, still smiling grimly.

"The Alfaqui offers 100,000 dinars, twenty-four horses with their caparisons, twenty-four suits of plate-armour, and diamonds and rubies to the amount of 1,000,000 dinars."

"Ho, slaves!" roared Don Beltran, "show the Jew my treasury of gold. How many hundred thousand pieces are there?" And ten enormous chests were produced in which the accountant counted 1,000 bags of 1,000 dirhems each, and displayed several caskets of jewels containing such a treasure of rubies, smaragds, diamonds, and jacinths, as made the eyes of the aged ambassador twinkle with avarice.

"How many horses are there in my stable?" continued Don Beltran; and Muley, the master of the horse, numbered three hundred fully caparisoned; and there was, likewise, armour of the richest sort for as many cavaliers, who followed the banner of this doughty captain.

"I want neither money nor armour," said the ferocious knight; "tell this to the Alfaqui, Jew. And I will keep the child, his daughter, to serve the messes for my dogs, and clean the platters for my scullions."

"Deprive not the old man of his child," here interposed the knight of Ivanhoe; "bethink thee, brave Don Beltran, she is but an infant in years."

"She is my captive, Sir Knight," replied the surly Don Beltran; "I will do with my own as becomes me."



"Take 200,000 dirhems!" cried the Jew; "more! — anything! The Alfaqui will give his life for his child!"

"Come hither, Zutulbe! — come hither, thou Moorish pearl!" yelled the ferocious warrior; "come closer, my pretty black-eyed houri of heathenness! Hast heard the name of Beltran de Espada y Trabuco?"

"There were three brothers of that name at Alarcos, and my brothers slew the Christian dogs!" said the proud young girl, looking boldly at Don Beltran, who foamed with rage.

"The Moors butchered my mother and her little ones at midnight, in our castle of Murcia," Beltran said.

"Thy father fled like a craven, as thou didst, Don Beltran!" cried the high-spirited girl.

"By Saint Jago, this is too much!" screamed the infuriated nobleman; and the next moment there was a shriek, and the maiden fell to the ground with Don Beltran's dagger in her side.

"Death is better than dishonour!" cried the child, rolling on the blood-stained marble pavement. "I — I spit upon thee, dog of a Christian!" and with this, and with a savage laugh, she fell back and died.

"Bear back this news, Jew, to the Alfaqui," howled the Don, spurning the beauteous corpse with his foot. "I would not have ransomed her for all the gold in Barbary!" And shuddering, the old Jew left the apartment, which Ivanhoe quitted likewise.

When they were in the outer court, the knight said to the Jew, "ISAAC OF YORK, dost thou not know me?" and threw back his hood, and looked at the old man.

The old Jew stared wildly, rushed forward, as if



to seize his hand, then started back, trembling convulsively, and clutching his withered hands over his face, said, with a burst of grief, "Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe! — no, no! — I do not know thee!"

"Holy mother! what has chanced?" said Ivanhoe, in his turn becoming ghastly pale; "where is thy daughter — where is Rebecca?"

"Away from me!" said the old Jew, tottering, "away! REBECCA IS — DEAD!"

\* \* \* \* \*

When the disinherited knight heard that fatal announcement, he fell to the ground senseless, and was for some days as one perfectly distraught with grief. He took no nourishment and uttered no word. For weeks he did not relapse out of his moody silence, and when he came partially to himself again, it was to bid his people to horse, in a hollow voice, and to make a foray against the Moors. Day after day he issued out against these infidels, and did nought but slay and slay. He took no plunder as other knights did, but left that to his followers; he uttered no war-cry, as was the manner of chivalry, and he gave no quarter, insomuch that the "silent knight" became the dread of all the Paynims of Granada and Andalusia, and more fell by his lance than by that of any the most clamorous captain of the troops in arms against them. Thus the tide of battle turned, and the Arab historian El Makary recounts how, at the great battle of Al Akab, called by the Spaniards Las Navas, the Christians retrieved their defeat at Alarcos, and absolutely killed half a million of Mahometans. Fifty thousand of these, of course, Don Wilfrid took to his



own lance; and it was remarked that the melancholy warrior seemed somewhat more easy in spirits after that famous feat of arms.

## CHAPTER VII.

The end of the performance.

IN a short time the redoubtable knight, Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, had killed off so many of the Moors, that though those unbelieving miscreants poured continual reinforcements into Spain from Barbary, they could make no head against the Christian forces, and in fact came into battle quite discouraged at the notion of meeting the dreadful silent knight. It was commonly believed amongst them, that the famous Malek Ric Richard of England, the conqueror of Saladin, had come to life again, and was battling in the Spanish hosts — that this his second life was a charmed one, and his body inaccessible to blow of scimeter or thrust of spear — that after battle he ate the hearts and drank the blood of many young Moors for his supper; a thousand wild legends were told of Ivanhoe, indeed, so that the Morisco warriors came half vanquished into the field, and fell an easy prey to the Spaniards, who cut away among them without mercy. And although none of the Spanish historians whom I have consulted make mention of Sir Wilfrid as the real author of the numerous triumphs which now graced the arms of the good cause; this is not in the least to be wondered at in a nation that has always been notorious for bragging, and for the non-payment of their debts of gratitude as of their other obligations, and that writes histories of the Peninsular war with the



Emperor Napoleon, without making the slightest mention of His Grace the Duke of Wellington, or of the part taken by BRITISH VALOUR in that transaction. Well, it must be confessed on the other hand that we brag enough of our fathers' feats in those campaigns, but this is not the subject at present under consideration.

To be brief, Ivanhoe made such short work with the unbelievers, that the Monarch of Aragon, King Don Jayme, saw himself speedily enabled to besiege the city of Valencia, the last stronghold which the Moors had in his dominions, and garrisoned by many thousands of those infidels under the command of their King Aboo Abdallah Mahommed, son of Yakooob Almansoor. The Arabian historian El Makary, gives a full account of the military precautions taken by Aboo Abdallah to defend his city, but as I do not wish to make a parade of my learning, or to write a costume novel, I shall pretermit any description of the city under its Moorish governors.

Besides the Turks who inhabited it, there dwelt within its walls, great store of those of the Hebrew nation, who were always protected by the Moors, during their unbelieving reign in Spain; and who were, as we very well know, the chief physicians, the chief bankers, the chief statesmen, the chief artists and musicians; the chief everything under the Moorish kings. Thus it is not surprising, that the Hebrews, having their money, their liberty, their teeth, their lives, secure under the Mahometan domination, should infinitely prefer it to the Christian sway, beneath which they were liable to be deprived of every one of these benefits.

Among these Hebrews of Valencia, lived a very



ancient Israelite, — no other than Isaac of York, before mentioned, who came into Spain with his daughter, soon after Ivanhoe's marriage, in the third volume of the first part of this history. Isaac was respected by his people, for the money which he possessed, and his daughter for her admirable good qualities, her beauty, her charities, and her remarkable medical skill.

The young Emir Aboo Abdallah, was so struck by her charms, that though she was considerably older than His Highness, he offered to marry her, and instal her as number 1 of his wives, — and Isaac of York would not have objected to the union, (for such mixed marriages were not uncommon between the Hebrews and Moors those days,) — but Rebecca firmly, but respectfully, declined the proposals of the Prince, saying, that it was impossible she should unite herself with a man of a creed different to her own.

Although Isaac was, probably, not over well pleased at losing this chance of being father-in-law to a Royal Highness, yet as he passed among his people for a very strict character, and there were in his family several Rabbis of great reputation and severity of conduct, the old gentleman was silenced by this objection of Rebecca's, and the young lady herself applauded by her relatives for her resolute behaviour. She took their congratulations in a very frigid manner, and said, that it was her wish not to marry at all, but to devote herself to the practice of medicine altogether, and to helping the sick and needy of her people. Indeed, although she did not go to any public meetings, she was as benevolent a creature as the world ever saw: the poor blessed her, wherever they knew her, and



many benefitted by her who guessed not whence her gentle bounty came.\*

But there are men in Jewry who admire beauty, and as I have even heard, appreciate money too, and Rebecca had such a quantity of both, that all the most desirable bachelors of the people were ready to bid for her. Ambassadors came from all quarters to propose for her. Her own uncle, the venerable Ben Solomons, with a beard as long as a Chasmere goat, and a reputation for learning and piety which still lives in his nation, quarrelled with his son Moses, the red-haired diamond merchant of Trebizond, and his son Simeon, the bald bill-broker of Bagdad, each putting in a claim for their cousin. Ben Minories came from London, and knelt at her feet: Ben Jochanan arrived from Paris, and thought to dazzle her with the latest waistcoats from the Palais Royal: and Ben Jonah brought her a present of Dutch herrings, and besought her to come back, and be Mrs. Ben Jonah at the Hague.

Rebecca temporised as best she might. She thought her uncle was too old. She besought dear Moses and dear Simeon not to quarrel with each other, and offend their father by pressing their suit. Ben Minories, from London, she said was too young, and Jochanan from Paris, she pointed out to Isaac of York, must be a spendthrift, or he would not wear those absurd waistcoats. As for Ben Jonah, she said she could not bear the notion of tobacco and Dutch herrings — she wished to stay with her papa, her dear papa. In fine, she invented a thousand excuses for delay, and it was plain

\* Though I am writing but a Christmas farce, I hope the kind-hearted reader will excuse me for saying that I am thinking of the beautiful life and death of Adelaide the Queen.



that marriage was odious to her. The only man whom she received with anything like favour, was young Bevis Marks, of London, with whom she was very familiar. But Bevis had come to her with a certain token that had been given to him by an English knight who saved him from a faggot to which the ferocious Hospitaller Folko of Heydenbraten was about to condemn him. It was but a ring, with an emerald in it, that Bevis knew to be sham, and not worth a groat. Rebecca knew about the value of jewels too; but, ah! she valued this one more than all the diamonds in Prester John's turban. She kissed it; she cried over it; she wore it in her bosom always; and when she knelt down at night and morning, she held it between her folded hands on her neck. . . . Young Bevis Marks went away finally no better off than the others; the rascal sold to the king of France a handsome ruby, the very size of the bit of glass in Rebecca's ring; but he always said, he would rather have had her, than ten thousand pounds, and very likely he would, for it was known she would at once have a plumb to her fortune.

These delays, however, could not continue for ever; and at a great family meeting held at Passover time, Rebecca was solemnly ordered to choose a husband out of the gentlemen there present; her aunts pointing out the great kindness which had been shown to her by her father, in permitting her to choose for herself. One aunt was of the Solomon faction, another aunt took Simeon's side, a third most venerable old lady, the head of the family, and a hundred and forty-four years of age, was ready to pronounce a curse upon her, and cast her out, unless she married before the month was over. All the jewelled heads of all the old ladies



in Council; all the beards of all the family wagged against her — it must have been an awful sight to witness.

At last, then, Rebecca was forced to speak. “Kinsmen!” she said, turning pale, “When the Prince Abou Abdil asked me in marriage, I told you I would not wed but with one of my own faith.”

“She has turned Turk,” screamed out the ladies. “She wants to be a Princess, and has turned Turk,” roared the Rabbis.

“Well, well,” said Isaac, in rather an appeased tone, “let us hear what the poor girl has got to say. Do you want to marry his Royal Highness, Rebecca, say the word, yes or no?”

Another groan burst from the Rabbis — they cried, shrieked, chattered, gesticulated, furious to lose such a prize, as were the women, that she should reign over them, a second Esther.

“Silence,” cried out Isaac, “let the girl speak — speak boldly, Rebecca, dear, there’s a good girl.”

Rebecca was as pale as a stone. She folded her arms on her breast, and felt the ring there. She looked round all the assembly, and then at Isaac. “Father,” she said, in a thrilling low steady voice, “I am not of your religion — I am not of the Prince Boabdil’s religion — I — I am of *his* religion.”

“His, whose? in the name of Moses, girl,” cried Isaac.

Rebecca clasped her hands on her beating chest, and looked round with dauntless eyes, — “Of his,” she said, “who saved my life and your honour, of my dear, dear champion’s, — I never can be his, but I will be no other’s. Give my money to my kinsmen; it is that they long for. Take the dross, Simeon and Solomon, Jonah and Jochanan, and divide it among



you, and leave me. I will never be yours, I tell you, never. Do you think, after knowing him and hearing him speak, — after watching him wounded on his pillow, and glorious in battle (her eyes melted and kindled again as she spoke these words), I can mate with such as *you*? Go. Leave me to myself. I am none of yours. I love him, I love him. Fate divides us — long, long miles separate us; and I know we may never meet again. But I love and bless him always. Yes, always. My prayers are his; my faith is his. Yes, my faith is your faith, Wilfrid, Wilfrid! I have no kindred more, — I am a Christian.” . . .

At this last word there was such a row in the assembly, as my feeble pen would in vain endeavour to depict. Old Isaac staggered back in a fit, and nobody took the least notice of him. Groans, curses, yells of men, shrieks of women, filled the room with such a furious jabbering, as might have appalled any heart less stout than Rebecca's; but that brave woman was prepared for all, expecting, and perhaps hoping, that death would be her instant lot. There was but one creature who pitied her, and that was her cousin and father's clerk, little Ben Davids, who was but thirteen, and had only just begun to carry a bag, and whose crying and boo-hooing, as she finished speaking, was drowned in the screams and maledictions of the elder Israelites. Ben Davids was madly in love with his cousin (as boys often are with ladies of twice their age), and he had presence of mind suddenly to knock over the large brazen lamp on the table, which illuminated the angry conclave, and whispering to Rebecca to go up to her own room and lock herself in, or they would kill her else, he took her hand and led her out.



From that day she disappeared from among her people. The poor and the wretched missed her, and asked for her in vain. Had any violence been done to her, the poorer Jews would have risen and put all Isaac's family to death; and besides, her old flame, Prince Boabdil, would have also been exceedingly wrathful. She was not killed then, but, so to speak, buried alive, and locked up in Isaac's back kitchen; an apartment into which scarcely any light entered, and where she was fed upon scanty portions of the most mouldy bread and water. Little Ben Davids was the only person who visited her, and her sole consolation was to talk to him about Ivanhoe, and how good and how gentle he was, how brave and how true; and how he slew the tremendous knight of the Templars, and how he married a lady whom Rebecca scarcely thought worthy of him, but with whom she prayed he might be happy; and of what colour his eyes were, and what were the arms on his shield, viz., a tree with the word "Desdichado" written underneath, &c, &c., &c.; all which talk would not have interested little Davids, had it come from any body else's mouth, but to which he never tired of listening as it fell from her sweet lips.

So, in fact, when old Isaac of York came to negotiate with Don Beltran de Cuchilla for the ransom of the Alfaqui's daughter of Xixona, our dearest Rebecca was no more dead than you and I; and it was in his rage and fury against Ivanhoe that Isaac told that Cavalier the falsehood which caused the knight so much pain and such a prodigious deal of bloodshed to the Moors; and who knows, trivial as it may seem,

— the brilliant revolving mirror of the realm of bliss.



whether it was not that very circumstance which caused the destruction in Spain of the Moorish power?

Although Isaac, we may be sure, never told his daughter that Ivanhoe had cast up again, yet Master Ben Davids did, who heard it from his employer; and he saved Rebecca's life by communicating the intelligence, for the poor thing would have infallibly perished but for this good news. She had now been in prison four years three months and twenty-four days, during which time she had partaken of nothing but bread and water (except such occasional tit-bits as Davids could bring her, and these were few indeed, for old Isaac was always a curmudgeon, and seldom had more than a pair of eggs for his own and Davids' dinner); and she was languishing away when the news came suddenly to revive her. Then, though in the darkness you could not see her cheeks, they began to bloom again: then her heart began to beat and her blood to flow, and she kissed the ring on her neck a thousand times a day at least; and her constant question was, "Ben Davids! Ben Davids! when is He coming to besiege Valencia?" She knew he would come, and, indeed, the Christians were encamped before the town ere a month was over.

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And now my dear boys and girls I think I perceive behind that dark scene of the back-kitchen (which is just a simple flat, painted stone-colour, that shifts in a minute,) bright streaks of light flashing out, as though they were preparing a most brilliant, gorgeous, and altogether dazzling illumination, with effects never before attempted on any stage. Yes, the fairy in the pretty pink tights and spangled muslin, is getting into the brilliant revolving chariot of the realms of bliss. —



Yes, most of the fiddlers and trumpeters have gone round from the orchestra to join in the grand triumphal procession, where the whole strength of the company is already assembled, arrayed in costumes of Moorish and Christian chivalry, to celebrate the "Terrible Escalade," the "Rescue of Virtuous Innocence" — the "Grand Entry of the Christians into Valencia" — "Appearance of the Fairy Day-Star," and "unexampled displays of pyrotechnic festivity." Do you not, I say, perceive that we are come to the end of our history; and, after a quantity of rapid and terrific fighting, brilliant change of scenery, and songs, appropriate or otherwise, are bringing our hero and heroine together? Who wants a long scene at the last? Mammas are putting the girls' cloaks and boas on — Papas have gone out to look for the carriage, and left the box-door swinging open, and letting in the cold air — if there *were* any stage-conversation, you could not hear it, for the scuffling of the people who are leaving the pit. See, the orange-women are preparing to retire. To-morrow their play-bills will be as so much waste-paper — so will some of our master-pieces, woe is me — but lo! here we come to Scene the last, and Valencia is besieged and captured by the Christians.

Who is the first on the wall, and who hurls down the green standard of the Prophet? Who chops off the head of the Emir Abou Whatdyecallem just as the latter has cut over the cruel Don Beltran de Cuchilla y &c.? Who, attracted to the Jewish quarter by the shrieks of the inhabitants who are being slain by the Moorish soldiery, and by a little boy by the name of Ben Davids, who recognises the knight by his shield,



finds Isaac of York *égorgé* on a threshold, and clasping a large back-kitchen key? Who but Ivanhoe — who but Wilfrid? “An Ivanhoe to the rescue,” he bellows out: he has heard that news from little Ben Davids that makes him sing. And who is it that comes out of the house — trembling — panting — with her arms out — in a white dress — with her hair down — who is it but dear Rebecca! Look, they rush together, and master Wamba is waving an immense banner over them, and knocks down a circumambient Jew with a ham, which he happens to have in his pocket. . . . As for Rebecca, now her head is laid upon Ivanhoe’s heart: I shall not ask to hear what she is whispering; or describe further that scene of meeting, though I declare I am quite affected when I think of it. Indeed I have thought of it any time these five-and-twenty years — ever since, as a boy at school, I commenced the noble study of novels — ever since the day when, lying on sunny slopes of half-holidays, the fair chivalrous figures and beautiful shapes of knights and ladies were visible to me — ever since I grew to love Rebecca, that sweetest creature of the poet’s fancy, and longed to see her righted.

That she and Ivanhoe were married follows of course; for Rowena’s promise extorted from him was, that he would never wed a Jewess, and a better Christian than Rebecca now was never said her Catechism. Married I am sure they were, and adopted little Cedric; but I don’t think they had any other children, or were subsequently very boisterously happy. Of some sort of happiness melancholy is a characteristic, and I think these were a solemn pair, and died rather early.

THE END.



THE  
SECOND FUNERAL OF NAPOLEON.







MR. TITMARSH TO MISS SMITH  
ON  
THE SECOND FUNERAL OF NAPOLEON.

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LETTER I.

The disinterment of Napoleon at St. Helena.

Paris, December 16, 1840.

MY DEAR AMELIA, — It is no easy task in this world to distinguish between what is great in it, and what is mean; and many and many is the puzzle that I have had in reading history, (or the works of fiction which go by that name), to know whether I should laud up to the skies, and endeavour, to the best of my small capabilities, to imitate the remarkable character about whom I was reading, or whether I should fling aside the book and the hero of it, as things altogether base, unworthy, laughable, and get a novel, or a game of billiards, or a pipe of tobacco, or the report of the last debate in the House, or any other employment which would leave the mind in a state of easy vacuity, rather than pester it with a vain set of dates relating to actions which are in themselves not worth a fig, or with a parcel of names of people whom it can do one no earthly good to remember.

It is more than probable, my love, that you are acquainted with what is called Grecian and Roman



history, chiefly from perusing, in very early youth, the little sheep-skin bound volumes of the ingenious Dr. Goldsmith, and have been indebted for your knowledge of our English annals to a subsequent study of the more voluminous work of Hume and Smollett. The first and the last named authors, dear Miss Smith, have written each an admirable history, that of the Rev. Dr. Primrose, vicar of Wakefield, and that of Mr. Robert Bramble, of Bramble Hall, in both of which works you will find true and instructive pictures of human life, and which you may always think over with advantage. But let me caution you against putting any considerable trust in the other works of these authors, which were placed in your hands at school and afterwards, and in which you were taught to believe. Madam, historians for the most part know very little; and secondly, only tell a little of what they know.

As for those Greeks and Romans whom you have read of in sheep-skin, were you to know really what those monsters were, you would blush all over as red as a hollyhock, and put down the history book in a fury. Many of our English worthies are no better. You are not in a situation to know the real characters of any one of them. They appear before you in their public capacities, but the individuals you know not. Suppose, for instance, your mamma had purchased her tea in the borough, from a grocer living there by the name of Greenacre; suppose you had been asked out to dinner, and the gentleman of the house had said, "Ho! François, a glass of champagne for Miss Smith;" Courvoisier would have served you just as any other footman would; you would never have known that



there was anything extraordinary in these individuals, but would have thought of them only in their respective public characters of grocer and footman. This, Madam, is history, in which a man always appears dealing with the world in his apron, or his laced livery, but which has not the power, or the leisure, or perhaps is too high and mighty to condescend to follow and study him in his privacy. Ah, my dear, when big and little men come to be measured rightly, and great and small actions to be weighed properly, and people to be stripped of their royal robes, beggars' rags, generals' uniforms, seedy out-at-elbowed coats, and the like, or the contrary — nay, when souls come to be stripped of their wicked deceiving bodies, and turned out stark naked as they were before they were born, what a strange startling sight shall we see, and what a pretty figure shall some of us cut! Fancy how we shall see Pride with his Stultz clothes and padding pulled off, and dwindled down to a forked radish. Fancy some angelic virtue, whose white raiment is suddenly whisked over his head, showing us cloven feet and a tail. Fancy humility eased of its sad load of cares, and want, and scorn, walking up to the very highest place of all, and blushing as he takes it. Fancy — but we must not fancy such a scene at all, which would be an outrage on public decency. Should we be any better than our neighbours? No, certainly; and as we can't be virtuous, let us be decent. Fig leaves are a very decent becoming wear, and have been now in fashion for four thousand years. And so, my dear, history is written on fig leaves: would you have anything further? O fie!

Yes, four thousand years ago that famous tree was



planted. At their very first lie, our first parents made for it, and there it is still, the great HUMBUG-PLANT, stretching its wide arms, and sheltering beneath its leaves, as broad and green as ever, all the generations of men. Thus, my dear, coquettes of your fascinating sex cover their persons with figgery, fantastically arranged, and call their masquerading, modesty. Cowards fig themselves out fiercely as "salvage men," and make us believe that they are warriors; fools look very solemnly out from the dusk of the leaves, and we fancy in the gloom that they are sages; and many a man sets a great wreath about his pate, and struts abroad a hero, whose claims we would all of us laugh at, could we but remove the ornament, and see his numskull bare.

And such (excuse my sermonizing), such is the constitution of mankind, that men have, as it were, entered into a compact among themselves to pursue the fig-leaf system *à l'outrance*, and to cry down all who oppose it. Humbug they will have; humbugs themselves, they will respect humbugs; their daily victuals of life must be seasoned with humbug. Certain things are there in the world that they will not allow to be called by their right names, and will insist upon our admiring whether we will or no. Woe be to the man who would enter too far into the recesses of that magnificent temple where our goddess is enshrined, peep through the vast embroidered curtains indiscreetly, penetrate the secret of secrets, and expose the gammon of gammons! And as you must not peer too curiously within, so neither must you remain scornfully without. Humbug worshippers, let us come into our great temple regularly and decently, take our seats



and settle our clothes decently, open our books and go through the service with decent gravity, listen and be decently affected by the expositions of the decent priest of the place; and if by chance some straggling vagabond, loitering in the sunshine, out of doors, dares to laugh or to sing, and disturb the sanctified dulness of the faithful, quick! a couple of big beadles rush out and belabour the wretch, and his yells make our devotions more comfortable.

Some magnificent religious ceremonies of this nature are at present taking place in France, and thinking that you might, perhaps, while away some long winter's evening with an account of them, I have compiled the following pages for your use. Newspapers have been filled for some days past with details regarding the Saint Helena expedition; many pamphlets have been published; men go about crying little books and broad-sheets filled with real and sham particulars, and from these scarce and valuable documents the following pages are chiefly compiled.

We must begin at the beginning, premising, in the first place, that Monsieur Guizot, when French ambassador at London, waited upon Lord Palmerston with a request that the body of the Emperor Napoleon should be given up to the French nation, in order that it might find a final resting place in French earth. To this demand the English government gave a ready assent, nor was there any particular explosion of sentiment upon either side, only some pretty cordial expressions of mutual good will. Orders were sent out to St. Helena that the corpse should be disinterred in due time when the French expedition had arrived in search of it, and that every respect and attention should



be paid to those who came to carry back to their country the body of the famous dead warrior and sovereign.

This matter being arranged in very few words (as in England, upon most points, is the laudable fashion,) the French Chambers began to debate about the place in which they should bury the body when they got it, and numberless pamphlets and newspapers out of doors joined in the talk. Some people there were who had fought and conquered and been beaten with the great Napoleon, and loved him and his memory; many more were there who, because of his great genius and valour, felt excessively proud in their own particular persons, and clamoured for the return of their hero; and if there were some few individuals in this great, hot-headed, gallant, boasting, sublime, absurd French nation who had taken a cool view of the dead emperor's character — if perhaps such men as Louis Philippe, and Monsieur A. Thiers, minister and deputy, and Monsieur François Guizot, deputy and excellency, had from interest or conviction opinions at all differing from those of the majority, why they knew what was what, and kept their opinions to themselves, coming with a tolerably good grace, and flinging a few handfuls of incense upon the altar of the popular idol.

In the succeeding debates, then, various opinions were given with regard to the place to be selected for the emperor's sepulchre. "Some demanded," says an eloquent anonymous captain in the navy, who has written an "Itinerary from Toulon to St. Helena," "that the coffin should be deposited under the bronze taken from the enemy by the French army — under the column of the Place Vendôme. The idea was a



fine one. This is the most glorious monument that was ever raised in a conqueror's honour. This column has been melted out of foreign cannon. These same cannons have furrowed the bosoms of our braves with noble cicatrices; and this metal, conquered by the soldier first, by the artist afterwards, has allowed to be imprinted on its front, its own defeat and our glory. Napoleon might sleep in peace under this audacious trophy. But would his ashes find a shelter sufficiently vast beneath this pedestal? And his puissant statue, dominating Paris, beams with sufficient grandeur on this place. Whereas the wheels of carriages, and the feet of passengers, would profane the funereal sanctity of the spot, in trampling on the soil so near his head."

You must not take this description, dearest Amelia, "at the foot of the letter," as the French phrase it, but you will here have a masterly exposition of the arguments for and against the burial of the emperor under the column of the Place Vendôme. The idea was a fine one; granted; but, like all other ideas, it was open to objections. You must not fancy that the cannon, or rather the cannon-balls, were in the habit of furrowing the bosoms of French braves, or any other braves, with cicatrices; on the contrary, it is a known fact that cannon-balls make wounds and not cicatrices, (which, my dear, are wounds partially healed.) Nay, that a man generally dies after receiving one such projectile on his chest, much more after having his bosom furrowed by a score of them. No, my love, no bosom, however heroic, can stand such applications; and the author only means that the French soldiers faced the cannon, and took them. Nor, my



love, must you suppose that the column was melted; it was the cannon that was melted, not the column; but such phrases are often used by orators when they wish to give a particular force and emphasis to their opinion.

Well, again, although Napoleon might have slept in peace under this audacious trophy, how could he do so, and carriages go rattling by all night, and people with great iron-heels to their boots pass clattering over the stones? Nor, indeed, could it be expected that a man whose reputation stretches from the Pyramids to the Kremlin should find a column, of which the base is only five-and-twenty feet square, a shelter vast enough for his bones. In a word, then, although the proposal to bury Napoleon under the column was ingenious, it was found not to suit; whereupon somebody else proposed the Madelaine.

"It was proposed," says the before-quoted author, with his usual felicity, "to consecrate the Madelaine to his exiled manes;" that is, to his bones when they were not in exile any longer. "He ought to have," it was said, "a temple entire. His glory fills the world. His bones could not contain themselves in the coffin of a man, in the tomb of a king!" In this case, what was Mary Magdalen to do? This proposition, I am happy to say, was rejected, and a new one, that of the President of the Council, adopted. "Napoleon and his braves ought not to quit each other. Under the immense gilded dome of the Invalids he would find a sanctuary worthy of himself. A dome imitates the vault of heaven, and that vault alone (meaning, of course, the other vault) should dominate above his head. His old mutilated guard shall watch around him: the last veteran, as he



has shed his blood in his combats, shall breathe his last sigh near his tomb. And all these tombs shall sleep under the tattered standards that have been won from all the nations of Europe."

The original words are, "sous les lambeaux criblés des drapeaux cueillis chez toutes les nations;" in English, under the riddled rags of the flags that have been culled or plucked (like roses or buttercups) in all the nations. Sweet innocent flowers of victory! There they are, my dear, sure enough, and a pretty considerable *hortus siccus* may any man examine who chooses to walk to the Invalids.

The burial-place being thus agreed on, the expedition was prepared, and on the 7th of July, the Belle Poule frigate, in company with La Favorite corvette, quitted Toulon harbour. A couple of steamers, the Trident and the Ocean, escorted the ships as far as Gibraltar, and then left them to pursue their voyage.

The two ships quitted the harbour in the sight of a vast concourse of people, and in the midst of a great roaring of cannon. Previous to the departure of the Belle Poule, the Bishop of Fréjus went on board, and gave to the cenotaph in which the emperor's remains were to be deposited his episcopal benediction. Napoleon's old friends and followers, the two Bertrands, Gourgaud, Emanuel Las Cases ("companions in exile, or sons of the companions in exile, of the prisoner of the *infame* Hudson," says a French writer,) were passengers on board the frigate. Marchand, Denis, Pierret, Novaret, his old and faithful servants, were likewise in the vessel. It was commanded by his Royal Highness Francis Ferdinand Philip Louis Marie D'Orleans, Prince de Joinville, a young prince two-and-twenty



years of age, who has already distinguished himself in the service of his country and king.

On the 8th of October, after a voyage of six and sixty days, the *Belle Poule* arrived in James Town harbour, and on its arrival, as on its departure from France, a great firing of guns took place. First, the *Oreste*, French brig of war, began roaring out a salutation to the frigate; then the *Dolphin*, English schooner, gave her one and twenty guns; then the frigate returned the compliment of the *Dolphin* schooner; then she blazed out with one and twenty guns more, as a mark of particular politeness to the shore, which kindness the forts acknowledged by similar detonations.

These little compliments concluded on both sides, Lieutenant Middlemore, son and aide-de-camp of the governor of Saint Helena, came on board the French frigate, and brought his father's best respects to his royal highness. The governor was at home ill, and forced to keep his room; but he had made his house at James Town ready for Captain Joinville and his suite, and begged that they would make use of it during their stay.

On the 9th, H. R. H. the Prince of Joinville put on his full uniform, and landed, in company with Generals Bertrand and Gourgaud, Messrs. Las Cases and Marchand, M. Coquereau, the chaplain of the expedition, and M. de Rohan Chabot who acted as chief mourner. All the garrison was under arms to receive the illustrious prince and the other members of the expedition, who forthwith repaired to Plantation House, and had a conference with the governor regarding their mission.

On the 10th, 11th, and 12th these conferences con-



tinued: the crews of the French ships were permitted to come on shore and see the tomb of Napoleon. Bertrand, Gourgaud, Las Cases, wandered about the island and revisited the spots to which they had been partial in the lifetime of the Emperor.

The 15th of October was fixed on for the day of the exhumation: that day five-and-twenty years the Emperor Napoleon first set his foot upon the island.

On the day previous all things had been made ready, the grand coffins and ornaments brought from France, and the articles necessary for the operation were carried to the valley of the tomb.

The operations commenced at midnight; the well known friends of Napoleon before named, and some other attendants of his, the chaplain and his acolytes, the doctor of the Belle Poule, the captains of the French ships, and Captain Alexander, of the engineers, the English Commissioner, attended the disinterment. His Royal Highness Prince de Joinville could not be present, because the workmen were under English command.

The men worked for nine hours incessantly, when at length the earth was entirely removed from the vault, all the horizontal strata of masonry demolished, and the large slab which covered the place where the stone sarcophagus lay, removed by a crane. This outer coffin of stone was perfect, and could scarcely be said to be damp.

“As soon as the Abbé Coquereau had recited the prayers, the coffin was removed with the greatest care, and carried by the engineer-soldiers, bareheaded, into a tent that had been prepared for the purpose. After the religious ceremonies, the inner coffins were opened;



the outermost coffin was slightly injured; then came one of lead, which was in good condition, and enclosed two others, one of tin, and one of wood; — the last coffin was lined inside with white satin, which, having become detached by the effect of time, had fallen upon the body and enveloped it like a winding-sheet, and had become slightly attached to it.

“It is difficult to describe with what anxiety and emotion those who were present waited for the moment which was to expose to them all that death had left of Napoleon. Notwithstanding the singular state of preservation of the tomb and coffins, we could scarcely hope to find anything but some misshapen remains of the least perishable part of the costume to evidence the identity of the body. But when Dr. Guillard raised the sheet of satin, an indescribable feeling of surprise and affection was expressed by the spectators, many of whom burst into tears. The Emperor was himself before their eyes! — the features of the face, though changed, were perfectly recognised — the hands extremely beautiful — his well-known costume had suffered but little, and the colours were easily distinguished. The attitude itself was full of ease; and but for the fragments of the satin lining which covered as with a fine gauze several parts of the uniform, we might have believed we still saw Napoleon before us, lying on his bed of state. General Bertrand and M. Marchand, who were both present at the interment, quickly pointed out the different articles which each had deposited in the coffin, and which had remained in the precise position in which they had previously described them to be.”

“The two inner coffins were carefully closed again;



the old leaden coffin was strongly blocked up with wedges of wood, and both were once more soldered up with the most minute precautions, under the direction of Dr. Guillard. These different operations being terminated, the ebony sarcophagus was closed as well as its oak case. On delivering the key of the ebony sarcophagus to Count de Chabot, the king's commissioner, Captain Alexander declared to him, in the name of the governor, that this coffin, containing the mortal remains of the Emperor Napoleon, was considered as at the disposal of the French government, from that day and from the moment at which it should arrive at the place of embarkation, towards which it was about to be sent under the orders of General Middlemore. The king's commissioner replied, that he was charged by his government, and in its name, to accept the coffin from the hands of the British authorities, and that he and the other persons composing the French mission were ready to follow it to James Town, where the Prince de Joinville, superior commandant of the expedition, would be ready to receive it and conduct it on board his frigate. A car drawn by four horses, decked with funeral emblems, had been prepared before the arrival of the expedition, to receive the coffin, as well as a pall, and all the other suitable trappings of mourning. When the sarcophagus was placed on the car, the whole was covered with a magnificent imperial mantle brought from Paris, the four corners of which were borne by Generals Bertrand and Gourgaud, Baron Las Cases and M. Marchand. At half-past three o'clock, the funeral car began to move, preceded by a chorister bearing the cross, and by the Abbé Coquereau. M. de Chabot acted as chief



mourner. All the authorities of the island, all the principal inhabitants, and the whole of the garrison, followed in procession from the tomb to the quay. But with the exception of the artillerymen necessary to lead the horses, and occasionally support the car when descending some steep parts of the way, the places nearest the coffin were reserved for the French mission. General Middlemore, although in a weak state of health, persisted in following the whole way on foot, together with General Churchill, chief of the staff in India, who had arrived only two days before from Bombay. The immense weight of the coffins, and the unevenness of the road, rendered the utmost carefulness necessary throughout the whole distance. Colonel Trelawney commanded in person the small detachment of artillerymen who conducted the car, and, thanks to his great care, not the slightest accident took place. From the moment of departure to the arrival at the quay, the cannons of the forts and the Belle Poule fired minute guns. After an hour's march the rain ceased for the first time since the commencement of the operations, and on arriving in sight of the town, we found a brilliant sky and beautiful weather. From the morning the three French vessels of war had assumed the usual signs of deep mourning, their yards crossed and their flags lowered. Two French merchantmen, *Bonne Amie* and *Indien*, which had been in the roads for two days, had put themselves under the prince's orders, and followed during the ceremony all the manœuvres of the Belle Poule. The forts of the town and the houses of the consuls had also their flags half-mast high.

“On arriving at the entrance of the town, the



troops of the garrison and the militia formed in two lines as far as the extremity of the quay. According to the order for mourning prescribed for the English army, the men had their arms reversed, and the officers had crape on their arms with their swords reversed. All the inhabitants had been kept away from the line of march, but they lined the terraces commanding the town, and the streets were occupied only by the troops, the 91st regiment being on the right and the militia on the left. The cortège advanced slowly between two ranks of soldiers to the sound of a funeral march, while the cannons of the forts were fired, as well as from the Belle Poule and the Dolphin, the echoes being repeated a thousand times by the rocks above James Town. After two hours' march the cortège stopped at the end of the quay, where the Prince de Joinville had stationed himself at the head of the officers of the three French ships of war. The greatest official honours had been rendered by the English authorities to the memory of the Emperor — the most striking testimonials of respect had marked the adieu given by St. Helena to his coffin; and from this moment the mortal remains of the Emperor were about to belong to France. When the funeral-car stopped, the Prince de Joinville advanced alone, and in presence of all around, who stood with their heads uncovered, received in a solemn manner the imperial coffin from the hands of General Middlemore. His royal highness then thanked the governor in the name of France, for all the testimonials of sympathy and respect with which the authorities and inhabitants of St. Helena had surrounded the memorable ceremonial. A cutter had been expressly prepared to receive the coffin. During



the embarkation, which the prince directed himself, the bands played funeral airs, and all the boats were stationed round with their oars shipped. The moment the sarcophagus touched the cutter, a magnificent royal flag, which the ladies of James Town had embroidered for the occasion, was unfurled, and the Belle Poule immediately squared her masts and unfurled her colours. All the manœuvres of the frigate were immediately followed by the other vessels. Our mourning had ceased with the exile of Napoleon, and the French naval division dressed itself out in all its festal ornaments to receive the imperial coffin under the French flag. The sarcophagus was covered in the cutter with the imperial mantle. The Prince de Joinville placed himself at the rudder, Commandant Guyet at the head of the boat; Generals Bertrand and Gourgaud, Baron de Las Cases, M. Marchand, and the Abbé Coquereau, occupied the same places as during the march. Count Chabot and Commandant Hernoux were astern, a little in advance of the prince. As soon as the cutter had pushed off from the quay, the batteries ashore fired a salute of twenty-one guns, and our ships returned the salute with all their artillery. Two other salutes were fired during the passage from the quay to the frigate, the cutter advancing very slowly, and surrounded by the other boats. At half-past six o'clock it reached the Belle Poule, all the men being on the yards with their hats in their hands. The prince had had arranged on the deck a chapel, decked with flags and trophies of arms, the altar being placed at the foot of the mizen-mast. The coffin, carried by our sailors, passed between two ranks of officers with drawn swords, and was placed on the quarter-deck. The



absolution was pronounced by the Abbé Coquereau the same evening. Next day, at ten o'clock, a solemn mass was celebrated on the deck, in presence of the officers and part of the crews of the ships. His royal highness stood at the foot of the coffin. The cannon of the Favorite and Oreste fired minute-guns during this ceremony, which terminated by a solemn absolution; and the Prince de Joinville, the gentlemen of the mission, the officers, and the premiers maîtres of the ship, sprinkled holy water on the coffin. At eleven all the ceremonies of the church were accomplished, all the honours done to a sovereign had been paid to the mortal remains of Napoleon. The coffin was carefully lowered between decks, and placed in the *chapelle ardente* which had been prepared at Toulon for its reception. At this moment the vessels fired a last salute with all their artillery; and the frigate took in her flags, keeping up only her flag at the stern and the royal standard at the main-top-gallant mast. On Sunday, the 18th, at eight in the morning, the Belle Poule quitted St. Helena with her precious deposit on board.

“During the whole time that the mission remained at James Town, the best understanding never ceased to exist between the population of the island and the French. The Prince de Joinville and his companions met in all quarters and at all times with the greatest good-will and the warmest testimonials of sympathy. The authorities and the inhabitants must have felt, no doubt, great regret at seeing taken away from their island the coffin that had rendered it so celebrated; but they repressed their feelings with a courtesy that does honour to the frankness of their character.”



## LETTER II.

The voyage from St. Helena to Paris.

ON the 18th of October, the French frigate quitted the island, with its precious burden on board.

His royal highness the Captain acknowledged cordially the kindness and attention which he and his crew had received from the English authorities and the inhabitants of the Island of St. Helena; nay, promised a pension to an old soldier who had been for many years the guardian of the imperial tomb, and went so far as to take into consideration the petition of a certain lodging-house keeper, who prayed for a compensation for the loss which the removal of the Emperor's body would occasion to her. And although it was not to be expected that the great French nation should forego its natural desire of recovering the remains of a hero so fully dear to it for the sake of the individual interest of the landlady in question, it must have been satisfactory to her to find that the peculiarity of her position was so delicately appreciated by the august prince who commanded the expedition, and carried away with him, *animæ dimidium suæ*, the half of the genteel independence which she derived from the situation of her hotel.

In a word, politeness and friendship could not be carried further, — the prince's nation and the landlady's were bound together by the closest ties of amity. M. Thiers was minister of France, the great patron of the English alliance at London; M. Guizot was the



worthy representative of the French goodwill towards the British people: and the remark frequently made by our orators at public dinners, that "France and England, while united, might defy the world," was considered as likely to hold good for many years to come; — the union that is; as for defying the world, that was neither here nor there, nor did English politicians ever dream of doing any such thing, except, perhaps, at the tenth glass of port at Freemasons' Tavern.

Little, however, did Mrs. Corbett, the St. Helena landlady, — little did His Royal Highness Prince Ferdinand Philip Mary de Joinville know what was going on in Europe all this time, (when I say in Europe, I mean in Turkey, Syria, and Egypt,) — how clouds, in fact, were gathering upon what you call the political horizon, — and how tempests were rising that were to blow to pieces our Anglo-Gallic temple of friendship. O! but it is sad to think that a single wicked old Turk should be the means of setting our two Christian nations by the ears!

Yes, my love, this disreputable old man has been for some time past the object of the disinterested attention of the great sovereigns of Europe. The Emperor Nicholas, (a moral character, though following the Greek superstition, and adored for his mildness and benevolence of disposition,) the Emperor Ferdinand, the King of Prussia, and our own Gracious Queen, had taken such just offence at his conduct and disobedience towards a young and interesting sovereign, — whose authority he had disregarded, whose fleet he had kidnapped, whose fair provinces he had pounced upon, — that they determined to come to the aid of



Abdul Medjid the First, Emperor of the Turks, and bring his rebellious vassal to reason. In this project the French nation was invited to join, but they refused the invitation, saying that it was necessary for the maintenance of the balance of power in Europe, that His Highness Mehemet Ali should keep possession of what, by hook or by crook, he had gotten, and that they would have no hand in injuring him. But why continue this argument, which you have read in the newspapers for many months past? You, my dear, must know as well as I, that the balance of power in Europe could not possibly be maintained in any such way; and though, to be sure, for the last fifteen years, the progress of the old robber has not made much difference to us in the neighbourhood of Russell Square, and the battle of Nezib did not in the least affect our taxes, our homes, our institutions, or the price of butcher's-meat, yet there is no knowing what *might* have happened, had Mehemet Ali been allowed to remain quietly as he was; and the balance of power in Europe might have been — the deuce knows where.

Here, then, in a nutshell, you have the whole matter in dispute. While Mrs. Corbett and the Prince de Joinville were innocently interchanging compliments at Saint Helena, bang, bang! Commodore Napier was pouring broadsides into Tyre and Sidon, — our gallant navy was storming breaches, and routing armies, — Colonel Hodges had seized upon the green standard of Ibrahim Pacha, and the powder-magazine of Saint John of Acre was blown up sky-high, with eighteen hundred Egyptian soldiers in company with it. The French said that *l'or Anglais* had achieved all these



successes, and no doubt believed that the poor fellows at Acre were bribed to a man.

It must have been particularly unpleasant to a high-minded nation like the French — at the very moment when the Egyptian affair and the balance of Europe had been settled in this abrupt way — to find out, all of a sudden, that the Pacha of Egypt was their dearest friend and ally. They had suffered in the person of their friend; and though, seeing that the dispute was ended and the territory out of his hand, they could not hope to get it back for him, or to aid him in any substantial way, yet Monsieur Thiers determined, just as a mark of politeness to the Pacha, to fight all Europe for maltreating him — all Europe, England included. He was bent on war, and an immense majority of the nation went with him. He called for a million of soldiers, and would have had them too, had not the king been against the project, and delayed the completion of it, at least for a time.

Of these great European disputes, Captain Joinville received a notification while he was at sea on board his frigate, as we find by the official account which has been published of his mission.

“Some days after quitting St. Helena,” says that document, “the expedition fell in with a ship coming from Europe; and was thus made acquainted with the warlike rumours then afloat, by which a collision with the English marine was rendered possible. The Prince de Joinville immediately assembled the officers of the *Belle Poule* to deliberate on an event so unexpected and important.

“The council of war having expressed its opinion that it was necessary, at all events, to prepare for an



energetic defence, preparations were made to place in battery all the guns that the frigate could bring to bear against the enemy. The provisional cabins that had been fitted up in the battery were demolished, the partitions removed, and, with all the elegant furniture of the cabins, flung into the sea. The Prince de Joinville was the first 'to execute himself,' and the frigate soon found itself armed with six or eight more guns.

"That part of the ship where these cabins had previously been went by the name of Lacedæmon, everything luxurious being banished to make way for what was useful.

"Indeed, all persons who were on board agree in saying that Monseigneur the Prince de Joinville most worthily acquitted himself of the great and honourable mission which had been confided to him. All affirm, not only that the commandant of the expedition did everything at St. Helena which, as a Frenchman, he was bound to do, in order that the remains of the Emperor should receive all the honours due to them, but moreover that he accomplished his mission with all the measured solemnity, all the pious and severe dignity that the son of the Emperor himself would have shown upon a like occasion. The commandant had also comprehended that the remains of the Emperor must never fall into the hands of the stranger; and being himself decided rather to sink his ship than to give up his precious deposit, he had inspired every one about him with the same energetic resolution that he had himself taken '*against an extreme eventuality.*'"

Monseigneur, my dear, is really one of the finest young fellows it is possible to see. A tall, broad-



chested, slim-waisted, brown-faced, dark-eyed young prince, with a great beard, (and other martial qualities, no doubt,) beyond his years. As he strode into the Chapel of the Invalides on Tuesday, at the head of his men, he made no small impression, I can tell you, upon the ladies assembled to witness the ceremony. Nor are the crew of the Belle Poule less agreeable to look at than their commander. A more clean, smart, active, well-limbed set of lads never "did dance" upon the deck of the famed Belle Poule in the days of her memorable combat with the saucy Arethusa. "These five hundred sailors," says a French newspaper, speaking of them in the proper French way, "sword in hand, in the severe costume of board-ship (*la severe tenue du bord*) seemed proud of the mission that they had just accomplished. Their blue jackets, their red cravats, the turned-down collars and blue shirts edged with white, *above all* their resolute appearance and martial air, gave a favourable specimen of the present state of our marine — a marine of which so much might be expected, and from which so little has been required." (*Le Commerce*, 16 Dec.)

There they were sure enough, a cutlass upon one hip, a pistol on the other — a gallant set of young men, indeed. I doubt, to be sure, whether the *severe tenue du bord* requires that the seaman should be always furnished with these ferocious weapons, which would be somewhat in his way in sundry maritime manœuvres — such as going to sleep in your hammock, for instance, or twinkling a binnacle, or luffing a marlinspike, or keel-hauling a main-top-gallant, (all naval operations, my dear, which any seafaring novelist will explain to you). I doubt, I say, whether these weapons



are *always* worn by sailors; and have heard that they are commonly, and very sensibly too, locked up until they are wanted. Take another example: suppose artillerymen were incessantly compelled to walk about with a pyramid of twenty-four pound shot in one pocket, and a lighted fuse and a few barrels of gunpowder in the other, these objects would, as you may imagine, greatly inconvenience the artilleryman in his peaceful state.

The newspaper writer is therefore most likely mistaken in saying that the seamen were in the *sevère tenue du bord*, or by “bord” means “abordage,” which operation they were not — in a harmless church hung round with velvet and wax<sup>c</sup> candles, and filled with ladies — surely called upon to perform. Nor, indeed, can it be reasonably supposed that the picked men of the crack frigate of the French navy are “a good specimen” of the rest of the French marine, any more than a cuirassed colossus at the gate of the Horse Guards can be considered a fair sample of the British soldiers of the line. The sword and pistol, however, had no doubt the effect, — the former was in its sheath, the latter not loaded; and I hear that the French ladies are quite in raptures with these charming *loups de mer*.

Let the warlike accoutrements then pass; it was necessary, perhaps, to strike the Parisians with awe, and therefore the crew was armed in this fierce fashion; but why should the captain begin to swagger as well as his men? and why did the Prince de Joinville lug out sword and pistol so early? or why, if he thought fit to make preparations, should the official journals



brag of these afterwards as proofs of his extraordinary courage?

Here is the case. The English government makes him a present of the bones of Napoleon; English workmen work for nine hours without ceasing, and dig the coffin out of the ground; the English commissioner hands over the key of the box to the French representative, Monsieur Chabot; English horses carry the funeral car down to the sea-shore, accompanied by the English governor, who has actually left his bed to walk in the procession and to do the French nation honour.

After receiving and acknowledging these politenesses, the French captain takes his charge on board; and the first thing we afterwards hear of him is the determination "*qu'il a su faire passer*" into all his crew to sink rather than yield up the body of the Emperor *aux mains de l'étranger* — into the hands of the foreigner. My dear Monseigneur, is not this *par trop fort*? Suppose "the foreigner" had wanted the coffin, could he not have kept it? Why show this uncalled-for valour, this extraordinary alacrity at sinking? Sink or blow yourself up as much as you please, but your royal highness must see that the genteel thing would have been to wait until you were asked to do so, before you offended good-natured, honest people, who, Heaven help them, have never shown themselves at all murderously inclined towards you. A man knocks up his cabins forsooth, throws his tables and chairs overboard, runs guns into the port-holes, and calls *le quartier du bord où existaient ces chambres*, Lacedæmon. Lacedæmon! — There is a province, O Prince, in your royal father's dominions — a fruitful parent of heroes in its



time — which would have given a much better nickname to your *quartier du bord*; you should have called it Gascony!

“Sooner than strike we ’ll all ex-pi-er  
On board of the Bell-e Pou-le.”

Such fanfaronading is very well on the part of Tom Dibdin, but a person of your royal highness’s “pious and severe dignity” should have been above it. If you entertained an idea that war was imminent, would it not have been far better to have made your preparations in quiet; and when you found the war-rumour blown over, to have said nothing about what you intended to do? Fie upon such cheap Lacedæmonianism! There is no poltroon in the world but can brag about what he *would* have done. However, to do your royal highness’s nation justice, they brag and fight too.

This narrative, my dear Miss Smith, as you will have remarked, is not a simple tale merely, but is accompanied by many moral and pithy remarks, which form its chief value, in the writer’s eyes at least; and the above account of the Sham Lacedæmon on board the Belle Poule has a double-barrelled morality, as I conceive. Besides justly reprehending the French propensity towards braggadocio, it proves very strongly a point on which I am the only statesman in Europe who has strongly insisted. In the “PARIS SKETCH BOOK,” (*one* copy, I believe, is still to be had at the publisher’s,) — in the “Paris Sketch Book” it was stated that *the French hate us*. They hate us, my dear, profoundly and desperately; and there never was such a hollow humbug in the world as the French alliance. Men get a character for patriotism in France merely by hating England. Directly they go into strong oppo-



sition, (where, you know, people are always more patriotic than on the ministerial side,) they appeal to the people, and have their hold on the people by hating England in common with them. Why? It is a long story; and the hatred may be accounted for by many reasons, both political and social. Any time these eight hundred years this ill-will has been going on, and has been transmitted, on the French side, from father to son: on the French side, not on ours; we have had no (or few) defeats to complain of, — no invasions to make us angry. But you see that to discuss such a period of time would demand a considerable number of pages; and for the present we will avoid the examination of the question.

But they hate us, — that is the long and short of it; and you see how this hatred has exploded just now, not upon a serious cause of difference, but upon an argument; for what is the Pacha of Egypt to us or them but a mere abstract opinion? For the same reason the Littlendians in Lilliput abhorred the Big-endians; and I beg you to remark how his Royal Highness Prince Ferdinand Mary, upon hearing that this argument was in the course of debate between us, straightway flung his furniture overboard, and expressed a preference for sinking his ship rather than yielding it to the *étranger*. Nothing came of this wish of his, to be sure; but the intention is everything. Unlucky circumstances denied him the power; but he had the will.

Well, beyond this disappointment, the Prince de Joinville had nothing to complain of during the voyage, which terminated happily by the arrival of the Belle Poule at Cherbourg, on the 30th of November, at five



o'clock in the morning. A telegraph made the glad news known at Paris, where the Minister of the Interior, Tanneguy-Duchâtel (you will read the name, Madame, in the old Anglo-French wars,) had already made "immense preparations" for receiving the body of Napoleon.

The entry was fixed for the 15th of December.

On the 8th of December, at Cherbourg, the body was transferred from the Belle Poule frigate to the Normandie steamer; on which occasion, the Mayor of Cherbourg deposited, in the name of his town, a gold laurel branch upon the coffin, which was saluted by the forts and dikes of the place with ONE THOUSAND GUNS! — there was a treat for the inhabitants!

There was on board the steamer a splendid receptacle for the coffin. "A temple with twelve pillars, and a dome to cover it from the wet and moisture, surrounded with velvet hangings and silver fringes. At the head was a gold cross, at the foot a gold lamp, other lamps were kept constantly burning within, and vases of burning incense were hung around. An altar hung with velvet and silver was at the mizen-mast of the vessel, *and four silver eagles at each corner of the altar.*" It was a compliment at once to Napoleon and — excuse me for saying so, but so the facts are — to Napoleon and to God Almighty.

Three steamers, the Normandie, the Véloce, and the Courier, formed the expedition from Cherbourg to Hâvre; at which place they arrived on the evening of the 9th of December, and where the Véloce was replaced by the Seine steamer, having in tow one of the state coasters, which was to fire the salute at the mo-



ment when the body was transferred into one of the vessels belonging to the Seine.

The expedition passed Hâvre the same night, and came to anchor at Val-de la Haye on the Seine, three leagues below Rouen.

Here, the next morning (10th), it was met by the flotilla of steam-boats of the Upper-Seine, consisting of the three Dorades, the three Étoiles, the Elbeuvien, the Parisien, the Parisienne, and the Zampa. The Prince de Joinville and the persons of the expedition embarked immediately in the flotilla, which arrived the same day at Rouen.

At Rouen salutes were fired, the National Guard on both sides of the river paid military honours to the body, and over the middle of the suspension-bridge a magnificent cenotaph was erected, decorated with flags, fasces, violet hangings, and the imperial arms. Before the cenotaph the expedition stopped, and the absolution was given by the Archbishop and the clergy. After a couple of hours' stay, the expedition proceeded to Pont de l'Arche. On the 11th it reached Vernon; on the 12th, Mantes; on the 13th, Maisons-sur-Seine.

"Everywhere," says the official account from which the above particulars are borrowed, "the authorities, the National Guard, and the people, flocked to the passage of the flotilla, desirous to render the honours due to his glory, which is the glory of France. On seeing its hero return, the nation seemed to have found its palladium again, — the sainted relics of victory."

At length, on the 14th, the coffin was transferred from the Dorade steamer on board the imperial vessel arrived from Paris. In the evening the imperial vessel



arrived at Courbevoie, which was the last stage of the journey.

Here it was that M. Guizot went to examine the vessel, and was very nearly flung into the Seine, as report goes, by the patriots assembled there. It is now lying on the river, near the Invalides, amidst the drifting ice, whither the people of Paris are flocking out to see it.

The vessel is of a very elegant antique form, and I can give you on the Thames no better idea of it than by requesting you to fancy an immense wherry of which the stern has been cut straight off, and on which a temple on steps has been elevated. At the figure-head is an immense gold eagle, and at the stern is a little terrace, filled with evergreens, and a profusion of banners upon pedestals. Along the sides of the vessel are tripods, in which incense was burned, and underneath them are garlands of flowers, called here immortals. Four eagles surmount the temple, and a great scroll or garland, held in their beaks, surrounds it. It is hung with velvet and gold; four gold cariatides support the entry of it, and in the midst, upon a large platform, hung with velvet and bearing the imperial arms, stood the coffin.

A steam-boat, carrying two hundred musicians playing funereal marches and military symphonies, preceded this magnificent vessel to Courbevoie, where a funereal temple was erected, and "a statue of Nôtre Dame de Grâce, before which the seamen of the Belle Poule inclined themselves, in order to thank her for having granted them a noble and glorious voyage."

Early on the morning of the 15th December, amidst



clouds of incense and thunder of cannon, and innumerable shouts of people, the coffin was transferred from the barge, and carried by the seamen of the *Belle Poule* to the imperial car.

And now, having conducted our hero almost to the gates of Paris, I must tell you what preparations were made in the capital to receive him.

Ten days before the arrival of the body, as you walked across the Deputies' Bridge, or over the Esplanade of the Invalides, you saw on the bridge eight, on the esplanade thirty-two mysterious boxes erected, wherein a couple of score of sculptors were at work night and day.

In the middle of the Invalid Avenue, there used to stand on a kind of shabby fountain or pump a bust of Lafayette, crowned with some dirty wreaths of immortals, and looking down at the little streamlet which occasionally dribbled before him. The spot of ground was now clear, and Lafayette and the pump had been consigned to some cellar, to make way for the mighty procession that was to pass over the place of their habitation.

Strange coincidence! If I had been Mr. Victor Hugo, my dear, or a poet of any note, I would, in a few hours, have made an impromptu concerning that Lafayette-crowned pump; and compared its lot now to the fortune of its patron some fifty years back. From him then issued, as from his fountain now, a feeble dribble of pure words; then, as now, some faint circle of disciples were willing to admire him. Calmly, in the midst of the war and storm without, this pure fount of eloquence went dribbling, dribbling on — till of a sudden the revolutionary workmen knocked down



statue and fountain, and the gorgeous imperial cavalcade trampled over the spot where they stood.

As for the Champs Elysées, there was no end to the preparations. The first day, you saw a couple of hundred scaffoldings erected at intervals between the handsome gilded gas-lamps that at present ornament that avenue; next day, all these scaffoldings were filled with brick and mortar; presently, over the brick and mortar rose pediments of statues, legs of urns, legs of goddesses, — legs and bodies of goddesses, — legs, bodies and busts of goddesses, — finally, on the 13th of December, goddesses complete; on the 14th they were painted marble colour, and the basements of wood and canvass on which they stood were made to resemble the same costly material. The funereal urns were ready to receive the frankincense and precious odours which were to burn in them. A vast number of white columns stretched down the avenue, each bearing a bronze buckler, on which was written in gold letters one of the victories of the Emperor, and each decorated with enormous imperial flags. On these columns golden eagles were placed, and the newspapers did not fail to remark the ingenious position in which the royal birds had been set; for while those on the right hand side of the way had their heads turned *towards* the procession, as if to watch its coming, those on the left were looking exactly the other way, as if to regard its progress. Do not fancy I am joking, this point was gravely and emphatically urged in many newspapers, and I do believe no mortal Frenchman ever thought it anything but sublime.

Do not interrupt me, sweet Miss Smith. I feel that you are angry. I can see from here the pouting



of your lips, and know what you are going to say. You are going to say, "I will read no more of this, Mr. Titmarsh; there is no subject, however solemn, but he treats it with flippant irreverence, and no character, however great, at whom he does not sneer."

Ah, my dear! you are young now, and enthusiastic; and your Titmarsh is old, very old, sad, and grey-headed. I have seen a poor mother buy a halfpenny wreath at the gate of Montmartre burying-ground, and go with it to her little child's grave, and hang it there over the little humble stone; and if ever you saw me scorn the mean offering of the poor shabby creature, I will give you leave to be as angry as you will. They say that on the passage of Napoleon's coffin down the Seine, old soldiers and country people walked miles from their villages just to catch a sight of the boat which carried his body, and to kneel down on the shore, and pray for him. God forbid that we should quarrel with such prayers and sorrow, or question their sincerity. Something great and good must have been in this man, something loving and kindly, that has kept his name so cherished in the popular memory, and gained him such lasting reverence and affection.

But, Madam, one may respect the dead without feeling awe-stricken at the plumes of the hearse, and I see no reason why one should sympathize with the train of mutes and undertakers, however deep may be their mourning. Look, I pray you, at the manner in which the French nation has performed Napoleon's funeral. Time out of mind, nations have raised in memory of their heroes august mausoleums, grand pyramids, splendid statues of gold or marble, sacri-



ficing whatever they had that was most costly and rare, or that was most beautiful in art, as tokens of their respect and love for the dead person. What a fine example of this sort of sacrifice is that (recorded in a book of which simplicity is the great characteristic) of the poor woman who brought her pot of precious ointment, her all, and laid it at the feet of the object which upon earth she most loved and respected. "Economists and calculators" there were even in those days who quarrelled with the manner in which the poor woman lavished so much "capital;" but you will remember how nobly and generously the sacrifice was appreciated, and how the economists were put to shame.

With regard to the funeral ceremony that has just been performed here, it is said that a famous public personage and statesman, Monsieur Thiers indeed, spoke with the bitterest indignation of the general style of the preparations, and of their mean and tawdry character. He would have had a pomp as magnificent, he said, as that of Rome at the triumph of Aurelian; he would have decorated the bridges and avenues through which the procession was to pass with the costliest marbles and the finest works of art, and have had them to remain there for ever, as monuments of the great funeral.

The economists and calculators might here interpose, with a great deal of reason, (for indeed there was no reason why a nation should impoverish itself to do honour to the memory of an individual for whom, after all, it can feel but a qualified enthusiasm); but it surely might have employed the large sum voted for the purpose more wisely and generously, and recorded



its respect for Napoleon by some worthy and lasting memorial, rather than have erected yonder thousand vain heaps of tinsel, paint, and plaster, that are already cracking and crumbling in the frost, at three days old.

Scarcely one of the statues, indeed, deserves to last a month; some are odious distortions and caricatures, which never should have been allowed to stand for a moment. On the very day of the fête, the wind was shaking the canvass pedestals, and the flimsy wood-work had begun to gape and give way. At a little distance, to be sure, you could not see the cracks, and pedestals and statues *looked* like marble. At some distance you could not tell but that the wreaths and eagles were gold embroidery, and not gilt-paper; the great tricolored flags damask, and not striped calico. One would think that these sham splendours betokened sham respect, if one had not known that the name of Napoleon is held in real reverence, and observed somewhat of the character of the nation. Real feelings they have, but they distort them by exaggeration; real courage, which they render ludicrous by intolerable braggadocio; and I think the above official account of the Prince de Joinville's proceedings, of the manner in which the Emperor's remains have been treated in their voyage to the capital, and of the preparations made to receive him in it, will give my dear Miss Smith some means of understanding the social and moral condition of this worthy people of France.



### LETTER III.

The funeral ceremony.

SHALL I tell you, my dear, that when Françoise woke me, at a very early hour on this eventful morning, while the keen stars were still glittering overhead, a half-moon as sharp as a razor beaming in the frosty sky, and a wicked north-wind blowing, that blew the blood out of one's fingers, and froze your leg as you put it out of bed; — shall I tell you, my dear, that when Françoise called me, and said, "*V'là vot' café, Monsieur Titemasse; buvez le, tiens, il est tout chaud,*" I felt myself, after imbibing the hot breakfast, so comfortable under three blankets and a Mackintosh, that for at least a quarter of an hour no man in Europe could say whether Titmarsh would or would not be present at the burial of the Emperor Napoleon.

Besides, my dear, the cold, there was another reason for doubting. Did the French nation, or did they not, intend to offer up some of us English over the imperial grave; and were the games to be concluded by a massacre? It was said in the newspapers that Lord Granville had despatched circulars to all the English resident in Paris, begging them to keep their houses. The French journals announced this news, and warned us charitably of the fate intended for us. Had Lord Granville written? — certainly not to me: or had he written to all *except me*? and was I *the victim*? — the doomed one? — to be seized directly I showed my face in the Champs Élysées, and torn in



pieces by French patriotism, to the frantic chorus of the Marseillaise? Depend on it, Madam, that high and low in this city on Tuesday were not altogether at their ease, and that the bravest felt no small tremour; and be sure of this, that as his Majesty Louis Philippe took his night-cap off his royal head that morning, he prayed heartily that he might at night put it on in safety.

Well, as my companion and I came out of doors, being bound for the church of the Invalides, for which a deputy had kindly furnished us with tickets, we saw the very prettiest sight of the whole day, and I can't refrain from mentioning it to my dear, tender-hearted Miss Smith.

In the same house where I live, (but about five stories nearer the ground,) lodges an English family, consisting of, 1. a great-grandmother, a hale handsome old lady of seventy, the very best dressed and neatest old lady in Paris; 2. a grandfather and grandmother, tolerably young to bear that title; 3. a daughter; and 4. two little great-grand, or grand children, that may be of the age of three and one, and belong to a son and daughter who are in India.

The grandfather, who is as proud of his wife as he was thirty years ago when he married, and pays her compliments still twice or thrice in a day, and when he leads her into a room, looks round at the persons assembled, and says in his heart, "Here, gentlemen, here is my wife; show me such another woman in England!" this gentleman had hired a room on the Champs Élysées, for he would not have his wife catch cold by exposing her to the balconies in the open air.



When I came to the street I found the family assembled in the following order of march: —

No. 1. The great-grandmother, walking daintily along, supported by No. 3, her granddaughter.

A nurse, carrying No. 4, junior, who was sound asleep; and a huge basket, containing saucepans, bottles of milk, parcels of infant's food, certain dimity napkins, &c., a child's coral, and a little horse belonging to No. 4, senior.

A servant, bearing a basket of condiments.

No. 2. Grandfather, spick and span clean shaved, hat brushed, white-buckskin gloves, bamboo cane, brown great coat, walking as upright and solemn as may be, having his lady on his arm.

No. 4, senior, with mottled legs and a tartan costume, who was frisking about between his grandfather's legs, who heartily wished him at home.

"My dear," his face seemed to say to his lady, "I think you might have left the little things in the nursery, for we shall have to squeeze through a terrible crowd in the Champs Élysées."

The lady was going out for a day's pleasure, and her face was full of care: she had to look first after her old mother, who was walking a-head, then after No. 4, junior with the nurse, — he might fall into all sorts of danger, wake up, cry, catch cold, nurse might slip down, or Heaven knows what; then she had to look her husband in the face, who had gone to such expense and been so kind for her sake, and make that gentleman believe she was thoroughly happy; and finally, she had to keep an eye upon No. 4, senior, who, as she was perfectly certain, was about in two minutes to be lost for ever, or trampled to pieces in the crowd.

These events took place in a quiet little street leading into the Champs Élysées, the entry of which we had almost reached by this time. The four detachments above described, which had been straggling



a little in their passage down the street, closed up at the end of it, and stood for a moment huddled together. No. 3, Miss X—, began speaking to her companion the great-grandmother.

“Hush, my dear,” said the old lady, looking round alarmed at her daughter; “*speak French!*” — and she straightway began nervously to make a speech which she supposed to be in that language, but which was as much like French as Iroquois. The whole secret was out; you could read it in the grandmother’s face, who was doing all she could to keep from crying, and looked as frightened as she dared to look. The two elder ladies had settled between them that there was going to be a general English slaughter that day, and had brought the children with them, so that they might all be murdered in company.

God bless you, O women, moist-eyed and tender-hearted! In those gentle, silly tears of yours, there is something touches one, be they never so foolish. I don’t think there were many such natural drops shed that day as those which just made their appearance in the grandmother’s eyes, and then went back again as if they had been ashamed of themselves, while the good lady and her little troop walked across the road. Think how happy she will be when night comes, and there has been no murder of English, and the brood is all nestled under her wings sound asleep, and she is lying awake, thanking God that the day and its pleasures and pains are over. Whilst we were considering these things, the grandfather had suddenly elevated No. 4, senior, upon his left shoulder, and I saw the tartan hat of that young gentleman and the bamboo cane which had been transferred to him, high



over the heads of the crowd on the opposite side, through which the party moved.

After this little procession had passed away, — you may laugh at it, but upon my word and conscience, Miss Smith, I saw nothing in the course of the day which affected me more, — after this little procession had passed away, the other came, accompanied by gun-banging, flag-waving, incense-burning, trumpets-pealing, drums-rolling, and at the close, received by the voice of six hundred choristers sweetly modulated to the tones of fifteen score of fiddlers. There you saw horse and foot, jack-boots and bear-skin, cuirass and bayonet, national guards and line, marshals and generals all over gold, smart aides-de-camp galloping about like mad, and high in the midst of all, riding on his golden buckler, Solomon in all his glory forsooth, imperial Cæsar, with his crown over his head, laurels and standards waving about his gorgeous chariot, and a million of people looking on in wonder and awe.

His Majesty, the Emperor and King, reclined on his shield, with his head a little elevated. His Majesty's skull is voluminous \* — his forehead broad and large.

\* La tête, un peu élevée, reposait sur un coussin; le crâne volumineux, le front haut et large, se présentaient couverts de téguments jaunâtres, durs et très-adhérents. Tel paraissait aussi le contour des orbites, dont le bord supérieur était garni de sourcils. Sous les paupières se dessinaient les globes oculaires, qui avaient perdu peu de chose de leur volume et de leur forme. Ces paupières, complètement fermées, adhéraient aux parties sous-jacentes, et se présentaient dures sous la pression des doigts; quelques cils se voyaient encore à leur bord libre. Les os propres du nez et les téguments qui les couvrent étaient bien conservés, le tube et les ailes seuls avaient souffert. Les joues étaient bouffies; les téguments de cette partie de la face se faisaient remarquer par leur toucher doux, souple et leur couleur blanche; ceux du menton étaient légèrement bleuâtres: ils empruntaient cette teinte à la barbe qui semblait avoir poussé après la mort. Quant au menton lui-même, il n'offrait point d'altération et conservait encore ce type propre à la figure de Napoléon. Les lèvres amincies étaient écartées;



We remarked that his Imperial Majesty's brow was of a yellowish colour, which appearance was also visible about the orbits of the eyes. He kept his eyelids constantly closed, by which we had the opportunity of observing that the upper lids were garnished with eyelashes. Years and climate have effected upon the face of this great monarch only a trifling alteration, — we may say, indeed, that time has touched his Imperial and Royal Majesty with the lightest feather in his wing. In the nose of the Conqueror of Austerlitz, we remarked very little alteration, — it is of the beautiful shape which we remember it possessed five-and-twenty years since, ere unfortunate circumstances induced him to leave us for awhile. The nostril and the tube of the nose appears to have undergone some slight alteration; but in examining a beloved object, the eye of affection is perhaps too critical. *Vive l'Empereur!* the

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trois dents incisives extrêmement blanches se voyaient sous la lèvre supérieure, qui était un peu relevée à gauche. Les mains ne laissaient rien à désirer; nulle part la plus légère altération. Si les articulations avaient perdu leurs mouvements, la peau semblait avoir conservé cette couleur particulière qui n'appartient qu'à ce qui a vie. Les doigts portaient des ongles longs, adhérents et très-blancs. Les jambes étaient renfermées dans les bottes, mais, par suite de la rupture des fils, les quatre derniers orteils dépassaient de chaque côté. La peau de ces orteils était d'un blanc mat et garnie d'ongles. La région antérieure du thorax était fortement déprimée dans la partie moyenne, les parois du ventre dures et affaissées. Les membres paraissaient avoir conservé leurs formes sous les vêtements, qui les couvraient; j'ai pressé le bras gauche, il était dur et avait diminué de volume. Quant aux vêtements, ils se présentaient avec leurs couleurs: ainsi on reconnaissait parfaitement l'uniforme des chasseurs à cheval de la vieille garde au vert foncé de l'habit, au rouge vif des parements; le grand cordon de la Légion d'honneur se dessinant sur le gilet, et la culotte blanche cachée en partie par le petit chapeau qui reposait sur les cuisses. Les épaulettes, la plaque et les deux décorations attachées sur la poitrine, n'avaient plus leur brillant: elles étaient noircies; la couronne d'or de la croix d'officier de la Légion d'honneur seule avait conservé son éclat. — *Doctor Guillard's Account of the Exhumation.*



soldier of Marengo is among us again. His lips are thinner perhaps than they were before; — how white his teeth are! — you can just see three of them pressing his under lip, and pray remark the fulness of his cheeks, and the round contour of his chin. Oh, those beautiful white hands! Many a time have they patted the cheek of poor Josephine, and played with the black ringlets of her hair. She is dead now and cold, poor creature; and so are Hortense and bold Eugene — “than whom the world ne’er saw a curtier knight,” as was said of King Arthur’s Sir Lancelot. What a day would it have been for these three, could they but have lived until now, and seen their hero returning! Where’s Ney? His wife sits looking out from M. Flahaut’s window yonder, but the bravest of the brave is not with her. Murat, too, is absent: honest Joachim loves the Emperor at heart, and repents that he was not a Waterloo. Who knows but that at the sight of the handsome swordsman those stubborn English “canaille” would have given way? — a king, Sire, is, you know, the greatest of slaves — state affairs of consequence — his Majesty the King of Naples is detained, no doubt. When we last saw the king, however, and his Highness the Prince of Elchingen, they looked to have as good health as ever they had in their lives; and we heard each of them calmly calling out “*Fire!*” as they have done in numberless battles before.

Is it possible? Can the Emperor forget? We don’t like to break it to him; but has he forgotten all about the farm at Pizzo, and the garden of the Observatory? Yes, truly; there he lies on the golden shield, never stirring, never so much as lifting his eyelids, or opening his lips any wider.



*O vanitas vanitatum!* Here is our sovereign in all his glory; and they fired a thousand guns at Cherbourg, and never awoke him!

However, we are advancing matters by several hours, and you must give just as much credence as you please to the subjoined remarks concerning the procession, — seeing that your humble servant could not possibly be present at it, being bound for the church elsewhere.

Programmes, however, have been published of the affair; and your vivid fancy will not fail to give life to them, and the whole magnificent train will pass before you.

Fancy, then, that the guns are fired at Neuilly, the body landed at day-break from the funeral barge, and transferred to the car; and fancy the car, a huge Juggernaut of a machine, rolling on four wheels of an antique shape, which supported a basement adorned with golden eagles, banners, laurels, and velvet hangings; above the hangings stand twelve golden statues, with raised arms supporting a huge shield on which the coffin lay. On the coffin was the imperial crown, covered with violet velvet crape; and the whole vast machine was drawn by horses in superb housings, led by valets in the imperial livery.

Fancy, at the head of the procession, first of all,  
The Gendarmerie of the Seine, with their trumpets and colonel.

The Municipal Guard (horse), with their trumpets, standard, and colonel.

Two squadrons of the 7th Lancers, with colonel, standard, and music.

The Commandant of Paris and his staff.

A battalion of infantry of the line, with their flag, sappers, drums, music, and colonel.

The Municipal Guard (foot), with flag, drums, and colonel.

The Sapper-pumpers, with ditto.

Then picture to yourself more squadrons of lancers and cuirassiers, the General of the Division and his staff, all officers of all arms, employed at Paris, and unattached, the Military School of St. Cyr, the Polytechnic School, the School of the *État-Major*, and the professors and staff of each. Go on imagining more battalions of



infantry, of artillery, companies of engineers, squadrons of cuirassiers, ditto of the cavalry of the National Guard, and the first and second legions of ditto.

Fancy a carriage containing the chaplain of the St. Helena Expedition — the only clerical gentleman that formed a part of the procession.

Fancy you hear the funereal music, and then figure in your mind's eye

#### THE EMPEROR'S CHARGER,

that is, Napoleon's own saddle and bridle (when first consul) upon a white horse. The saddle (which has been kept ever since in the Garde Meuble of the Crown) is of amaranth velvet, embroidered in gold; the holsters and housings are of the same rich material. On them you remark the attributes of war, commerce, science, and art. The bit and stirrups are silver-gilt chased; over the stirrups two eagles were placed at the time of the empire. The horse was covered with a violet crape, embroidered with golden bees.

After this came more soldiers, general officers, sub-officers, marshals, and, what was said to be the prettiest sight almost of the whole, the banners of the eighty six departments of France. These are due to the invention of M. Thiers, and were to have been accompanied by federals from each department. But the government very wisely mistrusted this and some other projects of Monsieur Thiers; and as for a federation, my dear, *it has been tried*. Next comes,

His Royal Highness the Prince de Joinville.

The 500 sailors of the Belle Poule, marching in double files on each side of

#### THE CAR.

Hush! The enormous crowd thrills as it passes, and only some few voices cry "Vive l'Empereur!" Shining golden in the frosty sun, with hundreds of thousands of eyes upon it, from houses and house-tops, from balconies black, purple, and tricolour, from tops of leafless trees, from behind long lines of glittering bayonets, under schakos and bear-skin caps, from behind the line of the National Guards again, pushing, struggling, heaving, panting, eager, the heads of an enormous multitude stretching out to meet and follow it.

Amidst long avenues of columns and statues gleaming white, of standards, rainbow-coloured, of golden eagles, of pale funereal urns, of discharging odours, amidst huge volumes of pitch black smoke,

THE GREAT IMPERIAL CHARIOT  
rolls majestically on.



The cords of the pall are held by two Marshals  
an Admiral, and General Bertrand,  
who are followed by

The Prefects of the Seine and Police, &c.

The Mayors of Paris, &c.

The Members of the Old Guard, &c.

A squadron of light dragoons, &c.

Lieutenant-General Schneider, &c.

More cavalry, more infantry, more artillery, more everybody; and as the procession passes, the line and the National Guard, forming line on each side of the road, fall in and follow it, until it arrives at the Church of the Invalides, where the last honours are to be paid to it.

Among the company assembled under the dome of that edifice, the casual observer would not, perhaps, have remarked a gentleman of the name of Michael Angelo Titmarsh, who, nevertheless, was there. But as, my dear Miss Smith, the descriptions in this letter, from the words in page 282, line 3, "*After this little procession had passed away,*" up to the words "*paid to it,*" in the last period, have purely emanated from your obedient servant's fancy, and not from his personal observation (for no being on earth, except a newspaper reporter, can be in two places at once), permit me now to communicate to you what little circumstances fell under my own particular view on the day of the 16th of December.

As we came out, the air and the buildings round about were tinged with purple, and the clear sharp half-moon before mentioned was still in the sky, where it seemed to be lingering as if it would catch a peep of the commencement of the famous procession.

The Arc de Triomphe was shining in a keen frosty sunshine, and looking as clean and rosy as if it had just made its toilette; the canvass or pasteboard image of Napoleon, of which only the gilded legs had been



ended the night previous, was now visible, body, head, crown, sceptre, and all, and made an imposing show. Long gilt banners were flaunting about with the imperial ciphers and eagle, and the names of the battles and victories glittering in gold. The long avenues of the Champs Élysées had been covered with sand, for the convenience of the great procession that was to tramp across it that day. Hundreds of people were marching to and fro, laughing, chattering, singing, gesticulating, as happy Frenchmen do — there is no pleasanter sight than a French crowd on the alert for a festival, and nothing more catching than their good humour. As for the notion which has been put forward by some of the opposition newspapers, that the populace were on this occasion unusually solemn and sentimental, it would be paying a bad compliment to the natural gaiety of the nation to say that it was, on the morning, at least, of the 15th of December, affected in any such absurd way. Itinerant merchants were shouting out lustily their commodities of segars and brandy, and the weather was so bitter cold that they could not fail to find plenty of customers. Carpenters and workmen were still making a huge banging and clattering among the sheds which were built for the accommodation of the visitors; some of these sheds were hung with black, such as one sees before churches in funerals; some were robed in violet, in compliment to the Emperor, whose mourning they put on; most of them had fine tricolor hangings, with appropriate inscriptions to the glory of the French arms.

All along the Champs Élysées were urns of plaster of Paris, destined to contain funeral incense and flames; columns decorated with huge flags of blue, red, and



white, embroidered with shining crowns, eagles, and N's, in gilt paper; and statues of plaster representing nymphs, triumphs, victories, and other female personages painted in oil so as to represent marble; real marble could have had no better effect, and the appearance of the whole was lively and picturesque in the extreme. On each pillar was a buckler of the colour of bronze, bearing the name and date of a battle in gilt letters; you had to walk through a mile long avenue of these glorious reminiscences, telling of spots where, in the great imperial days, throats had been victoriously cut.

As we passed down the avenue, several troops of soldiers met us, — the garde municipale à cheval, in brass helmets, and shining jack-boots, noble looking men, large on large horses, the pick of the whole army, as I have heard, and armed for the special occupation of peace-keeping, — not the most glorious, but the best part of the soldier's duty, as I fancy. Then came a regiment of carabineers, one of infantry, little, alert, brown-faced, good-humoured men, their band, at their head, playing sounding marches; these were followed by a regiment, a detachment of the municipals, on foot, two or three inches taller than the men of the line, and conspicuous for their neatness and discipline. By and by came a squadron or so of dragoons of the national guards; they are covered with straps, buckles, aiguillettes, and cartouche-boxes, and made, under their tricolor cock's-plumes, a show sufficiently warlike. The point which chiefly struck me on beholding these military men of the national guard and the line was, the admirable manner in which they bore a cold that seemed to me as sharp as the weather



in the Russian retreat, through which cold the troops were trotting without trembling, and in the utmost cheerfulness and good-humour. An aide-de-camp galloped past in white pantaloons, — by heavens, it made me shudder to look at him!

With this profound reflection we turned away to the right, across the hanging-bridge, (where we met a detachment of young men of the *École de l'État Major*, fine looking lads, but sadly disfigured by the wearing of stays or belts, that make the waists of the French dandies of a most absurd tenuity,) and speedily passed into the avenue of statues leading up to the Invalides. All these were statues of warriors from Ney to Charlemagne, modelled in clay for the nonce, and placed here to meet the corpse of the greatest warrior of all. Passing these, we had to walk to a little door at the back of the Invalides, where was a crowd of persons plunged in the deepest mourning, and pushing for places in the chapel within.

The chapel is spacious, and of no great architectural pretensions, but was, on this occasion, gorgeously decorated in honour of the great person to whose body it was about to give shelter.

We had arrived at nine; the ceremony was not to begin they said till two; we had five hours before us to see all that from our places could be seen.

We saw that the roof, up to the first lines of architecture, was hung with violet; beyond this with black. We saw N's, eagles, bees, laurel wreaths, and other such imperial emblems, adorning every nook and corner of the edifice. Between the arches on each side of the aisle were painted trophies, on which were written the names of some of Napoleon's generals, and



of their principal deeds of arms, — and not their deeds of arms alone, *pardi*, but their coats of arms too. O, stars and garters, but this is too much! what was Ney's paternal coat, prithee? a honest Junot's quarterings, or the venerable escutcheon of King Joachim's father the innkeeper?

You and I, dear Miss Smith, know the exact value of heraldic bearings, — we know that, though the greatest pleasure of all is to *act* like a gentleman, it is a pleasure, nay, a merit, to *be* one; to come of an old stock, to have an honourable predigree, to be able to say that centuries back our fathers had gentle blood, and to us transmitted the same. There is a good in gentility; the man who questions it is envious, or a coarse dullard not able to perceive the difference between high breeding and low; one has in the same way heard a man brag that he did not know the difference between wines, not he, — give him a good glass of port, and he would pitch all your claret to the deuce. My love, men often brag about their own dulness in this way.

In the matter of gentleman democrats, cry pshaw! Give us one of nature's gentlemen, and hang your aristocrats! And so, indeed, nature does make *some* gentlemen, — a few here and there. But art makes most. Good birth, that is, good, handsome, well-formed fathers and mothers, nice cleanly nursery maids, good meals, good physicians, good education, few cares, pleasant easy habits of life, and luxuries not too great or enervating, but only refining, — a course of these going on for a few generations are the best gentleman-makers in the world, and beat nature hollow.

If, respected Madam, you say that there is some-



thing *better* than gentility in this wicked world, and that honesty and personal worth are more valuable than all the politeness and high-breeding that ever wore red-heeled pumps, knight's spurs, or Hoby's boots, Titmarsh, for one, is never going to say you nay. If you even go so far as to say that the very existence of this super-genteel society among us, from the slavish respect that we pay to it, from the dastardly manner in which we attempt to imitate its airs and ape its vices, goes far to destroy honesty of intercourse, to make us meanly ashamed of our natural affections and honest harmless usages, and so does a great deal more harm than it can possibly do good by its example, — perhaps, Madam, you speak with some sort of reason. Potato myself, I can't help seeing that the tulip yonder has the best place in the garden, and the most sunshine, and the most water, and, (not liking him over well,) the best tending; but I can't help acknowledging that nature has given him a much finer dress than ever I can hope to have, and of this, at least, must give him the benefit.

Or say we are so many cocks and hens, my dear, (*sans arrière pensée*,) with our crops pretty full, our plumes pretty sleek, decent picking here and there in the straw-yard, and tolerable snug roosting in the barn. Yonder, on the terrace, in the sun, walks peacock, stretching his proud neck, squeeling every now and then in the most pert, fashionable voice, and flaunting his great, supercilious, dandified tail. Don't let us be too angry, my dear, with the useless, haughty, insolent creature because he despises us. *Something* is there about peacock that we don't possess. Strain your neck ever so, you can't make it as long or as



blue as his; cock your tail as much as you please, and it will never be half so fine to look at. But the most absurd, disgusting, contemptible sight in the world would you and I be, leaving the barn door for my lady's flower garden, forsaking our natural sturdy walk for the peacock's genteel, rickety stride, and adopting the squeak of his voice in the place of our gallant, lusty cockadoodledooing.

Do you take the allegory? I love to speak in such; and the above types have been presented to my mind while sitting opposite a gimcrack coat of arms and coronet that are painted in the Invalides' church, and assigned to one of the Emperor's generals.

*Ventrebleu*, Madam! what need have *they* of coats of arms and coronets, and wretched imitations of old, exploded, aristocratic gewgaws, that they had flung out of the country, with the heads of the owners in them sometimes, — for, indeed, they were not particular, — a score of years before? What business, forsooth, had they to be meddling with gentility, and aping its ways, who had courage, merit, daring, genius sometimes, and a pride of their own to support, if proud they were inclined to be? A clever young man, (who was not of a high family himself, but had been bred up genteelly at Eton and the university,) young Mr. George Canning, at the commencement of the French revolution, sneered at “Roland the Just with ribbons in his shoes;” and the dandies, who then wore buckles, voted the sarcasm monstrous killing. It was a joke, my dear, worthy of a lackey, or of a silly, smart *parvenu*, not knowing the society into which his luck had cast him, (God bless him! in later years they taught him what they were!) and fan-



cying in his silly intoxication that simplicity was ludicrous, and fashion respectable. See, now, fifty years are gone, and where are shoe-buckles? Extinct, defunct, kicked into the irrevocable past off the toes of all Europe!

How fatal to the *parvenu* throughout history has been this respect for shoe-buckles! Where, for instance, would the empire of Napoleon have been, if Ney and Lannes had never sported such a thing as a coat of arms, and had only written their simple names on their shields, after the fashion of Desaix's scutcheon yonder? The bold republican who led the crowning charge at Marengo, and sent the best blood of the holy Roman empire to the right-about, died before the wretched, misbegotten, imperial heraldry was born that was to prove so fatal to the father of it. It has always been so; they won't amalgamate. A country must be governed by the one principle or the other; but give in a republic an aristocracy ever so little chance, and it works, and plots, and sneaks, and bullies, and sneers itself into place, and you find democracy out of doors. Is it good that the aristocracy should so triumph? That is a question that you may settle according to your own notions and taste; and, permit me to say, I do not care two-pence how you settle it. Large books have been written upon the subject in a variety of languages, and coming to a variety of conclusions. Great statesmen are there in our country, from Lord Londonderry down to Mr. Vincent, each in his degree maintaining his different opinion. But here, in the matter of Napoleon, is a simple fact: he founded a great, glorious, strong, potent republic, able to cope with the best aristocracies



in the world, and perhaps to beat them all; he converts his republic into a monarchy, and surrounds his monarchy with what he calls aristocratic institutions, — and you know what becomes of him. The people estranged, the aristocracy faithless, (when did they ever pardon one who was not of themselves?) the imperial fabric tumbles to the ground. If it teaches nothing else, my dear, it teaches one a great point of policy, — namely, to stick by one's party.

While these thoughts, (and sundry others relative to the horrible cold of the place, the intense dulness of delay, the stupidity of leaving a warm bed and a breakfast in order to witness a procession that is much better performed at a theatre,) — while these thoughts were passing in the mind, the church began to fill apace, and you saw that the hour of the ceremony was drawing near.

Imprimis came men with lighted staves, and set fire to at least ten thousand of wax candles that were hanging in brilliant chandeliers in various parts of the chapel. Curtains were dropped over the upper windows as these illuminations were effected, and the church was left only to the funereal light of the spermaceti. To the right was the dome, round the cavity of which sparkling lamps were set that designed the shape of it brilliantly against the darkness. In the midst, and where the altar used to stand, rose the catafalque. And why not? Who is god here but Napoleon? and in him the sceptics have already ceased to believe, but the people does still somewhat. He and Louis XIV. divide the worship of the place between them.

As for the catafalque, the best that I can say for



it is that it is really a noble and imposing-looking edifice, with tall pillars supporting a grand dome, with innumerable escutcheons, standards, and allusions, military and funereal; a great eagle, of course, tops the whole; tripods burning spirits of wine stand round this kind of dead-man's throne, and, as we saw it, (by peering over the heads of our neighbours in the front rank,) it looked, in the midst of the black concave, and under the effect of half-a-thousand flashing cross-lights, properly grand and tall. The effect of the whole chapel, however, (to speak the jargon of the painting-room,) was spoiled by being *cut up*; there were too many objects for the eye to rest upon. The ten thousand wax candles, for instance, in their numberless twinkling chandeliers, the raw *tranchant* colours of the new banners, wreaths, bees, N's, and other emblems, dotting the place all over, and incessantly puzzling, or rather *bothering*, the beholder.

High over head, in a sort of mist, with the glare of their original colours worn down by dust and time, hung long rows of dim, ghostly-looking standards captured in old days from the enemy. They were, I thought, the best and most solemn part of the show.

To suppose that the people were bound to be solemn during this ceremony is to exact from them something quite needless and unnatural. The very fact of a squeeze dissipates all solemnity. One great crowd is always, as I imagine, pretty much like another: in the course of the last few years I have seen three; that attending the coronation of our present sovereign, that which went to see Courvoisier hanged, and this which witnessed the Napoleon ceremony. The people so assembled for hours together are jocular



rather than solemn, seeking to pass away the weary time with the best amusements that will offer. There was, to be sure, in all the scenes above alluded to, just one moment — one particular moment — when the universal people feels a shock, and is for that second serious.

But except for that second of time, I declare I saw no seriousness here beyond that of ennui. The church began to fill with personages of all ranks and conditions. First, opposite our seats, came a company of fat grenadiers of the National Guard, who presently, at the word of command, put their muskets down against benches and wainscots, until the arrival of the procession.

For seven hours these men formed the object of the most anxious solicitude of all the ladies and gentlemen seated on our benches. They began to stamp their feet, for the cold was atrocious, and we were frozen where we sate. Some of them fell to blowing their fingers, one executed a kind of dance, such as one sees often here in cold weather: the individual jumps repeatedly upon one leg and kicks out the other violently, meanwhile his hands are flapping across his chest. Some fellows opened their cartouche-boxes, and from them drew eatables of various kinds. You can't think how curious we were to know the qualities of the same. "*Tiens, ce gros qui mange une cuisse de volaille!*" — "*Il a du jambon, celui là.*" "I should like some too," growls an Englishman, "for I hadn't a morsel of breakfast," and so on. This is the way, my dear, that we see Napoleon buried.

Did you ever see a chicken escape from clown, in a pantomime, and hop over into the pit, or amongst



the fiddlers? and have you not heard the shrieks of enthusiastic laughter that the wondrous incident occasions? We had our chicken, of course; there never was a public crowd without one. A poor unhappy woman, in a greasy plaid-cloak, with a battered, rose-coloured plush bonnet, was seen taking her place among the stalls allotted to the *grande*s. "*Voyez donc l'Anglaise,*" said everybody, and it was too true. You could swear that the wretch was an Englishwoman, — a bonnet was never made or worn so in any other country. Half an hour's delightful amusement did this lady give us all: she was whisked from seat to seat by the *huissiers*, and at every change of place woke a peal of laughter. I was glad, however, at the end of the day, to see the old pink bonnet over a very comfortable seat, which somebody had not claimed, and she had kept.

Are not these remarkable incidents? The next wonder we saw was the arrival of a set of tottering old invalids, who took their places under us, with drawn sabres. Then came a superb drum-major, a handsome, smiling, good-humoured giant of a man, his breeches astonishingly embroidered with silver lace. Him a dozen little drummer-boys followed. "The little darlings!" all the ladies cried out in a breath: they were, indeed, pretty little fellows, and came and stood close under us; the huge drum-major smiled over his little red-capped flock, and for many hours, in the most perfect contentment, twiddled his moustachios, and played with the tassels of his cane.

Now the company began to arrive thicker and thicker. A whole covey of *conseillers d'état* came in, in blue coats, embroidered with blue silk; then came a



crowd of lawyers, in toques and caps, among whom were sundry venerable judges, in scarlet, purple velvet, and ermine — a kind of Bajazet costume. Look there! there is the Turkish ambassador, in his red cap, turning his solemn brown face about, and looking preternaturally wise. The Deputies walk in in a body. Guizot is not there; he passed by just now, in full ministerial costume. Presently, little Thiers saunters back. What a clear, broad, sharp-eyed face the fellow has, with his grey hair cut down so demure! A servant passes, pushing through the crowd a shabby wheel-chair. It has just brought old Moncey, the Governor of the Invalids, the honest old man who defended Paris so stoutly in 1814. He has been very ill, and is worn down almost by infirmities; but in his illness he was perpetually asking — “Doctor, shall I live till the 15th? Give me till then, and I die contented.” One can’t help believing that the old man’s wish is honest, however one may doubt the piety of another illustrious marshal who once carried a candle before Charles X., in a procession, and has been this morning to Neuilly, to kneel and pray at the foot of Napoleon’s coffin. He might have said his prayers at home, to be sure; but don’t let us ask too much; that kind of reserve is not a Frenchman’s characteristic.

Bang, bang! At about half-past two a dull sound of cannonading was heard without the church, and signals took place between the commandant of the Invalids, of the National Guards, and the big drum-major. Looking to their troop, (the fat nationals were shuffling into line again,) the two commandants uttered, as nearly as I could catch them, the following words: —



“Harrum — Hump!”

At once all the national bayonets were on the present, and the sabres of the old invalids up. The big drum-major looked round at the children, who began very slowly and solemnly on their drums, rub-dub-dub — rub-dub-dub — (count two between each) — rub-dub-dub; and a great procession of priests came down from the altar.

First, there was a tall, handsome cross-bearer, bearing a long gold cross, of which the front was turned towards his grace the archbishop. Then came a double row of about sixteen incense-boys, dressed in white surplices: the first boy about six years old, the last with whiskers and of the height of man. Then followed a regiment of priests, in black tippets and white gowns; they had black hoods, like the moon when she is at her third quarter, wherewith those who were bald (many were, and fat too) covered themselves. All the reverend men held their heads meekly down, and affected to be reading in their breviaries.

After the priests came some bishops of the neighbouring districts, in purple, with crosses sparkling on their episcopal bosoms.

Then came, after more priests, a set of men whom I have never seen before — a kind of ghostly heralds, young and handsome men some of them, in stiff tabards of black and silver, their eyes to the ground, their hands placed at right angles with their chests.

Then came two gentlemen bearing remarkable tall candlesticks with candles of corresponding size. One was burning brightly, but the wind (that chartered libertine) had blown out the other, which nevertheless



kept its place in the procession. I wondered to myself whether the rev. gent. who carried the extinguished candle felt disgusted, humiliated, mortified, perfectly conscious that the eyes of many thousands of people were bent upon that bit of refractory wax. We all of us looked at it with intense interest.

Another cross-bearer, behind whom came a gentleman carrying an instrument like a bed-room candlestick.

His Grandeur Monseigneur Affre, Archbishop of Paris — he was in black and white, his eyes were cast to the earth, his hands were together at right angles on his chest, on his hands were black gloves, on the black gloves sparkled the sacred episcopal—what do I say? — archiepiscopal ring. On his head was the mitre. It is unlike the godly coronet that figures upon the coach-pannels of our own right reverend bench. The archbishop's mitre may be about a yard high, formed within probably of consecrated pasteboard; it is without covered by a sort of watered silk of white and silver. On the two peaks at the top of the mitre are two very little spangled tassels that frisk and twinkle about in a very agreeable manner.

Monseigneur stood opposite to us for some time, when I had the opportunity to note the above remarkable phenomena. He stood opposite me for some time, keeping his eyes steadily on the ground, his hands before him, a small clerical train following after. Why didn't they move? There was the National Guard keeping on presenting arms, the little drummers going on rub-dub-dub — rub-dub-dub — in the same steady slow way, and the procession never



moved an inch — there was evidently, to use an elegant phrase, a hitch somewhere.

(Enter a fat priest, who bustles up to the drum-major.)

FAT PRIEST. — Taisez vous.

LITTLE DRUMMERS. — Rub-dub-dub — rub-dub-dub — rub-dub-dub, &c.

DRUM-MAJOR. — Qu'est ce donc?

FAT PRIEST. — Taisez-vous, vous dis-je, ce n'est pas le corps. Il n'arrivera pas pour une heure.

The little drums were instantly hushed, the procession turned to the right about, and walked back to the altar again, the blown-out candle that had been on the near side of us before was now on the off side, the National Guards set down their muskets and began at the sandwiches again. We had to wait an hour and a half at least before the great procession arrived. The guns without went on booming all the while at intervals; and as we heard each, the audience gave a kind of "*ah-ah-ah!*" such as you hear when the rockets go up at Vauxhall.

At last the real procession came.

Then the drums began to beat as formerly, the Nationals to get under arms, the clergymen were sent for, and went, and presently — yes, there was the tall cross-bearer at the head of the procession, and they came *back!*

They chanted something in a weak, snuffling, lugubrious manner, to the melancholy bray of a serpent.

Crash! however, Mr. Habeneck and the fiddlers in the organ-loft pealed out a wild shrill march, which



stopped the reverend gentlemen; and in the midst of this music,

And of a great trampling of feet and clattering,

And of a great crowd of generals and officers in fine clothes,

With the Prince de Joinville marching quickly at the head of the procession,

And while everybody's heart was thumping as hard as possible,

Napoleon's coffin passed.

It was done in an instant. A box, covered with a great red cross — a dingy-looking crown lying on the top of it — seamen on one side, and invalids on the other; they had passed in an instant and were up the aisle.

A faint snuffling sound as before was heard from the officiating priests, but we knew of nothing more. It is said that old Louis Philippe was standing at the catafalque, whither the Prince de Joinville advanced, and said, "Sire, I bring you the body of the Emperor Napoleon."

Louis Philippe answered, "I receive it in the name of France." Bertrand put on the body the most glorious, victorious sword that ever has been forged since the apt descendants of the first murderer learned how to hammer steel, and the coffin was placed in the temple prepared for it.

The six hundred singers and the fiddlers now commenced the playing and singing of a piece of music; and a part of the crew of the *Belle Poule* skipped into the places that had been kept for them under us, and listened to the music, chewing tobacco. While



the actors and fiddlers were going on, most of the spirits-of-wine lamps or altars went out.

When we arrived in the open air, we passed through the court of the Invalids, where thousands of people had been assembled, but where the benches were now quite bare. Then we came on to the terrace before the place: the old soldiers were firing off the great guns, which made a dreadful stunning noise, and frightened some of us, who did not care to pass before the cannon and be knocked down even by the wadding. The guns were fired in honour of the king, who was going home by a back door. All the forty thousand people who covered the great stands before the Hotel had gone away too. The imperial barge had been dragged up the river, and was lying lonely along the quay, examined by some few shivering people on the shore.

It was five o'clock when we reached home; the stars were shining keenly out of the frosty sky, and Françoise told me that dinner was just ready.

In this manner, my dear Miss Smith, the great Napoleon was buried. Farewell.

THE END.



THE  
CHRONICLE OF THE DRUM.







# THE CHRONICLE OF THE DRUM.

## PART I.

At Paris, hard by the Maine barriers,  
Whoever will choose to repair,  
'Midst a dozen of wooden-legged warriors,  
May haply fall in with old Pierre.  
On the sunshiny bench of a tavern,  
He sits and he prates of old wars;  
And moistens his pipe of tobacco  
With a drink that is named after Mars.

The beer makes his tongue run the quicker,  
And as long as his tap never fails,  
Thus over his favourite liquor  
Old Peter will tell his old tales.  
Says he, "In my life's ninety summers,  
Strange changes and chances I 've seen, —  
So here 's to all gentlemen drummers  
That ever have thumped on a skin.

Brought up in the art military  
For four generations we are;  
My ancestors drummed for King Harry,  
The Huguenot lad of Navarre.



And as each man in life has his station  
According as Fortune may fix,  
While Condé was waving the baton,  
My grandsire was trolling the sticks.

Ah! those were the days for commanders!

What glories my grandfather won,  
Ere bigots, and lackies, and panders  
The fortunes of France had undone.  
In Germany, Flanders, and Holland, —  
What foeman resisted us then?

No; my grandsire was ever victorious,  
My grandsire and Monsieur Turenne.

He died, and our noble battalions  
The jade, fickle Fortune, forsook;  
And at Blenheim, in spite of our valiance,  
The victory lay with Malbrook.  
The news it was brought to King Louis;  
Corbleu! how his majesty swore,  
When he heard they had taken my grandsire:  
And twelve thousand gentlemen more!

At Namur, Ramilies, and Malplaquet  
Were we posted, on plain or in trench,  
Malbrook only need to attack it,  
And away from him scampered we French.  
Cheer up! 't is no use to be glum, boys, —  
'T is written, since fighting begun,  
That sometimes we fight and we conquer,  
And sometimes we fight and we run.

To fight and to run was our fate,  
Our fortune and fame had departed;



And so perished Louis the Great, —  
Old, lonely, and half broken-hearted.  
His coffin they pelted with mud,  
His body they tried to lay hands on;  
And so having buried King Louis  
They loyally served his great-grandson.

God save the beloved King Louis!  
(For so he was nicknamed by some,)  
And now came my father to do his  
King's orders and beat on the drum.  
My grandsire was dead, but his bones  
Must have shaken I 'm certain for joy,  
To see daddy drumming the English  
From the meadows of famed Fontenoy.

So well did he drum in that battle  
That the enemy showed us their backs;  
Corbleu! it was pleasant to rattle  
The sticks and to follow old Saxe!  
We next had Soubin for a leader,  
And as luck hath its changes and fits,  
At Rossbach, in spite of Dad's drumming,  
'T is said we were beaten by Fritz.

And now Daddy crossed the Atlantic,  
To drum for Montcalm and his men;  
Morbleu! but it makes a man frantic,  
To think we were beaten again!  
My daddy he crossed the wide ocean,  
My mother brought me on her neck,  
And we came in the year fifty-seven  
To guard the good town of Quebec.



In the year fifty-nine came the Britons, —  
Full well I remember the day, —  
They knocked at our gates for admittance,  
Their vessels were moored in our bay.  
Says our general, 'Drive me yon red-coats  
Away to the sea whence they come!'  
So we marched against Wolfe and his bull-dogs,  
We marched at the sound of the drum.

I think I can see my poor mammy  
With me in her hand as she waits,  
And our regiment, slowly retreating,  
Pours back through the citadel gates.  
Dear mammy! she looks in their faces,  
And asks if her husband is come?  
— He is lying all cold on the glacis,  
And will never more beat on the drum.

Come, drink, 't is no use to be glum, boys,  
He died like a soldier — in glory;  
Here 's a glass to the health of all drum-boys,  
And now I 'll commence my own story.  
Once more did we cross the salt ocean,  
We came in the year eighty-one;  
And the wrongs of my father the drummer  
Were avenged by the drummer his son.

In Chesapeak-bay we were landed,  
In vain strove the British to pass;  
Rochambeau our armies commanded,  
Our ships they were led by De Grasse.  
Morbleu! how I rattled the drumsticks  
The day we marched into York town;



Ten thousand of beef-eating British  
Their weapons we caused to lay down.

Then homewards returning victorious,  
In peace to our country we came,  
And were thanked for our glorious actions  
By Louis Sixteenth of the name.  
What drummer on earth could be prouder  
Than I, while I drummed at Versailles  
To the lovely court ladies in powder,  
And lappets, and long satin-tails?

The Princes that day passed before us,  
Our countrymen's glory and hope;  
Monsieur, who was learned in Horace,  
D'Artois, who could dance the tight-rope.  
One night we kept guard for the Queen  
At her Majesty's opera-box,  
While the King, that majestical monarch,  
Sat filing at home at his locks.

Yes, I drummed for the fair Antoinette,  
And so smiling she looked and so tender,  
That our officers, privates, and drummers,  
All vowed they would die to defend her.  
But she cared not for us honest fellows,  
Who fought and who bled in her wars,  
She sneered at our gallant Rochambeau,  
And turned Lafayette out of doors.

Ventrebleu! then I swore a great oath,  
No more to such tyrants to kneel,  
And so just to keep up my drumming,  
One day I drummed down the Bastille!



Ho landlord! a stoup of fresh wine,  
Come comrades a bumper we'll try,  
And drink to the year eight-nine  
And the glorious fourth of July!

Then bravely our cannon it thundered,  
As onwards our patriots bore,  
Our enemies were but a hundred,  
And we twenty thousand or more.  
They carried the news to King Louis,  
He heard it as calm as you please,  
And like a majestical monarch,  
Kept filing his locks and his keys.

We showed our republican courage,  
We stormed and we broke the great gate in,  
And we murdered the insolent governor  
For daring to keep us a waiting.  
Lambesc and his squadrons stood by,  
They never stirred finger or thumb,  
The saucy aristocrats trembled  
As they heard the republican drum.

Hurrah! what a storm was a brewing,  
The day of our vengeance was come,  
Through scenes of what carnage and ruin  
Did I beat on the patriot drum.  
Let's drink to the famed tenth of August,  
At midnight I beat the tattoo,  
And woke up the pikemen of Paris,  
To follow the bold Barbaroux.

With pikes, and with shouts, and with torches,  
Marched onwards our dusty battalions,



And we girt the tall castle of Lewis,  
A million of tatterdemalions!  
We stormed the fair gardens where towered  
The walls of his heritage splendid,  
Ah, shame on him, craven and coward,  
That had not the heart to defend it.

With the crown of his sires on his head,  
His nobles and knights by his side,  
At the foot of his ancestor's palace  
'T were easy, methinks, to have died.  
But no; when we burst through his barriers,  
'Mid heaps of the dying and dead,  
In vain through the chambers we sought him,  
He had turned like a craven and fled.

\* \* \* \* \*

You all know the Place de la Concorde,  
'Tis hard by the Tuilerie wall;  
'Mid terraces, fountains, and statues,  
There rises an obelisk tall.  
There rises an obelisk tall,  
All garnished and gilded the base is,  
'Tis surely the gayest of all  
Our beautiful city's gay places.

Around it are gardens and flowers,  
And the cities of France on their thrones,  
Each crown'd with his circlet of flowers,  
Sits watching this biggest of stones!  
I love to go sit in the sun there,  
The flowers and fountains to see,  
And to think of the deeds that were done there,  
In the glorious year ninety-three.



'T was here stood the altar of freedom,  
And though neither marble nor gilding  
Were used in those days to adorn  
Our simple republican building,  
Corbleu! but the MÈRE GUILLOTINE,  
Cared little for splendour or show,  
So you gave her an axe and a beam,  
And a plank and a basket or so.

Awful, and proud, and erect,  
Here sate our republican goddess;  
Each morning her table we decked  
With dainty aristocrats' bodies.  
The people each day flocked around,  
As she sate at her meat and her wine;  
'T was always the use of our nation  
To witness the sovereign dine.

Young virgins with fair golden tresses,  
Old silver-haired prelates and priests;  
Dukes, Marquises, Barons, Princesses,  
Were splendidly served at her feasts.  
Ventrebleu! but we pampered our ogress  
With the best that our nation could bring,  
And dainty she grew in her progress,  
And called for the head of a King!

She called for the blood of our King,  
And straight from his prison we drew him;  
And to her with shouting we led him,  
And took him, and bound him, and slew him.  
"The monarchs of Europe against me  
Have plotted a godless alliance;



I'll fling them the head of King Louis,"  
She said, "as my gage of defiance."

I see him as now, for a moment,  
Away from his gaolers he broke;  
And stood at the foot of the scaffold,  
And lingered, and fain would have spoke.  
"Ho, drummer! quick! silence yon Capet,"  
Says Santerre, "with a beat of your drum;"  
Lustily then did I tap it,  
And the son of Saint Louis was dumb.

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## PART II.

THE glorious days of September  
Saw many aristocrats fall;  
'T was then that our pikes drunk the blood,  
In the beautiful breast of Lamballe.  
Pardi, 't was a beautiful lady!  
I seldom have looked on her like;  
And I drummed for a gallant procession,  
That marched with her head on a pike.

Let's show the pale head to the Queen,  
We said — she'll remember it well;  
She looked from the bars of her prison,  
And shrieked as she saw it, and fell.  
We set up a shout at her screaming,  
We laughed at the fright she had shown  
At the sight of the head of her minion;  
How she'd tremble to part with her own!

We had taken the head of King Capet,  
We called for the blood of his wife;  
Undaunted she came to the scaffold,  
And bared her fair neck to the knife.  
As she felt the foul fingers that touched her,  
She shrunk, but she deigned not to speak,  
She looked with a royal disdain,  
And died with a blush on her cheek!



'T was thus that our country was saved;  
So told us the safety committee!  
But psha! I've the heart of a Frenchman,  
All gentleness, mercy, and pity.  
I loathed to assist at such deeds,  
And my drum beat its loudest of tunes  
As we offered to justice offended  
The blood of the bloody tribunes.

Away with such foul recollections!  
No more of the axe and the block;  
I saw the last fight of the sections,  
As they fell 'neath our guns at Saint Rock.  
Young BONAPARTE led us that day;  
When he sought the Italian frontier,  
I followed my gallant young captain,  
I followed him many a long year.

We came to an army in rags,  
Our general was but a boy,  
When we first saw the Austrian flags  
Flaunt proud in the fields of Savoy.  
In the glorious year ninety-six,  
We marched to the banks of the Po;  
I carried my drum and my sticks,  
And we laid the proud Austrian low.

In triumph we entered Milan,  
We seized on the Mantuan keys;  
The troops of the Emperor ran,  
And the Pope he fell down on his knees." —  
Pierre's comrades here called a fresh bottle,  
And clubbing together their wealth,



They drank, the Army of Italy,  
And General Bonaparte's health.

The drummer now bared his old breast,  
And showed us a plenty of scars,  
Rude presents that Fortune had made him,  
In fifty victorious wars.

"This came when I followed bold Kleber —  
'T was shot by a Mameluke gun;  
And this from an Austrian sabre,  
When the field of Marengo was won!

"My forehead has many deep furrows,  
But this is the deepest of all;  
A Brunswicker made it at Jena,  
Beside the fair river of Saal.  
This cross, 't was the Emperor gave it;  
(God bless him!) it covers a blow;  
I had it at Austerlitz fight,  
As I beat on my drum in the snow.

"'T was thus that we conquered and fought;  
But wherefore continue the story?  
There's never a baby in France  
But has heard of our chief and our glory, —  
But has heard of our chief and our fame,  
His sorrows and triumphs can tell,  
How bravely Napoleon conquered,  
How bravely and sadly he fell.

"It makes my old heart to beat higher,  
To think of the deeds that I saw;  
I followed bold Ney through the fire,  
And charged at the side of Murat."



And so did old Peter continue  
His story of twenty brave years;  
His audience followed with comments —  
Rude comments of curses and tears.

He told how the Prussians in vain  
Had died in defence of their land;  
His audience laughed at the story,  
And vowed that their captain was grand!  
He had fought the red English, he said,  
In many a battle of Spain;  
They cursed the red English, and prayed  
To meet them and fight them again.

He told them how Russia was lost,  
Had winter not driven them back;  
And his company cursed the quick frost,  
And doubly they cursed the Cossack.  
He told how the stranger arrived;  
They wept at the tale of disgrace;  
And they longed but for one battle more,  
The stain of their shame to efface!

“Our country their hordes overran,  
We fled to the fields of Champagne,  
And fought them, though twenty to one,  
And beat them again and again!  
Our warrior was conquered at last;  
They bade him his crown to resign;  
To fate and his country he yielded  
The rights of himself and his line.

“He came, and among us he stood,  
Around him we pressed in a throng,



We could not regard him for weeping,  
Who had led us and loved us so long.  
'I have led you for twenty long years,'  
Napoleon said ere he went;  
'Wherever was honour I found you,  
And with you, my sons, am content.

'Though Europe against me was armed,  
Your chiefs and my people are true;  
I still might have struggled with fortune,  
And baffled all Europe with you.

'But France would have suffered the while,  
'T is best that I suffer alone;  
I go to my place of exile,  
To write of the deeds we have done.

'Be true to the king that they give you,  
We may not embrace ere we part;  
But, General, reach me your hand,  
And press me, I pray, to your heart.'

"He called for our old battle standard;  
One kiss to the eagle he gave.  
'Dear eagle!' he said, 'may this kiss  
Long sound in the hearts of the brave!'  
'T was thus that Napoleon left us;  
Our people were weeping and mute,  
As he passed through the lines of his guard,  
And our drums beat the notes of salute.

\* \* \* \*



"I looked when the drumming was o'er,  
I looked, but our hero was gone;  
We were destined to see him once more,  
When we fought on the Mount of St. John.  
The Emperor rode through our files;  
'T was June, and a fair Sunday morn;  
The lines of our warriors for miles  
Stretched wide through the Waterloo corn.

"In thousands we stood on the plain,  
The red coats were crowning the height;  
'Go scatter yon English,' he said;  
'We 'll sup, lads, at Brussels to-night.'  
We answered his voice with a shout;  
Our eagles were bright in the sun;  
Our drums and our cannon spoke out,  
And the thundering battle begun.

"One charge to another succeeds,  
Like waves that a hurricane bears;  
All day do our galloping steeds  
Dash fierce on the enemy's squares.  
At noon we began the fell onset:  
We charged up the Englishman's hill;  
And madly we charged it at sunset —  
His banners were floating there still.

"— Go to! I will tell you no more;  
You know how the battle was lost.  
Ho! fetch me a beaker of wine,  
And, comrades, I 'll give you a toast.  
I 'll give you a curse on all traitors,  
Who plotted our Emperor's ruin;



And a curse on those red-coated English,  
Whose bayonets helped our undoing.

“A curse on those British assassins,  
Who ordered the slaughter of Ney;  
A curse on Sir Hudson, who tortured  
The life of our hero away.  
A curse on all Russians — I hate them —  
On all Prussian and Austrian fry;  
And, O! but I pray we may meet them,  
And fight them again ere I die.”



'T was thus old Peter did conclude  
His chronicle with curses fit.  
He spoke the tale in accents rude,  
In ruder verse I copied it.

Perhaps the tale a moral bears,  
(All tales in time to this must come,)  
The story of two hundred years  
Writ on the parchment of a drum.

What Peter told with drum and stick,  
Is endless theme for poet's pen:  
Is found in endless quartos thick,  
Enormous books by learned men.

And ever since historian writ,  
And ever since a bard could sing,  
Doth each exalt with all his wit,  
The noble art of murdering.

We love to read the glorious page,  
How bold Achilles killed his foe:  
And Turnus fell'd by Trojans' rage,  
Went howling to the shades below.

How Godfrey led his red-cross knights,  
How mad Orlando slashed and slew;



There's not a single bard that writes,  
But doth the glorious theme renew.

And while in fashion picturesque,  
The poet rhymes of blood and blows,  
The grave historian, at his desk,  
Describes the same in classic prose.

Go read the works of Reverend Cox,  
You'll duly see recorded there  
The history of the self-same knocks  
Here roughly sung by Drummer Pierre.

Of battles fierce and warriors big,  
He writes in phrases dull and slow,  
And waves his cauliflower wig,  
And shouts "Saint George for Marlborow!"

Take Doctor Southey from the shelf,  
An LL.D., — a peaceful man:  
Good Lord, how doth he plume himself,  
Because we beat the Corsican!

From first to last his page is filled  
With stirring tales how blows were struck.  
He shows how we the Frenchmen killed,  
And praises God for our good luck.

Some hints, 't is true, of politics  
The doctors give and statesman's art:  
Pierre only bangs his drum and sticks,  
And understands the bloody part.



He cares not what the cause may be,  
He is not nice for wrong and right;  
But show him where's the enemy,  
He only asks to drum and fight.

They bid him fight, — perhaps he wins.  
And when he tells the story o'er,  
The honest savage brags and grins,  
And only longs to fight once more.

But luck may change, and valour fail,  
Our drummer, Peter, meet reverse,  
And with a moral points his tale —  
The end of all such tales — a curse.



Last year, my love, it was my hap  
Behind a grenadier to be,  
And, but he wore a hairy cap,  
No taller man, methinks, than me.

Prince Albert and the Queen, God wot,  
(Be blessings on the glorious pair!)  
Before us passed, I saw them not,  
I only saw a cap of hair.

Your orthodox historian puts  
In foremost rank the soldier thus,  
The red-coat bully in his boots,  
That hides the march of men from us.

He puts him there in foremost rank,  
You wonder at his cap of hair;  
You hear his sabre's cursed clank,  
His spurs a jingling everywhere.

Go to! I hate him and his trade:  
Who bade us so to cringe and bend,  
And all God's peaceful people made  
To such as him subservient!



Tell me what find we to admire  
In epaulets and scarlet coats,  
In men, because they load and fire,  
And know the art of cutting throats?

\* \* \* \* \*

Ah, gentle, tender lady mine,  
The winter wind blows cold and shrill,  
Come, fill me one more glass of wine,  
And give the silly fools their will.

And what care we for war and wrack,  
How kings and heroes rise and fall;  
Look yonder, in his coffin black,  
There lies the greatest of them all!

To pluck him down, and keep him up,  
Died many million human souls:  
'T is twelve o'clock, and time to sup,  
Bid Mary heap the fire with coals.

He captured many thousand guns;  
He wrote "The Great" before his name;  
And dying, only left his sons  
The recollection of his shame.

Though more than half the world was his,  
He died without a rood his own;  
And borrowed from his enemies  
Six foot of ground to lie upon.



He fought a thousand glorious wars,  
 And more than half the world was his,  
 And somewhere, now, in yonder stars,  
 Can tell, mayhap, what greatness is.

*Paris 1st January.*

THE END.



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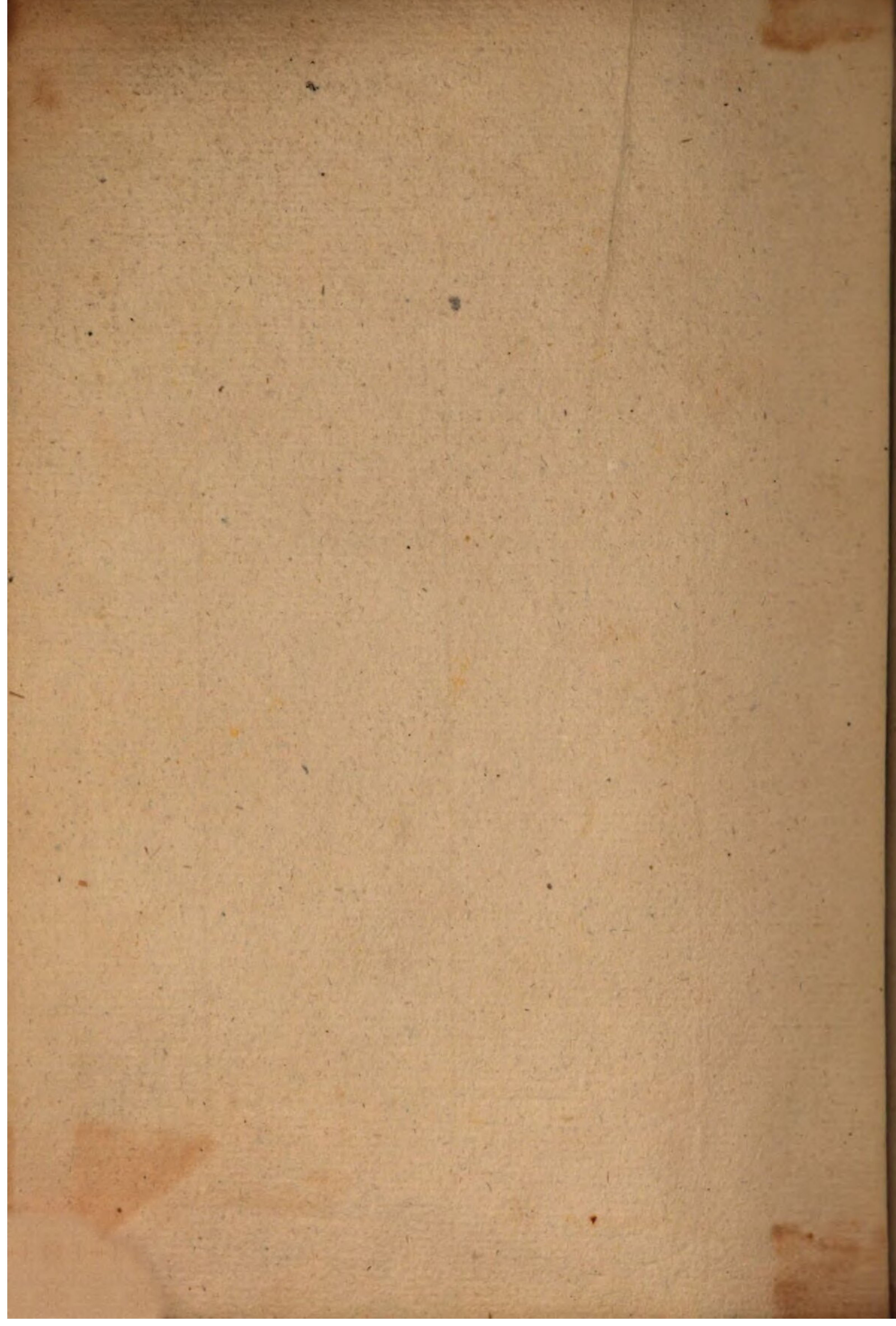


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Thackeray, William Makepeace

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